FOR THE MIDDLE GRADES

BOOK THREE

READING AND LIVING

HILL · LYMAN · MOORE

John Pearson Willis

READING AND LIVING

FOR MIDDLE GRADES

BOOK III

THE OLD WAY AND THE NEW.

READING AND LIVING

FOR MIDDLE GRADES
BOOK III

BY

HOWARD C. HILL

LABORATORY SCHOOLS, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

ROLLO L. LYMAN

COLLEGE OF EDUCATION, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

AND

NELLE E. MOORE

DEPARTMENT OF SUPERVISION, PUBLIC SCHOOLS,
WILMETTE, ILLINOIS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN DREW

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ALA—B

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PREFACE

Reading and Living, a series of basal readers for the middle and upper grades, is designed to outline instruction based on the principles explained in the following paragraphs.

Good Books Help Us to Live Together

At home or at school, at work or at play, we spend most of our waking hours with other people. Happiness depends largely upon our success in getting along with companions; problems and difficulties usually come from human associations. Indeed, a successful life is chiefly the result of living well with other folk.

Books help us to understand the meaning of life and aid us in getting along well with other people. Stories, poems, essays, and novels usually deal with the lives of men and women, and with the ways in which they live together. Books give us pictures of boys and girls, of men and women as they play and work together, and help us to understand the problems of life. In short, good books are the mirrors of life.

Units of Instruction Are Determined by Life Values

Reading and Living brings out the values of literature in portraying life by grouping selections in thought units. Grouping selections merely in accord with their factual content, as for example, under such headings as Dog Stories, Animal Literature, Tales of Fancy, and the like, is of secondary importance. Instead, units of thought based on the fundamental meanings of selections, on their interpretations of life as intended by the writers themselves, are substituted.

Readers thus organized, in units based on the meaning and significance of the selections themselves, are distinctly different from readers which contain merely a miscellany of selections. Each volume in this series is more than an anthology;

it is a *book*, characterized throughout by order, sequence, and coherence of content.

Reading and Living for the middle grades has for its organization the following themes of happy and successful living:

MAJOR THEMES	BOOK I	BOOK II	BOOK III
1. *Adventure:*	Discovering	Adventuring	Inventing
2. *Helpfulness:*	Friendliness and Kindness	Comradeship	Good Will
3. *Happiness:*	Fun and Fancy	Good Times	Enjoying Life
4. *Security:*	Keeping Well and Strong	Safety	Saving
5. *Heroism:*	Pluck	Bravery	The Roll of Honor
6. *Duty:*	Being Faithful	Being Loyal	Citizenship and Service

These eighteen units are presented by means of children's literature of high order. Without being unduly emphasized, ideals of right living are developed through carefully chosen selections and through a rich variety of pupil activities centering about the foregoing themes. Literary materials and pupil activities are thus closely associated with training in ideals, character, and citizenship.

Systematic Training Is Given in Reading Abilities

Reading and Living definitely continues training in the fundamental reading skills begun in the first three grades. Growing command over printed symbols is systematically provided for throughout the series. In the middle-grade books reading becomes in the main a succession of overlapping mental activities which are best considered in three main divisions: adequacy in rate, in comprehension, and in appreciation.

Reading and Living for the middle grades treats comprehension and appreciation in an elementary way, through practice always, and only occasionally through explanation and analysis. Pupil experiences are systematically planned to develop the following reading capacities.

I. Adequacy of Recognition and Reading Rate.

1. Ability to recognize instantly printed or written symbols.
2. Ability to make suitable adjustments in rate of reading.

II. Adequacy of Comprehension and Interpretation.

1. Ability to discover purpose and motive in reading.
2. Ability to grasp the organization of an author's ideas.
3. Ability to choose or select the outstanding elements of an author's thought.
4. Ability to visualize, to picture, to recreate in imagination scenes read.
5. Ability to supplement what the author says.

III. Adequacy of Appreciation and Application.

1. Ability to find enjoyment in reading.
2. Ability to evaluate an author's thought.
3. Ability to apply what is read to life situations.

Guidance of Pupil Activities Is Systematic

Reading and Living provides many questions, challenges, and projects, based upon scientific studies in this field, and designed to arouse the pupils' thought, stimulate worthwhile discussion, and to focus attention upon the meaning of selections. Memory questions are reduced to a minimum. Instead, throughout the series, a carefully planned distribution has been made of elementary problems involving selective recall, application of principles, causal reasoning, comparison and contrast, imagination, and other thought-provoking types.

Reading and Living does not depend merely upon questions and problems for discussion in the study program, but motivates a variety of activities in related fields. Oral activities, such as floor talks, dramatizations, committee meetings; written activities, such as making outlines, writing reports, letters, and original poems; manual activities, such as constructing models and performing experiments; general activities, such as collecting materials, holding exhibits, keeping records, and making excursions, are suggested throughout the series.

Provisions Are Made for Independent Reading

Reading and Living helps schools supplement the "recitation" with laboratory exercises and work-shop procedures. For this purpose the series employs three methods to make possible a wide variety of independent reading by individual pupils, the use of which is desirable, but not indispensable.

A Class Library of carefully selected titles is suggested for each book. The contents of the books have been analyzed, and suitable reading references given for each of the units of the respective volumes. This means that every pupil in the class can dip repeatedly into the class-library books.

Independent reading may also be secured through a series of *Read-a-Book* lists, one of which is placed at the opening of each unit. The books listed are found in many public and school libraries. Through the lists "free reading" is carefully selected and is correlated with class reading.

Suggestions for *Volunteer Readings* are also placed after specific selections. A large number of such readings are provided in order that pupils may choose stories along the lines of their special interests.

It is not necessary that all of the books suggested in the three lists be available. The small outlay required for the *Class Library* will provide a departure from the "one-book English class." Schools desiring to build up their libraries may to advantage consult the book lists. All titles have been compiled from scientific studies of children's interests in reading.

The Outgrowth of Classroom Experience

Reading and Living is the outgrowth of years of experience in English classes. The series is offered as basal reading textbooks in the belief that their modern program will meet the needs of middle and upper grade instruction. The *correlation* with life problems, the indirect training in *character traits*, the *socialization* through co-operating groups of pupils, the *individualization* of reading and expressional projects, the wide provisions for *free, independent reading*, the systematic *training in the higher reading processes*, the *integration* of expressional experiences with reading are all suitably subordinated to two major objectives: (1) The *introduction* of boys and girls *to the fascinating world of books*, and (2) the development in them through this means of the fundamental *traits of right conduct and good citizenship*.

TO THE TEACHER

Reading and Living is designed to furnish instruction in line with modern progressive thought concerning the teaching of reading. The outstanding features in the series are given below, with suggestions as to how the materials may be used to provide instruction in accordance with this thought.

I. The chief value of literature lies in its content and message.

1. Ask your pupils to turn to the Table of Contents on page 15. Talk over with them the titles of the units. Call attention to the fact that each selection has a definite relation to the central thought of the unit. In this way pupils will get an idea of the book as a whole, made up of related parts, rather than of unrelated stories and poems.

2. Ask the pupils to turn to the beginning of the first unit, "Inventing." Examine the picture, read together the Foreword and the introductory paragraphs on pages 18–20. In this way lead the pupils to understand the meaning of the theme of the first unit. Have the pupils again look over the Contents of Inventing on page 15, noticing that all the selections develop the basal theme, Inventing.

II. Silent reading needs emphasis in the middle grades; whenever oral reading is introduced, it should be looked upon as *interpretative reading*.

Most of the directions throughout the text call for silent reading; but ample opportunity is also given for *selective* oral reading for the purpose of clarifying or verifying points raised in class discussion. Use such opportunities frequently; see examples in this book, on pages 71, 157, and in the Manual.

III. Reading does not consist of one general ability, but of many specific abilities. Classroom experiences should give regular and progressive training in the different reading skills and study habits.

1. Increased speed in silent reading should be developed in the middle grades.

a. The primary grades train pupils to recognize the fundamental printed vocabulary. Practice which tends to improve this skill is continued throughout the middle grades in *Reading and Living*. For rapid recognition utilize such games as are given on pages 117, 163 of the text and similar ones given in the Manual.

b. Have pupils practise recognizing phrases and clauses as single groups. Use the games suggested in class activities, text, pages 117, 335, and in the Manual.

c. Give occasional practice in recognizing whole sentences or paragraphs at a single glance. See text, page 335, and the Manual.

2. The reading rate should vary in accordance with the reader's purpose and with the nature of the selection. Use exercises to develop a habit of adjusting the reading rate to varying situations; see text, pages 50, 169, and the Manual.

3. Reading is a process of thinking; emphasis in teaching reading should be given to adequate comprehension, interpretation, and realization of the ideas presented by the author. Utilize the abundant exercises, which are arranged in series and gradually increase in difficulty, to develop the different reading abilities in comprehending, interpreting, and realizing what is read.

a. Ability to discover purpose and motive in reading; see text, pages 190, 401, and the Manual.

b. Ability to grasp the organization, the sequence, of an author's thought; see text, pages 63, 179, 180, and the Manual.

c. Ability to choose or select the outstanding elements of an author's thought; see text, pages 72, 107, and the Manual.

d. Ability to visualize, to picture, to recreate in imagination scenes read; see text, pages 39, 137, and the Manual.

e. Ability to supplement what the author says; see text, pages 27, 83, and the Manual.

4. Reading should provide experiences in which the reader finds enjoyment, forms opinions, and makes applications of what he reads. Have pupils participate in such activity through the exercises provided in the text.

a. Finding enjoyment in new facts, people, lands, and life experiences found in books; see text, pages 107, 392, and the Manual.

b. Estimating the reliability or the validity of the author's information or reasoning; see text, pages 180, 344, and the Manual.

c. Tying up reading with personal problems and with life situations; see text, pages 83, 308, and the Manual.

IV. The middle grades should provide opportunity for wide and varied reading experiences with materials suited to the different capacities and interests of the pupils.

1. Read-a-Book. Have the class examine the book list before beginning the reading of any unit. Suggest that each pupil obtain from the library a book which appeals to him and read it while the class is studying that particular unit. Provide a class period for informal conversation about the books read; plan occasional assembly programs in which book reports, posters, and dramatizations are used. See Read-a-Book lists on pages 21, 95 of text, and recommend easy books

for the more backward readers as provided in the Manual.

2. Class Library. At the beginning of each unit, you will find specific references to the books called Class Library (p. 14). Secure as many of these books as you can for use in the classroom. When you introduce a new unit to the class, call attention to the class library references. Assign references to different pupils, ask for volunteers to read the references, or use the references for additional reading for fast-reading groups. Provide opportunity for telling the stories read in these books.

3. Additional reading. On pages 204 and 320 you will find examples of lists called "Additional Readings," consisting of references to reading matter closely related to the selections to which they are attached. When possible, have pupils volunteer to look up such references and report their findings to the class. Such practice encourages pupils to work more nearly up to capacity.

V. Greater progress is made in the development of any skill when the learner notes his own progress and is conscious of his successes and his failures. Pupils should be kept informed of their progress in the development of reading skills and habits. To this end utilize the informal tests provided in *Reading and Living* and the accompanying Manual. Encourage pupils to keep their own records of rate and comprehension. See text, pages 136, 189, and the Manual.

VI. Reading should result in free expression in the form of reports, floor talks, debates, written compositions, and dramatizations. Use the suggestions for correlating oral and written expression with the reading program; see text, pages 49, 90.

VII. A unit of learning embodies an idea to be grasped or a principle to be understood. The themes of each unit should be "rounded out" at the end of the study of the unit. Through the rounding-out exercises lead the pupils to summarize the principles of living pictured in the selections of the unit; set up with the pupils the study-habit of reviewing units of work; and secure for yourself greater insight into the tastes, ideals, abilities, and efforts of your pupils. Use a variety of rounding-out exercises; see text, page 88.

1. Summarize the principles of happy and successful living and train in forming judgments through discussion and class voting; see text, pages 88, 336–337.

2. Provide for pupil leadership in committee work for completing the study of a unit; see suggestions on pages 89, 143 of text.

3. Give opportunity for enlarging the understanding of the theme of a unit through individual reports of additional readings, and display of projects completed during the study of the unit. See suggestions on pages 218–219, 264 of text.

CLASS LIBRARY

These books have been selected because of their interest and value as supplementary material. Many direct references to them appear throughout this volume. It is recommended but not essential that at least one copy of each book be in the school or the class library.

1. Darrow, Floyd L., *Thinkers and Doers.* Silver, Burdett and Company: New York, 1925.
2. Fox, Florence M., *Uncle Sam's Animals.* The Century Company: New York, 1927.
3. Kupfer, Grace H., *Lives and Stories Worth Remembering.* American Book Company: New York, 1904.
4. Lefferts, Walter, *Our Country's Leaders and What They Did for America.* J. B. Lippincott Company: Philadelphia, 1921.
5. Miller, Olive B. (Editor), *The Treasury Chest of My Bookhouse.* My Bookhouse Company: Chicago, 1920.
6. Parker, Arthur, *Rumbling Wings.* George H. Doran and Company: New York, 1928.
7. Seton, Ernest Thompson, *The Book of Woodcraft.* Doubleday, Page and Company: Garden City, 1912.
8. Untermeyer, Louis (Editor), *This Singing World.* Harcourt, Brace and Company: New York, 1923.
9. Van Buren, Maud, and Bemis, Katherine I., *Christmas in Storyland.* (Editors) The Century Company: New York, 1927.
10. Wade, Mary H., *Wonder Workers.* Little, Brown and Company: Boston, 1918.
11. One or both of these:
    The Book of Knowledge. 20 vols. Grolier Society: New York, 1912.
    Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia. 10 vols. F. E. Compton and Company: Chicago, 1923.

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READING AND LIVING

FOR MIDDLE GRADES

BOOK III

WHITNEY'S SKILFUL HAND-WORK AND INTELLIGENT HEAD-WORK HAD BROUGHT A GREAT SUCCESS [*See p.* 31]

INVENTING

What a plastic little creature man is! so shifty, so adaptive! his body a chest of tools, and he making himself comfortable in every climate, in every condition.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

INVENTING

Men have always been inventors. Too feeble to fight the wild beasts of the forest with their own unaided strength, men devised cunning traps and made sharp weapons to aid them in the struggle for life. Unable to till the soil with their bare hands, they invented rude tools to assist them in their efforts to plant and harvest their crops. From such simple beginnings came the marvellous machines and the many conveniences of our own day.

Americans have been especially inventive. As pioneers they were forced to think out new ways of doing things and to devise new tools for carrying on their work. In the South they could take advantage of the cotton which grew so plentifully only by inventing an instrument that would separate the troublesome seeds from the cotton fiber. Only by contriving a machine that would cut and bind and thresh their grain could they cultivate the broad prairies of the West. The new problems they faced again and again made them quick to plan ways of overcoming difficulties and of inventing such devices as the cotton-gin, the steamboat, the reaper, the telegraph, the telephone, and the airplane.

READ A BOOK

Find a book you think you will enjoy and read it while the class is reading this unit.

1. *The Story of Books Up Through the Ages*, by Marjorie Maxwell. Harper.
   The recording of stories and events from the days before written history to the invention of the printing-press. Processes of modern book-making described in final chapters.

2. *The Story of Fire*, by Walter Hough. Doubleday.
   The use of fire from the flickering hearth of a primitive tribesman to the industrial furnaces of to-day. Many illustrations.

3. *The Aztec Hunters*, by Francis W. Rolt-Wheeler. Lothrop.
   The manners, customs, and inventions of the ancient peoples of mid-America as shown by the ruins they left behind.

4. *Great Inventors and Their Inventions*, by Frank P. Bachman. American.
   Twelve stories of great inventions in which the lives of the inventors are interwoven.

5. *Great Inventions and How They Were Invented*, by Charles R. Gibson. Lippincott.
   Stories of such inventions as the first engines, locomotives, steamships, motor-cars, balloons, and airplanes.

6. *Conquests of Invention*, by Mary R. Parkman. Century.
   Stories of victory in solving hard problems connected with great inventions.

7. *The First Days of Man*, by Frederic A. Kummer. Doubleday.
   Stories of the inventions and discoveries of primitive man, such as the building of the first boat, the making of pottery, the first bow and arrow, and the first canoe.

8. *Stories of the Stone Age*, by Edward C. Fellowes. Small.
   Stories of the first houses, the first weapons, and the first pictures, with accounts of struggles with wild beasts. Colored illustrations.

CLASS LIBRARY READINGS

1. "The Magician of Sound," M. H. Wade, *Wonder-Workers*, 95–120.
2. "The Booms," S. E. White, *The Treasury Chest of My Bookhouse*, 124–141.
3. "The Boyhood of Robert Fulton," *ibid.*, 396–401.
4. "After the Cave Men," F. L. Darrow, *Thinkers and Doers*, 12–24.
5. "Putting the Giant Steam to Work," *ibid.*, 57–82.
6. "Dots and Dashes," *ibid.*, 133–147.
7. "The Mistress of the Stitches," *ibid.*, 148–159.
8. "The Magic of a Breath of Air," *ibid.*, 213–223.
9. "Robert Fulton, the Successful Steamboat Maker," Walter Lefferts, *Our Country's Leaders*, 169–185.
10. "Alexander Graham Bell, Sender of the Human Voice by Wire," *ibid.*, 213–226.
11. "Soaring Motor Cars of the Air," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 1 : 54–68.
12. "How the World Made Its A B C's," *ibid.*, 1 : 100–101.
13. "How History Is Written in Letters of Stone," *ibid.*, 1 : 178–179.
14. "Flying Gas Bags," *ibid.*, 1 : 310–320.
15. "The Wonder of a Printed Book," *ibid.*, 1 : 455–463.
16. "Savagery to Civilization," *ibid.*, 2 : 771–774.
17. "Edison and His Amazing Inventions," *ibid.*, 3 : 1083–1086.
18. "What Fire Is and How It Serves Man." *ibid.*, 3 : 1249–1250.
19. "Inventions That Have Changed the World," *ibid.*, 4 : 1795–1802.
20. "Machines That Measure Time," *ibid.*, 2 : 797–803.
21. "The Father of the Steamboat," *ibid.*, 4 : 1381.
22. "How the Phonograph Was Taught to Talk," *ibid.*, 7 : 2774–2776.
23. "Flashing Words Through Space," *ibid.*, 9 : 3758–3767.
24. "Hummocks of Sedge," Arthur C. Parker, *Rumbling Wings*, pp. 6–15.

I. INVENTING

1. HOW THE SHIPS TALK

ORTON P. JACKSON AND FRANK E. EVANS

Find the different ways in which ships send messages.

Ships at sea are great talkers. They have their ways of sending messages of distress and other important news, and they also love to gossip on matters of much less importance. Of all ships the man-of-war is the greatest talker, for the fleet bustles with life in port or at sea, and the navies of the world talk fluently in many languages of which the peaceful merchant-man has barely mastered the A B C.

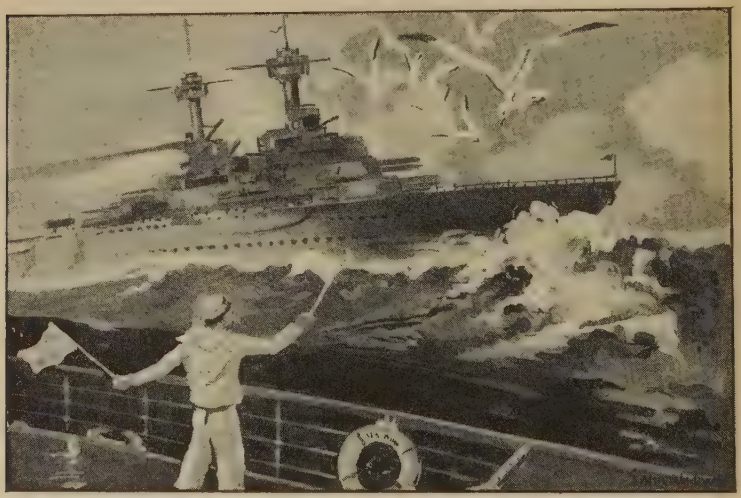
The ships of the American Navy carry on their conversations by both day and night. Within sight of each other they use visual signals; when the fog rolls in and hides them from each other, their booming whistles carry on the talk with long and short blasts; at a distance they employ the radio or wireless. Even the submarines have their bell warnings so that the undersea craft may avoid collisions.

The visual signals are in constant use and are the most varied of all the odd tongues that carry on deep-sea talk. Flags and semaphores keep up a lively conversation by day, and when night sets in, the man-of-war has its lights and blinkers, its searchlights and rockets.

At the ends of the flying bridges that span a modern battle-ship there was, not so long ago, an upright bar from the top of which stubby arms waved at all angles, like the arms of a lively jumping-jack. These were the semaphore signals; they were made of wood or metal and were worked by small

levers. When the ships were within signalling distance, a sailor, with a small red and yellow flag in either hand, could send the same message, with the same movements.

Before the semaphore system was perfected, visual signalling was done by flag waving or wigwagging. The sema-



A SAILOR SENDING A MESSAGE BY THE SEMAPHORE CODE

phore is faster, and when the distance is too great, the message is sent by flags. In the semaphore each angle of the arms is a letter. In the wigwag, there are three motions, one to the right, one to the left, and one to the front. Each motion to right or left represents the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet; some letters require four moves.

A conversation can be carried on with a lantern placed inside a box with a sliding lid, by fastening a cord at the top of the sliding lid, and then lowering the lid quickly for the dots, and slowly for the dashes of the Morse alphabet.

Where the hand semaphore cannot be used, and always when the Fleet is manœuvring at sea or in battle, signal flags are hoisted. These hoists, as they are called, can be seen for miles, and many sentiments that have gone down in history were first flown in battle from the yard-arm of a flagship. Nelson at Trafalgar ordered the hoist that read: "England expects every man to do his duty!" Perry at Lake Erie flew the signal, "Don't give up the ship!"—the dying message of Captain Lawrence of the Chesapeake.

For flag hoists the twenty-six flags of the International Code, one for each letter of the alphabet, are used. With their reds and yellows, whites and blues, they are as gay as the flags of rival schools at an athletic meet. All navies, and the merchantmen of all nations, use the International Code. An American schooner, meeting a Norwegian bark in mid-ocean, can give the latter her latitude and longitude and then run up a hoist asking for the loan of a cake of ice. Each navy, too, has its own secret code.

If the code book of a navy should fall into the hands of another government, it might mean disaster if the two nations should ever meet in war. In peace time as well as in war, therefore, the code books are guarded. If a ship is captured, the code book, weighted with lead, is thrown overboard.

If a message must be sent a great distance, perhaps to a scout far out at sea, a searchlight draws its giant finger against the background of the sky, calling the scout by its code letter. From the ocean leaps up the answering "Aye! Aye!" of the scout. Off goes the message, flashed by the opening and closing of the searchlight's shutter. The signalmen lay their telescopes in the quarter from which the answer is to come, while the recorder, pad and pencil ready, records the message in his signal book.

The greatest of all instruments used by ships to talk to each other or to shore stations is the radio. The Navy calls it the radio because the energy is radiated or sent out into space, and the messages are radiograms. Nowadays the radio enables vessels hundreds of miles apart to communicate with greater ease than frigates lying in the same harbor could do in former times. Every day the ships at sea receive news from all parts of the world.

King of the radio in the American Navy is the great station at Radio, Virginia, which rears its twin towers within sight of the Navy Department and flashes its messages to ships 3,000 miles out at sea. Night is better for radio than day; messages can then often be sent double the distance.

The radio has become a great factor in war, and a mighty agency in peace in the calling of ships to a vessel in distress. The magic letters S. O. S. are sent out repeatedly by a ship as a call for help. All ships within receiving distance stop their broadcasting and listen earnestly for the message that will give the ship's name, position, and the nature of her distress. Then from every quarter they rush to her assistance, repeating her message so that no ship within reach of her will miss the call. Distress signals are also shown at night by a special International Code signal, by gunfiring, and by rockets.

The skill and rapidity with which the signalmen of a ship make and read signals determines the vessel's rating in the Fleet. Mistakes or slowness in signals bring the offending ship into disfavor. From the flagship comes a sharp reprimand, for in battle or in emergency human lives hang in the balance when the signalmen go astray.

The making of expert signalmen begins at the naval training stations in the selection of alert boys for the signal squad.

Each ship has its signal officer, signal chief quartermaster, quartermasters, and signalmen.

Along the bridge is the signal locker, with each signal flag hanging on its own rack. Each alphabet flag is known by a name such as *dog, cat, quack, rot.* This curious custom is followed because it is easy to make a mistake when an order is shouted for D or C. When the order goes *Dog* or *Cat,* mistakes are very unlikely to happen.

The officer in charge orders a certain signal to a sister ship. "Bear a hand there with the Quack!" sings out the quartermaster. Out from its rack goes the Q of the alphabet, and its top is toggled on and its bottom snaphooked on the signal ropes in less time than the telling takes. Then away the signal swings to the yard-arm up aloft.

Each year the signal squads have a keen contest for the Correspondent's Cup, presented to the Fleet by the special newspaper men who made the famous cruise around the world with the Fleet in 1909. *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Mention the different ways in which ships send messages. Describe each.
2. Tell about a signal system that you invented or one that you have used.
3. Find the meaning of the following terms: Morse alphabet; code book. Consult the glossary on page 409.
4. Mention two ways in which this selection illustrates inventiveness
5. Here is a sentence in a simple code system: Nblf vq b dpef tztufn. The foregoing letters mean: Make up a code system. Find the key to the code. Then invent a code system of your own.

2. SOLVING A HARD PROBLEM

WALTER LEFFERTS

More than three-fourths of the clothing worn throughout the world is made of cotton. Although our own country now produces more cotton than all other countries combined, for many years the unequalled opportunity which the South offers for raising cotton could not be used to advantage because no satisfactory way had been discovered to pick the seeds out of the fiber. Most workers could not separate by hand more than a pound a day; even an experienced workman could not clean more than two or three pounds.

Such was the situation when Eli Whitney, who had just been graduated from Yale College, secured a position as a teacher in South Carolina. On his way South, Whitney became acquainted with Mrs. Greene, the widow of the famous General Nathaniel Greene of Revolutionary War days. She found Whitney so pleasant and interesting that she invited him to spend a few days on her plantation, Mulberry Grove, before going to his school. Here he became interested in the problem of cleaning the cotton from the seeds and made his famous invention.

As you read the selection, notice carefully how Whitney began work on his invention and how he overcame the different obstacles that appeared.

A short time after Whitney's arrival at the plantation Mrs. Greene entertained a party of Southern army officers who had served under her husband in the Revolutionary War. During the conversation they happened to discuss how rich the South might become if some one would only invent a machine which would strip fiber from the seeds of the cotton. After listening awhile, Mrs. Greene exclaimed: "Gentlemen, ask my young friend, Mr. Whitney. He can make anything!"

Whitney, who was in another room, was called. In a half-joking way the planter-officers explained just what was needed. They really did not expect that the young man would be able to invent the needed machine. Neither did Mrs. Greene; but she smiled as she quietly said to several of the gentlemen: "Mr. Whitney is a very able young man. I have

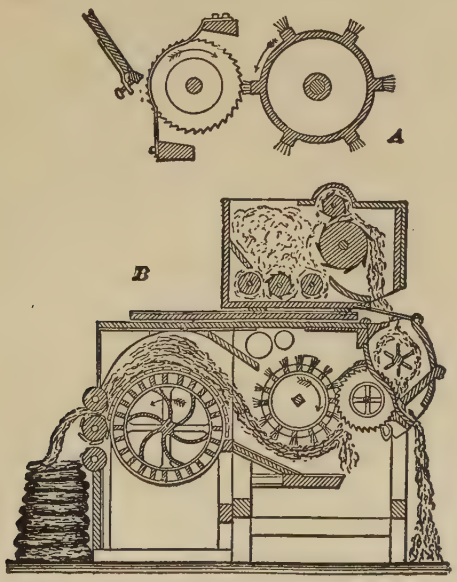


DIAGRAM OF A COTTON-GIN

accomplished my aim, which was to bring him to your notice."

Whitney took the matter seriously. After the planters left he spent hours studying the problem. First he went out into the sheds where the cotton was stored as it came from the fields, and brought in a handful, which he closely examined. A few days later he came to Mr. Miller, who managed the

plantation for Mrs. Greene, and said, "I think I can make a machine that will do the work."

Naturally Mr. Miller was greatly interested in the experiment. As Whitney explained his intended machine, the plan pleased Mr. Miller, and he declared, "If you will try the experiment, I will pay all the expenses; if it succeeds, we will go into partnership." Whitney agreed, a little room was given him as a shop, and he began the task.

First of all, Whitney fixed wire teeth into a board. By pulling the cotton through the teeth he found that the troublesome seeds were left behind. Next he made a cylinder with wire teeth. As the cylinder revolved, the wires came through slits in a grating, caught the uncleaned cotton upon the grating, and pulled it off the seeds, which were too large to pass through the slits. When the lint was pulled off, the seeds dropped out of the way.

The tools with which Whitney worked were few and poor. He could not even find any wire of the fineness he needed, but, looking around, he discovered a coil of heavy wire which he heated and drew out to the fineness he wished. In about ten days he had finished a small model machine.

When Whitney turned the crank to show Mrs. Greene and Mr. Miller how the machine worked, the wire teeth began to pull off the cotton fiber just as human fingers would, but much faster. In a very few minutes, however, Whitney's heart sank, for the teeth became clogged with lint and the machine came to a dead stop. That was a bad fault. Several times Whitney started the machine, but each trial brought the same disappointing result.

Thinking that she would have a little fun at Whitney's expense, Mrs. Greene picked up a hearth-brush, and said, "Why not use this to clean the wires?"

"Thank you for the idea," said Whitney.

Immediately he added to his machine a revolving brush which swept away the lint as it gathered, and the job was done. Whitney's skilful hand-work and intelligent head-work had brought a great success. Long practice with tools had made him able to plan and construct, in a few weeks, a machine which the South for years had vainly desired.

Shortly after the machine was completed, a planter who saw the device offered Whitney a hundred guineas (five hundred dollars) for his rights, but Whitney rejected the offer. He thought no more of teaching school, for he wished to devote his time to perfecting his great invention. The next spring he built a large cotton-gin, to be turned by one man, which cleaned as much cotton from the seed in a day as ten men could do in the same time without the machine, and did it better. Some time later he made a cotton-gin moved by horse-power which did the work of fifty men.

The cotton-gin was a great success. The firm of Whitney and Miller applied to the United States Government for a patent. Thomas Jefferson, who was then Secretary of State, took a great interest in the invention and wrote a special letter to Whitney to get more information about it. The patent, granted in 1793, was signed by George Washington, President of the United States.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. How did Whitney begin work on the problem of separating the cotton fiber from the seeds? What seems to have caused him the most difficulty? How did he overcome this difficulty?
2. Tell the steps which Whitney took to perfect his invention.
3. One of the boys volunteer to copy on the blackboard the diagram on page 29 and explain how a cotton-gin works.
4. One of the girls volunteer to find out what a patent is.

3. FIRE

EDWARD C. FELLOWES

Did the boy in this story invent fire? If not, what did he invent?

One morning Ruig, having nothing to do, was sitting on a log outside the hut, watching his mother kindle the fire for the day. Overnight, the ashes had been scraped together to cover the embers; now as his mother raked them open again, Ruig noticed how quickly the coals began to glow when she blew upon them. Taking two or three bits of firewood, burned in two so that only the ends were left, she laid the charred points together.

In a moment both began to show red where they touched, finally breaking into a clear gentle flame. After a little, when she threw some dry rushes and a handful of twigs on the blaze, a merry flame crackled up; and soon the fire was blazing high.

Ruig moved over a little nearer, partly because he was cold, and partly in order to watch the fire, which he never tired of studying, and about which he never ceased to wonder. He loved to see the flame lay hold of the logs, slowly at first, licking them as if tasting them, then finally seizing upon them and devouring them until all that was left was a smaller likeness of the log in grayish cinders, which fell into ashes when poked with a stick. Where did the rest of the log go? Where did the fire come from?

Now and then Ruig's fire at home went out, and had to be kindled anew from a neighbor's fire. Once in a while, when a heavy rain fell, all the fires in the village would be drowned, and some one would have to go to work with the fire-drill to start them afresh.

This interesting task was by no means so easy as it looked, for it required both strength and persistence before even the smoke came, to say nothing of the flame.

This is the way the fire was made. Two men would squat on the ground with a flat slab of wood lying between them. In a small hole in the slab one man would set the point of the drill, which was a straight shaft of hard wood about eighteen inches long. Holding the drill firmly in the socket by means of a small stone hollowed on the under side, he pressed down upon the upper end of the drill; while the other man twisted the shaft itself rapidly around in the hole, by means of a thin leather strap containing a half hitch, the two ends of which he grasped in his hands so as to tighten the thong and make it take hold. Soon smoke would rise at the foot of the drill; powdered wood from an old dry rotten stump would be sprinkled on the smoke; then a handful of dried leaves or ferns would be added; and before long a tiny flame would spring up, which would be gently coaxed and fed until it became a real blaze. Ruig had sometimes tried the task himself, but without much success, his only result being a little smoke.

But there was one thing about which Ruig wondered most of all: who made the first fire? how did he know how to make it?

The village fires were kindled from one another, and there was little danger of their ever all being out at once. But long ago there must have been a time when nobody had any fire at all, when nobody had ever seen a fire; when all food was eaten raw; when skins and furs were the only protection against cold. Since there were fires now, there must have been a first fire. How had it been kindled?

Ruig had often questioned the hunters, but none of them could tell him. Even old Graum, who knew everything,

shook his head. Ruig must think the problem out for himself. This is the way he finally reasoned it out.

When the hunters were shaping their flint knives and spearheads, they would take a slab of flint and hammer it with another stone until it split. Then they would carefully trim and chip the stone away until it took just the form they wanted.

Ruig used to sit for hours watching the process, and had even tried it himself in a small way. One day, when holding his flint in one hand and pounding it with another stone, Ruig noticed that sparks sprang out as he struck the stone. One very large and bright spark fell on his bare knee, leaving a momentary but distinct feeling of heat; in a moment another fell upon the corner of his skin apron, going out almost instantly, but leaving behind a strong odor of scorched fur. Ruig was on the track of the secret of fire. If the spark was large enough, if it caught upon something loose and dry, it would smoulder for a few seconds. If one had time to blow on it, as his mother blew upon the embers of the fire in the morning, one could fan the spark into a flame.

Acting upon this idea, Ruig spent hours in trying out his theory. He collected all kinds of dry materials, such as the hunters used with the fire-drill: punk from a rotten stump, dead leaves, dried ferns rubbed to a fine powder. But for a long time he had no success, although he pounded flints together thousands of times. Not even the smallest spark flew into his tinder-pile.

One afternoon, after a fruitless session of this kind, and just as he was about to give up in despair, an idea occurred to Ruig which he at once proceeded to follow. Scraping his tinder together in both hands, he started at full speed for the place where he had been working when he struck the two big

sparks, which had burned his knee and scorched the fur of his apron. Arriving at the spot, he squatted on the ground, put his tinder carefully away in a dry corner of the ledge, and began to look carefully at the broken bits of rock scattered all about him. One by one he picked them up, examining each stone to see whether there was any essential difference between them.

The idea had occurred to Ruig that the way to secure a spark was not to strike together any two stones, or two stones of the same kind, as he had been doing, but to strike two stones of different kinds, exactly suited to produce the desired result. He distinctly remembered that when he had struck the big sparks, he had been holding a flint in one hand. The other stone, he thought, was not a flint, but some other kind. What that kind was he now intended to find out.

He continued, therefore, to pick over with great care the broken bits of rock with which the ground was strewn. Finally he had a pile of specimens of various kinds. Then his real experiment began.

Holding in his left hand, as before, a narrow slab of flint, Ruig struck it with the bits of rock which he took one by one from the pile of specimens before him. From the first dozen or so no result followed; he discarded them in disgust. But when his pile was almost exhausted, he picked up a stone which was dark in color and sprinkled through with bright shining specks. Idly he struck this upon his flint; then, startled, he saw the flash of a spark. Again he struck, and again; and with each blow a spark sprang into momentary life.

In high excitement Ruig now gathered his tinder. Throwing himself flat on the ground before his little heap of dry leaves, he grasped his bits of rock and struck them together rapidly. To his delight, a bright spark flew directly into the

middle of his tinder-pile, a thin thread of smoke arose, and a little point of light showed itself. Gently and steadily, so as not to kill it, Ruig breathed upon this point of light. Soon a charred spot appeared, spreading slowly among the tinder. As he continued to blow, his hands cupped about the tinder to ward off sudden drafts of air, a glow appeared and then a tiny spear of flame. This he fed with bits of leaf, shreds of fern, and even tufts of fur plucked from his apron. The flame brightened, grew stronger, waxed from a flame to a blaze, crackled and spread, until at last, seizing upon a bunch of grass and twigs, it sprang into a real fire, deep and strong, licking and curling hungrily about the fuel that he heaped upon it.

Springing to his feet, Ruig danced around the fire with shouts of delight. At last he had discovered the secret. Now he knew where fire came from, in one way, at least. He was the proudest boy on earth.

That night there was a thunderstorm. Lightning struck a dead tree at some distance from the camp, setting it on fire, so that it blazed like a great torch on the hillside. Ruig lay in bed, watching the flames through the open front of the hut. That might have been another way in which fire was first discovered, he thought. He felt that his own method was best. One could neither control lightning nor get it when one needed it most; but he could produce sparks from a flint at any time. Satisfied with his reasoning, Ruig fell asleep at last, and dreamed of carrying about with him in his pouch a magic flame, with which he kindled all the village fires every morning, till he was made head medicine-man of the tribe, entitled to carry one of the carved ivory batons which marked him as a distinguished chief.

The next day, when he awoke, Ruig was still full of his

THE FLAME BRIGHTENED AND GREW STRONGER

discovery. Hurrying away at the first possible moment to his ledge, he searched the ground thoroughly for additional specimens of the proper kind of stone to use with the flint. After an hour's work, he had collected several dozen; and, best of all, he had discovered a ledge from which any number might be broken off.

His pouch full of specimens, Ruig now made his way back to the village. Here he showed the hunters what he had found, illustrating a dozen times before wondering groups the new method of fire-making, so much simpler than the tedious twisting of the fire-drill. The headmen gave him nods of approval which pleased him more than any other reward could possibly have done. From that day each hunter carried in his pouch the flint and striking-stone, discarding the fire-drill as out-of-date.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. What problems about fire puzzled Ruig? Did he find the answers to all his questions? Explain.
2. Draw a picture giving your idea of the fire-drill as described in the sixth paragraph.
3. How did Ruig first get an idea of the way to make fire? Why did his earliest efforts fail? How did he finally succeed? Be ready to answer the three preceding questions in a floor-talk.
4. Did Ruig make an invention or a discovery, or did he make both? Explain and give examples (1) of discoveries, and (2) of inventions.
5. What advantages did Ruig's method of making fire have over the fire-drill?
6. *Research enterprise for a volunteer.* With what kind of rock did Ruig strike the piece of flint when he first made fire? Experiment by striking rocks together to see if you can find the kind of rock Ruig might have used when he first made fire.
7. *Volunteer project for Boy Scouts.*
   - *a.* Show the class how to make a fire without the use of matches.
   - *b.* Find out how matches are made and tell what makes them burn.

4. THE WATER CLOCK

FREDERIC A. KUMMER

As you read this story try to see Fu-chi, the master, and his estate. Try to hear the conversation of Ling, the sun-dial boy, with Yoto, the slave-girl. Try to picture the excitement in the household when Ling was honored for inventing the water clock.

Once upon a time, thousands of years ago, there lived on the banks of the Yangtze River in China a wealthy man named Fu-chi.

Fu-chi had many servants who cared for his house, or looked after his cattle, or worked in his fields. Because he believed that time was precious, like diamonds, he tried to make good use of every minute, and insisted that his servants do the same. From morning to night he was busy, inspecting his stables and fields, giving directions to his overseers, receiving his visitors, going over his accounts. In order to tell the time, he caused a great bronze sun-dial to be set up in the garden of his house, beside which sat a slave boy. As the sun-dial marked the hours from sunrise to sunset, the slave boy, whose name was Ling, would strike them on a bronze bell with a wooden mallet.

A sun-dial, as perhaps you may know, is an instrument used for telling the time, just as we now use clocks. You can make a simple sun-dial by setting up a stick in the ground, and marking its shadow on a smooth floor of earth or clay.

A day, of course, is the length of time between one sunrise and the next, that is, the length of time it takes the earth to turn around once on its axis, or twenty-four hours. The early peoples divided the hours between sunrise and sunset

into four watches or quarters, so that the time from six o'clock to nine was called the first quarter, from nine to twelve the second quarter, from noon to three o'clock the third quarter, and from three till sunset the fourth quarter. People guessed at the time by looking at the sun, to see how high it was in the heavens, and at night they measured the quarters or watches by the moving of the stars. Later on, each quarter was divided into three parts, or hours, making twelve hours for the day and twelve for the night.

Now it is not easy to guess the hour of the day from the position of the sun. Early men found a better way. They saw that a tall tree, or a rock, or a stick set up in the ground cast a shadow, and that this shadow is shortest at noon, when the sun is overhead. On the equator, where the sun is exactly overhead at noon, there would be no shadow at all, but in countries north and south of the equator there would always be some shadow at noon, but it would be shorter at that moment than at any other time of the day; it would be longest, of course, at morning and night. So the early men learned to tell the time roughly by marking the shadows cast by trees, or rocks, or sticks.

Now if you were to drive a peg in the ground near your upright stick to mark the length of the noon shadow, and other pegs to mark the shadow when the sun was half way up to noon, and half way down to sunset, you would be able to tell, roughly, the four quarters of the day. Your method would not be very exact, however, because in winter the sun rises later and sets earlier than it does in summer.

But suppose you were to set up your stick in the middle of a large round bowl, with the top of the stick just level with the sides of the bowl. When the sun rose, its rays would be level, and would therefore go right across the top of the bowl

and cast no shadow of the stick at all. But the moment the sun rose a little higher, the shadow of the stick would begin to creep down the west side of the bowl, getting shorter and shorter till noon, and then growing longer and longer until sunset; you could mark the hours on the inside of the bowl and use the marks to tell time by. That would be much easier than bothering with shadows half a mile long, or longer.

The early peoples soon found out how to make sun-dials that would tell them the time. They found that on two days in the year, one in March, and one in September, the days and nights are equal in length. These two days are called the equinoxes, because equinox means equal night. Early men marked their rude sun-dials on these days, so as to have the marks correct. All this may seem very difficult, but the main point is that early peoples used the shadows cast by the sun to tell the time of day. We call the instruments they invented for the purpose sun-dials.

Their invention did well enough in the daytime when the sun was shining, but at night when there was no sun it did not do at all. Some of the early people invented a way of telling the time at night by means of a burning rope, with knots in it.

By burning a rope in the daytime they found how long a piece would be needed to burn six hours, that is, from six o'clock till midnight. Then they divided the piece of rope into six equal parts, by means of knots, or by bits of string, or by other marks tied to the rope. Then the rope was lighted and as each mark was reached, they knew that another hour had passed. Later on, when candles came into use, the same plan was used with them; marks were painted on the sides of the candle to show the passing of the hours as the candle

burned down. Neither of these ways was very accurate, because the candles or ropes would burn sometimes faster, and sometimes slower.

Now Fu-chi was very busy during the day, and in the evening, too; he liked to make good use of his time. He divided the evening into different periods—for music, for conversation with friends, for study, for meditation, for prayer. But because no one knew just the right time, the periods were always getting mixed. Friends would come to talk with him when he was in the midst of his studies, or the flute players would begin to play just as he was ready for prayers. In short his arrangements for the evenings were always being upset.

Bothered in this way Fu-chi went into his garden one day and, calling all the members of his household about him, spoke to them, saying:

"I, Fu-chi, will give to him who shall find a way to mark the hours of the night, as the sun-dial marks them by day, honor and riches beyond all of my servants."

Among the persons who heard the words of Fu-chi was Ling, the mallet boy, who sat beside the sun-dial in the garden. No one had noticed him, yet the promise made by his master sounded as fair in his ears as in the ears of the overseers and the musicians and the makers of pottery and of all the other important persons whom Fu-chi had summoned to the meeting. Nor, thought Ling to himself, could words, once spoken, be taken back again. He, a slave boy, might have riches and honor, if he could only find a way to mark the hours of the night.

Sitting beside the great sun-dial, Ling thought and thought all through the hot sunny day, but he found no way to do what Fu-chi desired.

At last a slim slave girl, whose name was Yoto, came from the house and, going to the pool in the garden, dipped

THE SLAVE GIRL LIKED TO TEASE LING

up some water in a jar she carried on her shoulder. Ling looked after her, for she was as fair as an iris flower in his sight and her smile was like the new moon. As she passed

the sun-dial on her way back to the house, with the jar of water on her shoulder, Ling was just striking the third hour of the afternoon on his bell.

Now the slave girl liked to tease Ling. Glancing toward the house, she saw that no one was looking and, setting the jar of water down on the stone base of the sun-dial, she began to poke fun at him. She asked what he meant to do with all his money, when he found out a way to tell the time by night.

As Ling finished the third stroke upon his bell, he noticed that Yoto's water jar was cracked, and that a tiny stream came from it, falling drop by drop upon the flat stones beneath. The sight held his attention so closely that he scarcely heard the girl as she talked on. Because Ling was silent and made her no reply, Yoto became angry, and tried all the harder to tease him. Thus many minutes passed; meanwhile the shadow of the sun-dial moved the width of Ling's two fingers.

At last Yoto, tired of her game, stooped to pick up the jar of water, but Ling stopped her.

"Your jar is cracked, Yoto," he said. "See—already it has lost a quarter of its contents. Leave it and fetch another, lest your mistress punish you for spilling water on her polished floors."

The girl looked down and saw that Ling spoke the truth. Hurrying into the house, she brought a second jar, filled it at the pool, and went her way. But Ling sat staring at the water which had dripped from the cracked jar to the stones beneath, with a look of wonder in his eyes. When at last the time came to strike the fourth hour on his bell, he took the broken pot and poured the little water that it still contained upon the ground. A bright smile lightened up his face as he

struck his bell four times, for during the hour Ling had found a way to mark the passing of time by night.

One evening, a few days later, Ling sounded the sunset hour upon his bell. Then, throwing down his mallet he went to Fu-chi, who sat in the garden enjoying the cooling breezes. Before him Ling bent humbly.

"Honorable Master," he said, "I, Ling, the sun-dial boy, can show you how to mark the hours of the night."

Fu-chi folded his ivory fan and gazed at Ling coldly.

"You?" he asked, frowning. "How shall an ignorant boy do that which the wisest men of my household are not able to do?"

"That I ask permission to show you, August One," Ling said modestly, but a smile of confidence shone in his eyes.

"Very well. But if you fail, fifty lashes and a bleeding back for your reward." Fu-chi fluttered his fan sharply, and lay back in his teak-wood chair.

Ling went to a corner of the garden, where he slept beneath a roof of matting. Lifting a large earthenware jar, he carried it to the place where Fu-chi sat and placed it on the ground before his master. In the side of the jar, close to the bottom, Ling had pierced a tiny hole, and in the hole he had placed a wooden plug.

When he had set the jar before Fu-chi, Ling filled it to the brim with water. Then, going again to his matting hut, he returned with a bit of soft wood, round and flat like a pancake, from the center of which rose a slender white willow wand, the thickness of his little finger. Around the wand he had tied at equal distances six bits of colored string, the first white, the second yellow, the third red, the fourth green, the fifth blue, and the sixth black.

Going up to the jar Ling set the flat piece of wood afloat

on the surface of the water, and bending down, took the plug from the little hole, so that the water in the jar began to trickle out very slowly on the ground.

"Master," he said, "this is my way to mark the hours of the night."

But Fu-chi, who saw nothing but a jar of water with a willow wand rising from it, became angry, and looked at Ling with a frown.

"What nonsense is this?" he cried. "How shall a jar of water mark the time?"

"In this way, Illustrious One," said Ling quietly. "Through the little hole in the bottom of the jar the water, as you see, slowly runs out. As the first hour of the night passes, the water in the jar will sink, carrying the float and the willow wand down with it. I watched it this morning beside my sun-dial, and when the first hour had passed, I marked the point on the willow wand by tying about it a white cord, the point which it marks being then just level with the top of the jar. When the second hour had passed, I marked the place on the willow wand with a cord of yellow. At the third hour I fastened the red cord in its position, and so on until noon. When all the cords except the black are hidden, it will be midnight. By that time the jar will be almost empty, and must be filled again. Have I done well, Illustrious Master?" Again Ling bowed his head before Fu-chi.

The great man sat for a long time gazing at the jar before him, watching the willow wand as it slowly sank from sight. Minute after minute passed, and Ling wondered at his master's silence, but still Fu-chi did not speak. Only when the white cord was level with the edges of the jar did he stir.

"This is the hour for music," he cried, clapping his hands, "the second hour of the evening. Let the musicians be summoned, and all my household come before me."

Every one came running, and Yoto, the slave girl, with them. Then Fu-chi spoke.

"Listen, all of you, great and small," he cried. "Ling, my

LING TOOK THE PLUG FROM THE LITTLE HOLE, SO THAT THE WATER BEGAN TO TRICKLE OUT

mallet boy, who strikes the hours of the day beside the sundial, has found a way to mark the hours of the night. No longer shall he be a slave, but a free man from this day on. Let there be music and feasting, that all may do him honor." Then turning to Ling he said, "Boy, if you have any wish, speak, that I may grant it."

Then Ling went over to Yoto and took her by the hand.

"I wish, Master," he said, "that Yoto may also be free

from this night on, and that I may have her for my wife."

"It is done," said Fu-chi. "Let the musicians play."

So Ling, the mallet boy, won the hand of Yoto by making the first water clock.

Four thousand years passed by before men were able to improve on Ling's water clock. Then by making a coiled spring, as it unwound, turn the hands on a dial, so that each turn marked the passing of an hour, they invented the clock. To-day in the City of Canton, China, there is a water clock much like the one Ling made, which has been in use for over three thousand years.

Anything that moves regularly can be used as a measure of time—the turning of the earth, the sinking of water as it runs out of a jar, the trickling of sand from one end of an hour-glass to the other, the uncoiling of a spring, the turning of a wheel by means of weights. But it took men a long time to work from the shadow cast by a rock to the beautifully made watch, with its delicate steel wheels and its bearings of jewels that will not wear out. These inventions we owe to thinkers, like Ling.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DRAMATIZING THE STORY

Choose three committees to dramatize the story. The first committee prepare the lines to the bottom of page 42, the second committee be responsible for the dialogue between Ling and Yoto (pages 43–44), and the third committee plan the rest of the play.

In preparing the dramatization, study the form of a play in one of the books in your library, use your imagination in writing the lines, rehearse the parts privately, and present the play before

the class. After suggestions from classmates, offer to give the play before the school assembly.

Decide what "setting" to use; what costumes and materials, or "properties," to secure; and how to arrange the actors and furnishings on the stage,—the front part of your classroom.

Scene: An open garden with a large sun-dial (make one of pasteboard) at the rear left. Ling, the sun-dial boy, stands beside the dial, holding a wooden mallet in his hand with which to strike the hours on the big bell or gong that hangs by the sun-dial. At the right is Fu-chi, the master, seated at a table, going over his accounts.

Servants enter from moment to moment and approach Fu-chi, kneeling to receive his written orders.

Ling strikes the bell four times.

As the last stroke of the bell dies away, the steward enters. Bowing low before Fu-chi, he speaks as follows:

Steward: "Master, the fourth hour has sounded. The hour for the accounts has ended."

Fu-chi, closing his account rolls and rising: "Yes, it is time to inspect the stables. Without the sun-dial and the gong, my affairs would quickly be in disorder. Would that I could tell the passing of the hours of the night as I now know those of the day."

Steward, bowing: "Yes, master."

Fu-chi, a troubled expression on his face: "The problem must be solved. But how? The shadow on the sun-dial marks the progress of the sun, but the sun does not shine at night."

Fu-chi walks to and fro, with bowed head, an expression of deep thought on his face: "A burning rope or a lighted candle might serve, but neither is very accurate. Sometimes they burn faster, and sometimes slower. What can be done? What can be done? The problem must be solved."

ENTERPRISE FOR THREE VOLUNTEERS

Make a water clock, a wheel clock, or an hour-glass that will tell time for your classroom.

5. THE BOOK

SAMUEL E. FORMAN

This selection tells the story of the book. You will need to read it carefully to master the author's thought. Study until you have in mind the two main divisions of the selection and the different parts of each division, and until you are able to tell the history of the book from beginning to end. In your study try this plan:

1. Read the selection through rapidly.
2. Find the two main divisions into which the account falls, writing each on a page of your note-book.
3. Look through the selection to find the five parts of the first division and the two parts of the second division. Put each in its proper place under the two main divisions.
4. Think over the outline you have made (2 and 3) until you have it firmly in mind.
5. Reread the selection carefully to fix the details.
6. Go over the entire account in your mind, rereading any part that may not be clear and definite.

What is a book? It is an invention by means of which *thought* is recorded, carried about in the world, and handed down from one age to another. Almost as soon as men began to think they began to make books and men will probably continue to make books as long as they continue to think. The story of the book, therefore, takes us back to the very beginning of human life.

In the long ago thought was recorded and preserved by *tradition.* An account of a nation's deeds, its laws, its religion were stamped on the memory of persons who were especially trained to memorize such matters and to hand them down by word of mouth from generation to generation. These

persons were usually priests, who underwent years of training in memorizing what was to be handed down. Primitive people everywhere first adopted the method of tradition to record and preserve the thought which they did not wish to perish. We may say, then, that the earliest book was written on the tablet of the human mind.

The first step in the growth of the book was taken when *memory aids* were invented. Sometimes we tie a knot in a handkerchief to help us remember something. Similarly, by tying knots primitive man lent assistance to the memory. The first material book was doubtless a series of *knots* well represented by the *quipu* (Fig. 1) of the ancient Peruvians.

FIG. 1. THE QUIPA OF THE PERUVIANS

FIG. 2. MESSAGE STICKS

This curious-looking book was written (tied) by a person known as the officer of the knots. It contains an account of the strength of the Peruvian army, although its exact meaning cannot be made out. It was not intended to be read by any one who was not a keeper of the knots.

Books made of knots were used by nearly all the ancient peoples of South America and by some of the tribes of Asia. Similar to the knotted cord is the *notched stick,* which is still used in Australia by the savages to assist the memory of one

who has a message to carry. Figure 2 shows a variety of such message-sticks. The lowest one—a crooked branch of a tree—contains an invitation to a dancing party. The notched stick as an aid to memory is not confined to savage races. Many a modern dairyman has kept his accounts by making notches in sticks as he has delivered milk from door to door.

Memory aids were followed by *picture writing.* To express thought by means of pictures is natural both to savages and to the most enlightened people. All over the earth we find examples of early picture writing. When a beloved chief died or a fierce battle was fought or an exciting chase occurred, the event was pictured on a stone or on the skin of some animal. Pages might be filled with illustrations of primitive picture-books, but we must be content with a single specimen (Fig. 3). This was found painted on a rock in California: *"We selected this as a camping place, but we have found nothing,"* say the human figures *f, g, h, i;* the upturned palms say plainly, *"nothing, nothing"; one of our comrades* (*d*) *has died of starvation,"* say the three lank figures at *c,* pointing to their own lean bodies; *"we deeply mourn his loss,"* says the sorrow-stricken *a; "we have gone northward,"* says *j,* his arm extended to the north.

FIG. 3. PICTURE WRITING

Practice in picture-making was bound to lead to shorter methods of expressing ideas. It was soon found that reduced pictures, or *picture-signs,* would serve to express ideas. Thus, if the idea of sorrow was to be expressed, it was not necessary to draw an elaborate picture of a sorrowful looking

man like *a* in Figure 3; a weeping eye would express the idea just as well. Instead of numerous figures (*e, f, g, h, i*) weeping and saying, "nothing here," a single pair of empty palms would say the same thing just as clearly. In this way a pair of clasped hands came to mean "friendship"; two trees, "a forest"; a calf running toward water, "thirst."

Picture-signs, of course, took the form in which they could be most easily and rapidly drawn. The weeping eye became ; the pair of extended palms ; the forest ; thirst .

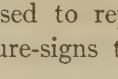
A simple picture of this kind became a fixed sign for certain ideas; it was always drawn in the same way and always stood for the same idea.

Picture-signs followed picture writing in almost every country where the people were progressive. China wrote its books with picture-signs thousands of years ago, and is still writing them in the same clumsy way. Even in civilized countries picture-signs have not been abandoned. The advertising page of a newspaper or the business signs on the street still show picture-signs—pictures that are always made in the same way and always stand for the same idea.

Each of the great nations of far-away days had its own peculiar system of writing, but the system of most interest to us is that of ancient Egypt, for to ancient Egypt we must look for the origin of the book that is now in your hands. The book in Egypt passed through the stages of tradition, memory aids, picture-writing, and picture-signs;—then it passed into the *alphabetic* stage. Since the alphabet is perhaps the most useful of all inventions, it is well worth while to learn how the Egyptian picture-signs grew into letters.

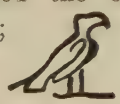
The Egyptian system of picture-signs consisted of several thousand pictures of birds, beasts, reptiles, insects, trees, and flowers. Now if you were writing *English* by means of picture-signs and would have to write the words *man*age, *man*sion, *man*tle, might it not occur to you to represent *man* by the picture-sign for man ( ) And *trea*cle, *trea*son, *trea*ty by beginning these words with a *tree?* ( ) At some time in the remote past Egyptian scribes in this way began to represent by picture-signs the *syllable-sounds* that occurred most frequently.

The picture-sign standing for a syllable-sound was placed in the word not because it stood for an *idea*, but because it stood for a *sound*, just as in the example given above you would use the sign for man ( ) or the sign for tree ( ) because it stood for a certain sound. In like manner certain Egyptian picture-signs began to be used to represent the sounds of certain syllables. The picture-signs thus chosen were called *phonograms*.

The phonogram led to the alphabet. In seeking a way to shorten their work the scribes found that the syllable itself could be broken up into separate sounds. For example, when they came to the syllable whose sound is spelled by our three letters *pad*, they found that it had three distinct sounds, namely: (1) one a lip sound which could be represented by the first sound of the picture-sign (a door); (2) one an open-throat or vowel sound which could be represented by the first sound of the picture-sign  (an eagle); (3) one a teeth sound which could be represented

by the first sound in the picture-sign (a hand). So the scribes wrote the syllable (p-a-d) with the three characters:

The same plan was followed with all the other sounds in the Egyptian language; each was represented by one of the picture-signs. Since the language contained only about twenty-five distinct elementary sounds, twenty-five picture-signs were sufficient. These twenty-five picture sounds were the Egyptian alphabet. The Egyptian youth could now learn to read in three or four years, whereas under the old system he needed fifteen or twenty years, just as to-day the Chinese youth needs fifteen or twenty years to learn to read well.

The whole history of the alphabet can be learned from Figure 4. In column (a) are the three Egyptian picture-signs referred to above. Column (b) shows how the rapid writing of the priests changed the old picture-signs to writing; became ;  became ; and became .

The Phœnicians, who were great travellers, visited Egypt at a very early date and borrowed not only the idea of the alphabet, but also the forms of the Egyptian letters, as column (c) shows. Column (d) confirms the words of Herodotus, who tells us that the Greeks borrowed their alphabet from the Phœnicians. Column (e) shows that the Greeks handed the alphabet on to the Romans, who gave it to us. Thus the three letters p, a, d come straight from the Eyyptians and meant at first a *door,* an *eagle,* and a *hand,* respectively.

As it is with the three letters p, a, d, so it is with nearly all the letters of our alphabet. If the letters that are on the

page before you could be suddenly changed to their original forms, you would see a collection of birds, serpents, animals, tools, and articles of household use.

We must look to Egypt for the origin of the outward form

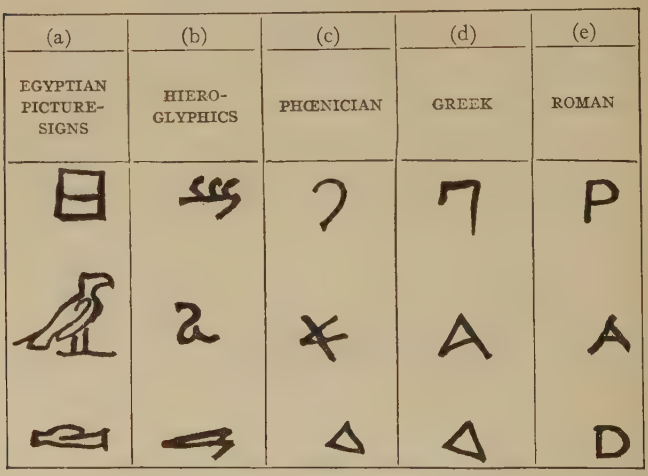


FIG. 4. THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE THREE LETTERS, P, A, AND D

of our book as well as for the origin of our alphabet. Before history began, the Egyptians covered with their writing nearly all the surface of their pyramids and their temples. At a time too far back for a date, they seem to have been compelled to seek a substitute for stone. This they found in the *papyrus* plant, which grew in abundance in the valley of the Nile. Side by side they placed strips of the pith of the papyrus, and across these at right angles they laid another layer of strips. The two layers were then glued together and pressed until a smooth surface was formed, making one sheet. To make a book a number of sheets were fastened together end to end.

THE EGYPTIANS FOUND A SUBSTITUTE FOR STONE IN PAPYRUS

When in book form the papyrus was wound around a stick and kept in the form of a roll. (Fig. 5.) The roll was usually eight or ten inches wide, but its length was sometimes a hundred feet or more. This papyrus roll was

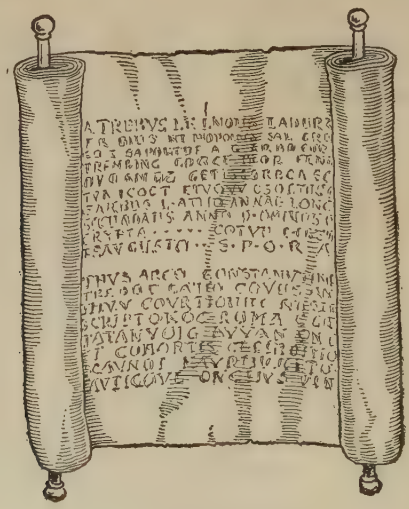


FIG. 5. A PAPYRUS ROLL

the parent of our modern paper book, as the word papyrus is the original of our word paper. The pen used in writing upon papyrus was a split reed, and the ink a mixture of soot and gum.

Next to papyrus the most important writing material in ancient times was *parchment,* the prepared skin of young calves and kids. The invention of parchment is said to have been due to the literary ambitions of two kings, the king of Persia and the king of Egypt. The king of Pergamus, wishing to have the finest and largest library in the world, was consuming enormous quantities of papyrus. The king of

Egypt, who also wished to have the finest library in the world, issued a command forbidding the exportation of papyrus from Egypt in order to cripple the plans of his rival.

Unable to get papyrus except from Egypt, the king of Pergamus caused the skins of sheep to be prepared so that they could be used as material on which books could be written for his library. The prepared skins received the name of *pergamena,* because they were made in Pergamus, and from pergamena we get the word parchment. This is the story that has come down to us to explain the origin of parchment, but it cannot be accepted as wholly true, for we know that the Old Testament was written in gold on a roll of skins long before there was a king of Pergamus and that writing was done on skins as far back as the picture-writing period.

After the invention of the alphabet and of paper (papyrus), books multiplied as never before. "Of the making of many books there is no end," exclaimed Solomon a thousand years before the birth of Christ. In her early days Greece was slow to make books, but after she learned from the Phœnicians (800 B.C.) how to use an alphabet she made up for lost time. In 600 B.C. there was a public library at Athens, and 200 years later the Greeks had written more good books than all the other countries in the world combined.

But the most productive of ancient book-makers were the Romans. In those days, of course, there were no type-setters or printing-presses. Every book was a manuscript; every word of every copy had to be written with a pen. The writing was sometimes done by slaves trained to write neatly and rapidly, while one slave read aloud what was to be copied. Of course errors occurred, for the slaves would sometimes write what the reader did not dictate.

But books in our own time are not free from errors. An English poet recently wrote:

"Like dew-drops upon fresh blown roses."

In print the first letter of the last word in the line appeared as *n* instead of *r*. This mistake disfigured thousands of copies. In a Roman publishing house such a blunder marred only a single copy.

Throughout the Middle Ages nearly all the writing in Europe was done by monks, and nearly all the books written were of a religious nature. The monks worked with the greatest patience and care upon their manuscripts. They often wrote on vellum (calf-skin parchment) and adorned the page with beautiful colors and artistic figures.

The manuscript volumes made by the monks were very beautiful, but their cost was so great that only the most wealthy could buy them. A Bible sometimes cost thousands of dollars. During the 14th and 15th centuries Europe began to thirst for knowledge and created a demand for cheap books. How could the demand be met? There were now no hordes of intelligent slaves who could be put to work with their pens, and without slave labor the cost of the written book could not be greatly reduced. Invention, as always, came to the rescue and gave the world what it desired.

First of all, writing material was made cheaper by the invention of paper-making. The wasp in making its nest had given a hint for paper-making, but man was slow to take the hint. The Chinese had made progress by making paper from the bark of trees in the first century, but not until the middle of the 13th century was paper manufactured in Europe from hemp, rags, linen, and cotton.

In the second place, *printing* was invented. On a strip of

transparent paper write the word *post*. Now turn the strip over from right to left and trace the letters on the smooth surface of a block of wood. Remove the paper and you will have the result shown in Figure 6. With a sharp knife cut out the wood from around the letters. If you ink the raised letters and press upon them a piece of paper, you will print the word "post" in exactly the same way that the first books were printed. The block-book, as this method of printing is called, was the first step in the art of printing.

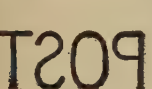


FIG. 6

The block-book greatly decreased the cost of a book, for when a page was once engraved as many impressions could be taken as were wanted. Yet it did not meet the needs of the time, and in the middle of the 15th century the desire for reading became so great that book-makers everywhere bent their efforts to improve on the block-making process. By the end of the century the book as we have it to-day was being made throughout all Europe.

In what did the improvement consist? First we must remember that the book-maker in the early part of the 15th century had paper, he had printing-ink, he had skill in engraving whole pages for block-books, and he had a rude kind of printing-press. Instead of engraving a whole page on a block, he now engraved single letters on little blocks called types. When a word or a line or a page was to be printed the types were set in the position desired; in other words, the improvement consisted in the invention of *movable types*, first made of wood and afterward of metal.

The great advantage of the movable types over the block-book is easily seen. For example, a block containing the word "post" is useless except for printing the word *post;* but when it is divided into four blocks, each containing a letter,

one can print *post, spot, tops, stop, top, sop, sot, pot, so, to,* and other words.

The exact date of the invention of movable types is unknown. We can only say that they were first used between 1450 and 1460. Nor can we tell who invented them. The Dutch claim that Lawrence Koster of Harlem (Holland) made movable types as early as 1430, and that John Faust, an employee, stole them and carried them to Mayence (Germany), where John Gutenberg learned the secret of printing with them. The Germans claim that Gutenberg was the real inventor. Much can be said in behalf of both claims. We know that the earliest complete book printed with movable types was a Bible which came from the press of John Gutenberg in 1455.

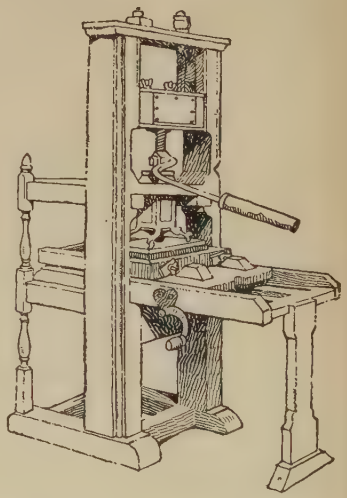


FIG. 7. EARLY PRINTING-PRESS

Since 1450 there has been no discovery that has changed the character of the printed book. Improvements in making and setting type have been made, and printing-presses (Fig. 7) have become marvels of mechanical skill, but the book of to-day is essentially like the book of four hundred years ago. The tablet of the memory, the knotted cord and notched stick, picture writing, the clumsy picture-sign, the alphabet, the manuscript volume, the printed block-book, and the volume before you, bring to an end the story of the book.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

MAKING AN OUTLINE

Copy the outline below, filling in all blanks. Compare with the outline made according to Study Suggestions Nos. 2 and 3.

THE BOOK

I. How the art of preserving thought grew
   A. Oral tradition
   B. Memory aids
      1. .....
      2. .....
   C. Picture writing
   D. .....
   E. .....
   F. .....

II. How the material form of the book developed
   A. Manuscripts
      1. Kinds
         a. Papyrus rolls
         b. .....
      2. Methods of manufacture
         a. Slaves
         b. .....
   B. Printed volumes
      1. Invention of paper
      2. .....
         a. .....
         b. .....
         c. .....

GIVING A FLOOR-TALK

Give a floor-talk before the class. Explain the way in which the

book came to be made. Before you begin be sure you have the plan, or outline, of your talk well in mind.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

Test your reading by the following questions.

1. How did man first hand down his ideas?
2. What is the main difference between picture writing and picture-signs?
3. What are phonograms?
4. What is the origin of the word paper? of the word parchment?
5. Who did most of the work of copying books in ancient times? in the Middle Ages?
6. What is block-book printing? What is the main advantage of the present method of printing?
7. *For a volunteer:* Find out all you can about a modern printing-press and report to the class.

PROJECT

Prepare a booklet for your library table on "Our Debt to Books." Include sections on "What Books Do for Me"; "Things I Have Learned from Books"; "Books in My Home"; "Books I Enjoy"; and the like. Each member of the class contribute. Choose a committee to put the contributions in final form and to make the booklet.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

1. "How Books Are Made," Eva March Tappan, *Makers of Many Things*, 36–45.
2. "How Rags and Trees Become Paper," *ibid.*, 25–35.
3. "Learning the Art of Block Printing," *Book of Knowledge*, 2 : 617–618.

6. PICTURE WRITING

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Read the poem silently. Next read it aloud at home or together in class. Then draw pictures similar to those made by Hiawatha. Put a proper title beneath each picture.

In those days said Hiawatha,
"Lo! how all things fade and perish!
From the memory of the old men
Fade away the great traditions,
The achievements of the warriors,
The adventures of the hunters,
All the wisdom of the Medas,
All the craft of the Wabenos,
All the marvellous dreams and visions
Of the Jossakeeds, the Prophets!

"Great men die and are forgotten,
Wise men speak; their words of wisdom
Perish in the ears that hear them,
Do not reach the generations
That, as yet unborn, are waiting
In the great, mysterious darkness
Of the speechless days that shall be!

"On the grave-posts of our fathers
Are no signs, no figures painted;
Who are in those graves we know not,
Only know they are our fathers.
Of what kith they are and kindred,

From what old, ancestral Totem,
Be it Eagle, Bear, or Beaver,
They descended, this we know not,
Only know they are our fathers.

"Face to face we speak together,
But we cannot speak when absent,
Cannot send our voices from us
To the friends that dwell afar off;
Cannot send a secret message,
But the bearer learns our secret,
May pervert it, may betray it,
May reveal it unto others."

Thus said Hiawatha, walking
In the solitary forest,
Pondering, musing in the forest
On the welfare of his people.

From his pouch he took his colors,
Took his paints of different colors,
On the smooth bark of a birch-tree
Painted many shapes and figures,
Wonderful and mystic figures,
And each figure had a meaning,
Each some word or thought suggested.

Gitche Manito the Mighty,
He, the Master of Life, was painted
As an egg, with points projecting,
To the four winds of the heavens.
Everywhere is the Great Spirit,
Was the meaning of this symbol.

ON THE SMOOTH BARK OF A BIRCH-TREE PAINTED MANY SHAPES AND FIGURES

Mitche Manito the Mighty,
He the dreadful Spirit of Evil,
As a serpent was depicted,
As Kenabeek, the great serpent.
Very crafty, very cunning,
Is the creeping Spirit of Evil,
Was the meaning of this symbol.

Life and Death he drew as circles,
Life was white, but Death was darkened;
Sun and moon and stars he painted,
Man and beast, and fish and reptile,
Forests, mountains, lakes, and rivers.

For the earth he drew a straight line,
For the sky a bow above it;
White the space between for daytime,
Filled with little stars for night-time;
On the left a point for sunrise,
On the right a point for sunset,
On the top a point for noontide,
And for rain and cloudy weather
Waving lines descending from it.

Footprints pointing toward a wigwam
Were a sign of invitation,
Were a sign of guests assembling;
Bloody hands with palms uplifted
Were a symbol of destruction,
Were a hostile sign and symbol.

All these things did Hiawatha
Show unto his wondering people,
And interpreted their meaning,
And he said, "Behold, your grave-posts
Have no mark, no sign, nor symbol,
Go and paint them all with figures;
Each one with its household symbol,
With its own ancestral Totem;
So that those who follow after
May distinguish them and know them."

And they painted on the grave-posts
Of the graves yet unforgotten,
Each his own ancestral Totem,
Each the symbol of his household;
Figures of the Bear and Reindeer,
Of the Turtle, Crane, and Beaver,
Each inverted as a token
That the owner was departed,
That the chief who bore the symbol
Lay beneath in dust and ashes.

And the Jossakeeds, the Prophets,
The Wabenos, the Magicians,
And the Medicine-men, the Medas,
Painted upon bark and deer-skin
Figures for the songs they chanted,
For each song a separate symbol,
Figures mystical and awful,
Figures strange and brightly colored;
And each figure had its meaning,
Each some magic song suggested

The Great Spirit, the Creator,
Flashing light through all the heaven;
The Great Serpent, the Kenabeek,
With his bloody crest erected,
Creeping, looking into heaven;
In the sky the sun, that listens,
And the moon eclipsed and dying;
Owl and eagle, crane and hen-hawk,
And the cormorant, bird of magic;
Headless men, that walk the heavens,
Bodies lying pierced with arrows,
Bloody hands of death uplifted,
Flags on graves, and great war-captains
Grasping both the earth and heaven!

Such as these the shapes they painted
On the birch-bark and the deer-skin;
Songs of war and songs of hunting,
Songs of medicine and of magic,
All were written in these figures,
For each figure had its meaning,
Each its separate song recorded.

Thus it was that Hiawatha,
In his wisdom, taught the people
All the mysteries of painting,
All the art of Picture Writing,
On the smooth bark of the birch-tree,
On the white skin of the reindeer,
On the grave-posts of the village.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

PICTURE WRITING

1. Choose a committee to look over the pictures (see reading direction, page 65) and to report on their accuracy. Post the best six on the bulletin-board.

2. Choose a committee to prepare in colors a series of drawings showing day, night, noon, and other parts of the twenty-four hours.

3. Draw a picture that will tell the story of some event in your school or community; use no words. Picture a ball game, the dramatizing of a story in your classroom, a scene from a parade or pageant or part of an assembly program. Number the drawings, hang them on a wire above the blackboard in your classroom, and see how many of the incidents shown in the pictures you can recognize.

4. Show the best of the pictures to your principal and to your teacher of drawing.

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Does this poem remind you of any part of the selection "The Book"? If so, read the passage aloud and explain the connection.

2. How did Hiawatha represent the Great Spirit? Why? How did he show different periods of the day and different kinds of weather?

3. How did Hiawatha's people paint the grave-posts? Point out the stanzas in which the answer is found.

4. Suggest pictures to represent a song of hunting, a song of war, or a song of medicine and magic.

5. On what materials did the Indians paint their pictures? A volunteer may be able to find what they used for colors.

7. TRAIL SIGNS AND INDIAN SIGNALS

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

Study this selection so that you will be able to make or give the signs and signals which it describes.

BLAZES

First among the trail signs used by Scouts, Indians, and white hunters, and most likely to be of use to the traveler, are the axe blazes on tree trunks. Some of these may vary greatly with locality, but I have found one everywhere in use with scarcely any variation. That is the simple white spot meaning, *"Here is the trail."*

The Indian, in making this sign, may nick off a very small speck of bark with his knife, the trapper with his hatchet may make the mark as big as a dollar, or the settler with his heavy axe may slab off half the tree-side; but the sign is the same in principle and in meaning, on trunk, log, or branch, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Hudson Strait to the Rio Grande. "This is your trail," it clearly says in the language of the woods.

But there are treeless regions where the trail must be marked in other ways: plains of sage brush and sand, regions of rock, stretches of stone, and level wastes of grass or sedge. In the brush, a well-known Indian device is to break a twig and leave it hanging. Among stones and rocks, the recognized sign is one stone set on top of another. Such signs are also used in the whole country from Maine to California.

In running a trail one naturally looks straight ahead for the next sign. If the trail turned abruptly without notice one

Signs in Stones

This is the Trail

Turn to the Right

Turn to the Left.

Important Warning

Signs in Twigs

This is the Trail

Turn to the Right

Turn to the Left

Important Warning

Signs in Grass

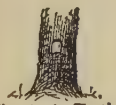
This is the Trail

Turn to the Right

Turn to the Left

Important Warning

Signs in Blazes


This is the Trail

Turn to the Right

Turn to the Left

Important Warning

Code for Smoke Signals

Camp is Here

I am lost. Help!

Good News

All come to Council

Some Special Blazes used by Hunters & Surveyors

A Trap to Right

A Trap to Left

Camp is to Right

Camp is to Left

Special

Adirondack Special

Surveyor's Line Here

might easily go wrong, but custom has provided against this. The tree blaze for turn "to the right" is shown in Number 2, fourth row; "to the left" in Number 3. The greater length of the turning blaze seems to be due to a desire for emphasis, since the same mark set square on is understood to mean "Look out, here is something of special importance." Combined with a long side chip, a blaze means "very important; turn aside here." This is often used to mean "camp is close by." A threefold blaze usually means "warning" or "something of great importance."

GRASS AND TWIG SIGNS

In grass or sedge the top of the tuft is twisted so as to show the direction to be followed. If the sign is of great importance, three tufts are tied; their tops are straight, if the trail goes straight on. Otherwise the tops are turned in the direction toward which the course turns.

The Ojibways and other woodland tribes use twigs for a great many signs. The hanging broken twig, like the simple blaze, means "This is the trail." The twig broken clean off and laid on the ground across the line of march means, "Here break from your straight course and go in the line of the butt end." When an especial warning is meant, the butt end is pointed toward the person following the trail and is raised somewhat in a forked twig. If the butt of the twig is raised and pointed to the left, it means "Look out, camp, or ourselves, or the enemy, or the game we have killed is out that way." With some tribes the elevation of the butt is meant to show the distance of the object: if low, the object is near; if high, the object is a long way off.

The foregoing are the principal signs of the trail used by scouts, Indians, and hunters in most parts of America.

They are the standards—the ones sure to be seen by campers in the wilderness.

SMOKE SIGNALS

In addition to the signs of the trail a useful kind of sign is the smoke signal. Smoke signals were used chiefly by the Plains Indians, but the Ojibways also employed them at times. They made a clear, hot fire and then covered it with green stuff or rotten wood so that it sent up a solid column of black smoke. By spreading and lifting a blanket over this smudge they could cut the column of smoke into long or short pieces and could thus send tidings by means of smoke puffs.

The simplest of all smoke codes and the ones of chief use to the Western traveler are these:

One steady smoke—"Here is camp."

Two steady smokes—"I am lost, come and help me."

Three smokes in a row—"Good news."

Four smokes in a row—"All are summoned to council."

The last two are not of general use, nor are they so likely to be of service as the first two.

SPECIAL SIGNS

The Indians sometimes marked a spot of unusual importance by sinking deep into a living tree the skull of a deer or a mountain sheep, so that the horns hung out on each side. In time the wood and bark grew over the base of the horns and a "medicine tree" was created. Several of these trees have become of historic importance. A notable example was the big Ram Tree that marked the boundary between the hunting grounds of the Blackfeet and those of the Nez Perces.

Many other Indian signs might be recorded: the sign for the "first crow" of spring; the sign for "buffalo in sight"; the sign for "war party coming"; the sign that a certain man "wants the arrows," and the sign that the owner of the teepee is "praying and must not be disturbed." But these signs are rapidly passing away and the Indians themselves are forgetting them.

The most important of the signs used by the men of the wilderness have been described. They are interesting as a crude beginning of literature. Many a person in the past has owed his life to a knowledge of this woodcraft, and there is no reason to doubt that many a wilderness traveler in the future will find it of equal service.

SIGNALS BY GUN SHOTS

The old Buffalo hunters had a method of signaling by gun shots that is still used by mountain guides. The signals are as follows:

Two shots in rapid succession, an interval of five seconds by the watch, then one shot, means, "Where are you?" The answer given at once and in exactly the same way means, "Here I am; what do you want?" The reply to this signal may be one shot, which means, "All right; I only wanted to know where you were." But if the reply repeats the first the signal means, "I am in serious trouble; come as fast as you can."

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. The signs and signals described in this selection are "a crude beginning of literature." In what ways is the preceding sentence true?
2. What signs in use to-day most resemble blazes? Tell about signs that you have used or invented.

3. What present-day way of communicating is most like the smoke signals? What is the chief difficulty of the use of smoke signals? of signals by gun shots?
4. Make four of the signs or signals described in the selection.
5. Tell which of the preceding selections is most like this selection.
6. Does this selection belong in this unit? Explain.
7. Tell what you have learned about the Indians in your history class. Have you ever seen any Indians? Tell about the incident. Mention stories you have read about the Indians. What did the early settlers learn from the Indians?

8. THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR

MARY R. PARKMAN

In what way did the work of Langley resemble the work of the Wright brothers?

A small boy was lying on a hilltop watching the flight of a sea-gull.

"How does he fly?" he wondered. "How can a gull float about like that without any effort? Only when he begins to mount into the air does he flap his wings. Now he is hardly moving them at all. He is held up by the air just as a kite is."

Many a time young Samuel Langley had watched the flight of a sea-gull. In fancy he, too, was soaring, held up magically by a wonderful understanding of the power of the air.

"Something about the air must make flying easy," he pondered. "The birds have the secret, but I can't even guess it!"

That night at dinner he surprised the family by saying suddenly: "Birds swim in the air as fish swim in the water.

We have learned the secret of letting water hold us up; why can't we do the same with the ocean of the air? Why shouldn't people make an airship with wings and sail through the air?"

Many boys besides young Langley had dreamed of winning wings.

But Langley went beyond wishing and longing. He studied the flight of hawks and gulls carefully and noted that their wings were motionless except when they turned them at a different angle to meet a new current of wind.

"I began then," he said, "dimly to suspect that the invisible ocean of the air was an unknown realm of marvellous possibilities."

Years after, Professor Langley, then a world-famous scientist and head of the Smithsonian Institution, came back to the problem that had fascinated him as a boy.

"Nature has solved the puzzle of flight; why can man not do so?" he said.

He spent years and years studying and experimenting. Though his effort to carry his ideas out ended in disappointment, he never lost faith in the future of his airship.

"I have done the best I could with a difficult task," he said, shortly before his death in 1906. "The results may be useful to others. The world must realize that a new possibility has come, and that the great universal highway overhead is soon to be opened."

While the crowd was still laughing at the absurdity of a learned man's attempting to fly, two eager young men were seriously at work on the problem.

"We had been interested in flight since our toymaking days," said Wilbur Wright, " but the knowledge that one of the most prominent scientists in America believed in the

possibility of human flight led us to enter heart and soul upon the quest. Moreover, he recommended to us the books which enabled us to form sane ideas at the outset. For his helping hand at a critical time, we shall always be grateful."

Thus is the work of one man passed along as a torch to those who come after him.

How did Wilbur and Orville Wright, the inventors of the first successful heavier-than-air flying machine, happen to take up the problem of flight? The story is full of interest.

When the Wright brothers were children in Dayton, Ohio, their father came home one day looking very mysterious. He had something partly hidden in his hand. Before the boys could get more than a glimpse, he tossed the object suddenly into the air. Instead of falling to the floor as the boys expected, it flew across the room until it struck the ceiling. Here it fluttered for a few moments, to the delight and wonder of Wilbur and Orville, who cried, "It's a bat!" Then it fell to the floor. Picking the object up and examining it eagerly, the boys saw a light frame of cork and bamboo covered with paper, which formed two screws, driven in opposite directions by rubber bands under torsion.

"It's a helicopter," said their father. He was a teacher and an editor known to the people of Dayton as a man of wide knowledge. He had been a great traveler, and had brought back home ideas from many parts of the world. He explained how the new toy rose in the air by means of its spinning, screw-like propellers. But helicopter, which their father said meant "screw-wing," did not mean as much to them as the name they had given the toy, so the boys continued to call the toy a "bat." Since the plaything was frail, and had only a short life, they tried to make other "bats."

After all, they thought, what was to hinder their making

a really large bat? But alas! the larger they made a bat the less at home it seemed in the air. Then they turned to kites as reliable flyers, and their kites were soon the talk of the town.

But all the time the kites tugged at their strings, the puzzle of flight tugged at the fancy of the Wright boys. They

LILIENTHAL IN ONE OF HIS BIRDLIKE GLIDERS

tried to understand the behavior of their toys as the wind tossed them about. Then, as the lads grew older, they turned to books, to learn what other people had discovered about flying. When they read in the summer of 1896 that Otto Lilienthal had fallen to his death in the effort to balance himself in a "gliding machine," they began to study the question seriously.

Balancing was the great difficulty. Lilienthal, who had given much thought to the mechanics of birds' flight, had made himself wings like those of a soaring hawk. Throwing himself from the summit of a hill, he had tested his theories as he glided through the air to the valley below. He thought

he could keep his balance by shifting his weight as the wind shifted, but he had not won the wings of the wind, and his mistake cost him his life.

"A bird-man cannot possibly keep up with the wind flaws by shifting his weight," the Wrights agreed. They concluded that Lilienthal failed because he could not change his weight to meet the changing air currents, which steadily increase with size of wings and rate of wind. Some plan, they thought, might be devised for big machines so as to allow the flyer to shift the slant of different parts of the wings, thus making the wind a "friendly enemy" by compelling it to restore the balance it had threatened.

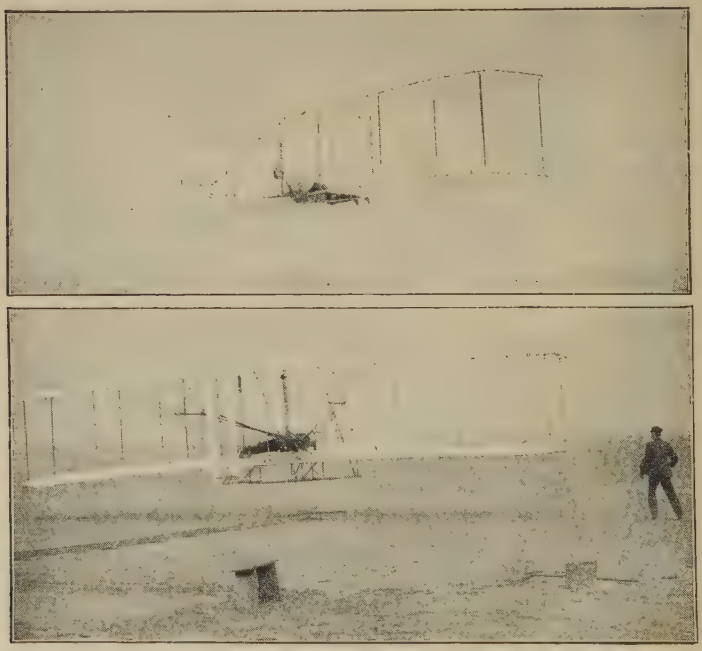
"The shifting of the wing surfaces must be automatic as in the riding of a bicycle," they next decided.

They spent days in studying the way the birds flew. Following the experiments of Langley, the Wright Brothers became convinced that soaring birds are nature's airplanes with the power of balancing themselves and rising or falling on currents of air.

The brothers, who had taken up flying as a sport, found their adventure leading them into the most fascinating of the unexplored fields of science. They measured and tested the air-pressure on surfaces of a variety of shapes at different angles, and carefully compared the results. This meant the making of many experiments under the most difficult conditions. Little enough in the way of achievement came to show for months of exacting work, yet they knew that they were proceeding in the only sure way.

At last the moment came when they were ready to try power-flight. In actual practice they had worked out a system of balance for calms and for winds. They placed a twelve-horsepower gas-engine, weighing 240 pounds, on an

airplane which with the pilot weighed about 745 pounds. Then, on December 17, 1903, they made four flights at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, against a wind blowing twenty miles an hour.



Above. ONE OF THE WRIGHTS' GLIDERS IN FLIGHT IN 1902

Below. THEIR FIRST MOTOR-DRIVEN PLANE TAKING OFF AT KITTY HAWK ON DECEMBER 17, 1903

They knew now that they had solved the problem of balancing and were reaping the reward of their patient study and experimentation. At last it was possible for man to fling himself confidently in the ocean of the air and rely upon the lifting-power of arched wings driven at great speed by a

light high-power engine. The speed of an airplane is, indeed, what keeps it up; for flight in a heavier-than-air machine is much like skating rapidly on thin ice—the air does not have time to get away from underneath the planes.

After their success at Kitty Hawk, the Wrights went ahead quietly with experiments in circular flying over a field near Dayton. Here the world found them out and honored them. In spite of the applause of the crowd, however, the inventors modestly continued to work on the improvement of their invention.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Both Langley and the Wright brothers studied the problem of how to fly. In what respect did they attack the problem in the same way?
2. What likeness do you see in the way Ruig, Whitney, and Langley each tried to solve his problem?
3. What was the chief difficulty in inventing a heavier-than-air flying machine? Do you understand how this difficulty was overcome? If necessary, look up "airplane" in *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, in the *World Book*, or in the *Book of Knowledge*.
4. How is an airplane like an automobile? Why must an airplane get up speed before it can take to the air? Find the part of the selection that refers to this aspect of flight.
5. Why can't a chicken fly like a sea-gull or an eagle? Does anything in the selection help to answer the preceding question? Be definite.
6. Have you ever taken a ride in an airplane? If so, tell about your experience.
7. *For volunteers:* Find out all you can about the air mail and report to the class. See the *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* in the library and look under "air mail."

9. THE SHASTA DAISY

Effie Y. Slusser, Mary B. Williams, and Emma B. Beeson

Invention means more than devising instruments or making machines. It also includes the development of new kinds of plants and flowers.

This selection describes an achievement of one of the greatest of plant inventors. As you read, find the good qualities of the three different kinds of daisies Luther Burbank combined in the Shasta daisy, and the one bad quality common to each kind that he avoided.

The little wild field daisy that grew around Luther Burbank's childhood home was considered by the farmers a harmful weed. Burbank's loving heart seemed to go out to this forsaken plant, which, to most persons, was an intruder, not deserving even a place to live. He singled it out from the attractive flowers that appealed to every one—the violet, the aster, the pansy, the trailing arbutus, the lily, the rose—not for lack of love for these, but because they had many friends and the daisy scarcely one. He would show the field daisy friendship, and give it a chance to be something in the world.

So Luther Burbank took his childhood friend, the moon-penny daisy, from its home in the field and placed it in his plant school, among his rare and most choice flowers. Though his every hour was crowded with work, he found time to plan a glorious future for it, and his interest held throughout the years of patient attention he gave to its education.

In England there grew a similar daisy, but somewhat

larger in size, whose coarseness excluded it from the royal flowers. Over in Japan grew still another, quite small, but dazzling in pure whiteness. Neither of these daisies, however, was as hardy as their American cousin nor as productive of bloom. But in the three Burbank saw an outcome most wonderful.

Bringing the three daisy cousins together in his plant school, he began their education. The American daisy furnished a strong constitution; the English daisy gave size; while the Japanese daisy contributed purity. These, when united, would give strength, beauty, and importance.

Soon the daisies blossomed, nodding and beckoning to each other, and growing to know each other as children do. Then Burbank visited them, and called upon them for some of their golden pollen. First, he took pollen from the English daisy and, carrying it upon his watch crystal, gave it to the American daisy. He then waited until the seeds from the two united flowers ripened. These he treasured carefully until the time for planting. He then bade farewell to these two little pupils, the English and the moon-penny daisy, for their life-work was done.

He came again when the little plant children from these seeds were dressed in their white gowns. This time he took the golden pollen from the Japanese daisy and carried it to the new seedling pupils. Then the Japanese daisy passed, for her work was done, too. Again he waited for the new pupils to ripen their seeds, and still longer, until they were planted, grew up, and were white with bloom.

Then he viewed the daisy class, and chose those which gave promise of the qualities he wanted—strength, size, and whiteness, combined with grace of form and profusion of flowers. The others must all give way for them. The seeds

from the best were gathered, and the next season the finest plant pupils were selected from the number.

This training went on for several years, until a hundred thousand seeds were saved and planted in a space about ten feet square. When large enough, they were transplanted and were given about an acre to insure plenty of room for further development.

All these years Burbank protected his little pupils from worms, gophers, and plant lice, caring for them with his own hands—not trusting them to others, whose sympathy might be less than his—for it is a known fact that love calls out response in plant life as it does in human life.

When the hundred thousand plants were started another important step in the upward life of the daisy was reached. For six months they blossomed. Twice a week the teacher examined bloom, stem, and leaf of each plant. One would have a wonderful blossom on a scrubby stem, one a graceful long stem, but its flower would not be perfect in whiteness; another would have strength and grace but lack beauty. Out of this large number only those that came nearest Burbank's ideal were allowed to live and bear seeds.

For eight years he patiently worked with his daisies. Sometimes a blossom would measure two feet in circumference, seven inches from tip to tip of petal. But this was not selected. It would not stand in every climate and grow under every condition. It lacked sturdiness of petal and would not be able to withstand the bright sun and the storms. He wanted a daisy that would gladden the heart of a flower lover in Alaska as well as in Florida, Norway, or Italy—one that would flourish in all soils and all climates.

So from the medium-sized daisies pupils were grown and regrown, the flowers being from three to six inches in

diameter, for sturdy plants only would be hardy and give good keeping quality to cut flowers.

From these years of patient toil and constant care came a daisy that will thrive north of the arctic circle or under the equator, a plant that will give, on long graceful stems, in abundance, flowers of snowy whiteness, from three to six inches in diameter, with a large golden center, and when cut, will remain fresh from ten days to two weeks, and sometimes even longer.

This beautiful flower Burbank called the Shasta daisy, naming it after a snow-capped peak in northern California, Mt. Shasta, meaning white, or whiteness.

One of the peculiar habits of this wonderful new daisy is, that, unlike its ancestors, it never seeds itself, producing only a few large seeds; therefore it never has, and never will, become the pest that it was in the wild. A self-sown daisy has never been found in the plant school. The master's work there is not only to teach good qualities but also to expel bad ones. The daisy was induced to drop her one bad habit of spreading.

To this stately daisy Burbank added a double daisy, by selection alone, choosing each year flowers that show a tendency to become double. The petals crowded closer and closer together as the selections were made, until a pure white, perfectly formed blossom was obtained; it is more than a rival of the chrysanthemum, since the daisy blooms from five to seven months in the year. Three strains of this daisy were perfected—the Alaska, the California, and the Westralia. Another, newer still, is a beautiful fringed daisy, finer even than any of the others.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. How was Burbank's attention directed to the field daisy?
2. Name the daisy cousins. What trait in each did Burbank admire? What trait did he dislike?
3. Tell how step by step Burbank invented the Shasta daisy. How long did the task require? If possible, bring a Shasta daisy to class and point out the qualities that make it an unusually satisfactory flower. If you cannot secure a Shasta daisy, perhaps you can bring another plant that has been developed by crossings and tell the class about it.
4. If possible, secure a copy of Slusser, Williams, and Beeson's *Stories of Luther Burbank and His Plant School* (Scribners), and tell the class about other remarkable achievements of Mr. Burbank. Mention some of the results of Mr. Burbank's work.

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF INVENTING

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell about an invention you once made or tried to make. Describe exactly what you did.
2. "Necessity is the mother of invention." What selections in this unit show the truth of the preceding quotation?
3. Columbus was a great explorer; Whitney was a great inventor. How does the work of an explorer resemble the work of an inventor? How are the two different? Explain with examples from the work of Columbus and that of Whitney.
4. Which do you think more important,—the inventions of primitive people or the inventions of civilized men? Before you answer the question, list six or eight of the inventions of primitive men and six or eight of the inventions of civilized men. Be prepared to give reasons for your conclusion.
5. Name three inventions needed in your home; three needed in

your community; three needed in our country. Which of the nine is needed most? Give reasons. Suggest ways an inventor might tackle one of the problems you mention.

6. What three selections in this unit best illustrate the Foreword (page 19 or 20)?

7. Suggest reasons why Americans have been more inventive than most other peoples. Reread "Inventing" on page 20.

THINGS TO DO

1. Make a list of the inventions that you have used the past two hours. After each invention put the name of the inventor so far as you are able to do so. Write out the conclusions that you draw from this exercise.

2. Read one chapter of *Robinson Crusoe* or one chapter of *The Swiss Family Robinson.* List all inventions made by the characters in the chapter you read.

3. Make a list of the qualities that mark the successful inventor. After each quality put the names of inventors who possessed the quality in an unusual degree. Here are examples:

   1. Keen observation: Ruig, Ling, Watt, Hargreaves, Bell, Edison.
   2. Patience:
   3. Mechanical ability:

   You need not limit your examples to inventors mentioned in this book. In each instance be able to explain with definite illustrations how the inventor showed the quality mentioned.

4. Which of the inventions described in this unit was the easiest to make? Which was the hardest? Which has been of the greatest service? Which of the least service? Answer the foregoing questions, giving reasons for your opinion in each instance. Choose a committee to tabulate and report on the class vote, reading aloud the strongest reasons for the opinions expressed. Copy the results in your note-book in the

form shown below, putting in the various columns the number of votes that each of the various inventions received.

INVENTIONS	HARDEST TO MAKE	EASIEST TO MAKE	GREATEST SERVICE	LEAST SERVICE

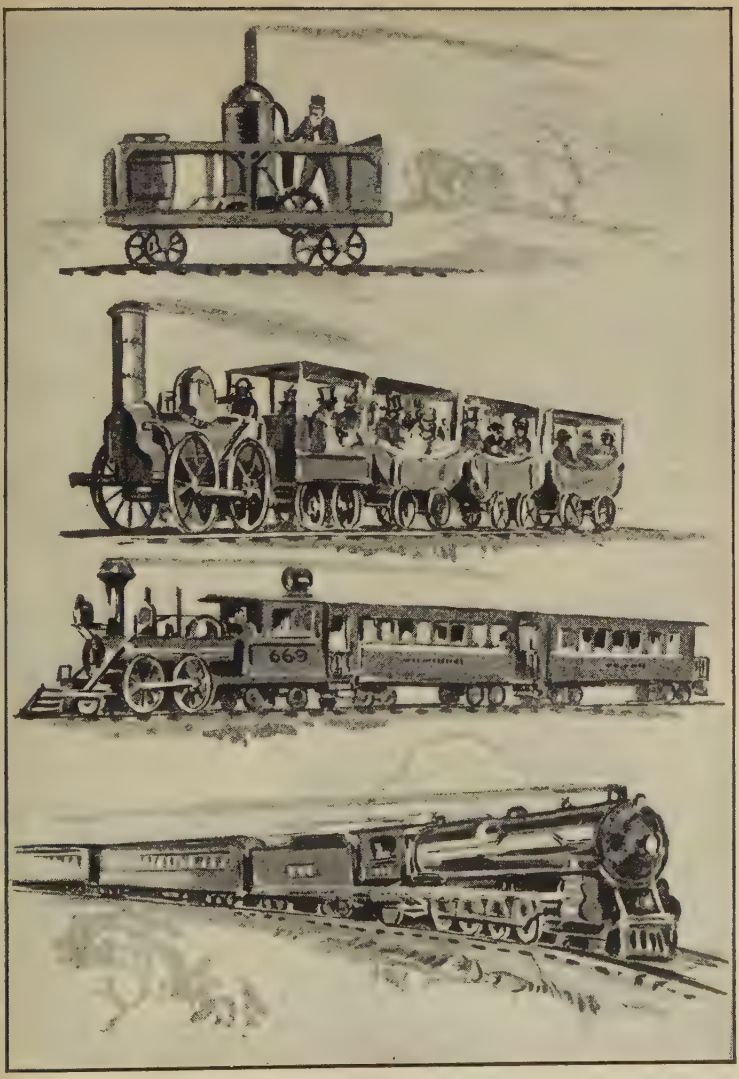
5. Make a poster showing in pictures or drawings the successive steps in the development of one line of invention; such as the automobile, the radio, or the airplane. The railroad will serve as an example. See page 91.

   Draw pictures from books or use pictures you find in old newspapers and magazines.

6. Tell about the inventions or discoveries described in one of the books in the Read-a-Book list on page 21.

TOPICS FOR FLOOR TALKS OR COMPOSITIONS

1. The invention that serves me most.
2. The invention I need most.
3. Why I admire Edison.
4. How Bell invented the telephone.
5. My community one thousand years hence.
6. Franklin as an inventor.
7. The first skillet.
8. How clothes were made in colonial days.
9. How clothes are made to-day.
10. Inventors in my community.
11. Cipher and signal codes I have made.



THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE RAILROAD

HAND IN HAND THEY SKATED TOGETHER

[*See p.* 113]

GOOD WILL

I would be friend to all—
the foe, the friendless;
I would be giving and
forget the gift.

—Howard A. Walters.

GOOD WILL

Some of the greatest joys of life come through the spirit of good will in the hearts of men. The words "good will" express the idea of friendly feeling which prompts generous sharing, the giving of self. This sharing may be between individuals; between small groups in homes, in schools, or in communities; or between groups of states, nations, or races.

Good will is not confined to human relationships. There is good will also among animals and between men and animals. In fact, wherever we find living beings playing and working together happily and successfully, we find the spirit of helpfulness and good will.

In life about us we see sharing in many different forms. We see the sharing of joys and sorrows in comradeship; the generous sharing of the necessities of life with the needy; and unselfish acts of helpfulness for the good of the group. No matter what the form, the same friendly spirit of good will shines forth.

READ A BOOK

Find a book you think you will enjoy and read it while the class is reading this unit.

1. *Rab and His Friends*, by John Brown. Rand.
   A pathetic story of a noble dog and his friends.
2. *Saturday's Children*, by Helen C. Crew. Little.
   A story which pictures the life of children of Europe in such a way that American boys and girls see them as friends.
3. *Understood Betsy*, by Dorothy Canfield. Holt.
   A story of a spoiled girl who becomes helpful and self-reliant through wholesome companionship.
4. *Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates*, by Mary M. Dodge. Scribners.
   A story about life in Holland, showing the friendly spirit of Dutch boys and girls.
5. *Dapples of the Circus*, by Clarence Hawkes. Lothrop.
   Dapples, a Shetland pony, learns about the good fellowship which exists among circus people and about their kindness to animals.
6. *Stickeen*, by John Muir. Houghton.
   Stickeen was John Muir's faithful dog-companion in a storm in the glacier country.
7. *Captain January*, by Laura E. Richards. Page.
   An old lighthouse-keeper rescues a little girl from the sea and she becomes his helpful comrade.
8. *Beautiful Joe*, by Marshall Saunders. Judson.
   Beautiful Joe is a story of a dog and his friends.
9. *This Way to Christmas*, by Ruth Sawyer. Harper.
   A number of stories showing the Christmas spirit of good will are woven into this story.
10. *Kak, the Copper Eskimo*, by Vilhjalmar Stefansson and Violet Irwin. Houghton.
    A story which shows friendliness of the Eskimos for the white men who explored the Arctic regions.
11. *Birds' Christmas Carol*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton.
    Carol Bird, a crippled girl, gives the Ruggles children a Christmas party.

CLASS LIBRARY READINGS

1. "A Pension for an Army Mule " Margaret F. Fox, *Uncle Sam's Animals*, 93–97.
2. "Jack Over Seas," *ibid.*, 141–147.
3. "A Friendly Enemy," *ibid.*, 204–206.
4. "A Mislaid Uncle," E. Vinton Blake, *Christmas in Storyland*, 65–82.
5. "A Night Before Christmas," Temple Bailey, *ibid.*, 129–140.
6. "A Burnt Cork Santa Claus," Elinore P. Stewart, *ibid.*, 315–328.
7. "The Magician of Sympathy," Mary H. Wade, *Wonder-Workers*, 54–94.
8. "The Magician of Friendship," *ibid.*, 121–147.
9. "The Magician of Love," *ibid.*, 148–177.
10. "The Story of No-Heart," J. W. Schultz, *The Book of Woodcraft*, 517–524.
11. "A Nurse's Treasure," Grace H. Kupper, *Lives and Stories Worth Remembering*, 18–22.
12. "A Great Writer and His Little Friend," *ibid.*, 37–41.
13. "The Story of Tiny Tim," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 2: 760–762.
14. "The Story of Jean Valjean," *ibid.*, 4: 165–196.
15. "Our Red-Skinned Cousins," *ibid.*, 4: 1765–1774.
16. "The Children of Topsy-Turvy Land," *ibid.*, 5: 1870–1872.
17. "Song for a Little House." Christopher Morley, *This Singing World*, 66.
18. "The Runaway," Robert Frost, *ibid.*, 137.
19. "David Copperfield and Little Emily," Charles Dickens, *The Treasury Chest of My Bookhouse*, 98–114.
20. "The Sandpiper," by Celia Thaxter, *ibid.*, 115.

II. GOOD WILL

1. HOW GOOD FORTUNE CAME

CONSTANCE S. ARMFIELD

Read this tale to find how good fortune came to the people. Read the story a second time and divide it into six parts. Write an appropriate title for each part.

Once upon a time, a young couple went up on a great mountain to build a home. They had no money; a spade and an axe were their only possessions, but they knew the world was full of good things for those who have courage and kindness. They set out bravely to fell the trees and dig the ground until they had cleared a space for a small cottage. They lived on wild berries and nuts until their first crops were ready to harvest, and by dint of working early and late, they presently had a comfortable cottage and a prosperous farm.

To them six children were born, each as pretty as a forest flower and as sturdy. By the time Peter, the eldest, was seven, the trees in the orchard were laden with fruit, roses climbed over the roof and the chimney of the cottage, and flowers grew along the garden path. The farmer and his wife were happy at their good fortune, but often turned their eyes to the meadows on the mountain and wondered whether they would ever have enough to buy cattle to graze thereon.

One afternoon in the time of harvest, while the children were helping their parents gather the cherries and early apples, the mother suddenly looked up, and saw a great eagle

high overhead carrying something. She saw that the bird held a baby. Uttering a loud shriek, she called her husband who rushed out with his spade, waving and calling, but the bird still hovered overhead.

Just then the children heard their parents' cries, and popped their heads out of the trees to see what was happening. Out of the top of the cherry tree came Peter and John and James, from the apple tree peeped little Rodza and Pille, and Baby Blue-eyes, rolling on the grass, sat up and stared. When they saw the baby high in the air, the children shrieked with their parents, and frightened at the noise, Baby Blue-eyes lifted her voice in the most ear-splitting wail the family had ever heard. Apparently the eagle had never heard anything like it either, for it swooped down, dropping the baby to the ground. Fortunately, the farmer's wife held out her apron in time to catch the baby. All the family clustered round to behold a most beautiful child, in the finest silken clothes, laughing and crowing and in no way hurt.

As they stood admiring the baby, out of the forest came an elegant lady, magnificently dressed, with jewels glittering on her outstretched hands. Plainly she was the mother of the little one, and coming up, she thanked them a thousand times for rescuing the child. She begged to know whether she could provide anything they needed. The farmer shook his head, saying they wanted nothing from her for they had done nothing beyond their simple duty to the innocent baby. Little Peter, however, piped out suddenly that they were always wishing they had a cow so that they might have milk for breakfast.

When the lady heard Peter she said six pairs of cattle should arrive, a pair for every child. "But," she added, "they must always be kept together, and belong to all of you.

If you sell them or separate them, your prosperity will vanish. By calling out together you were able to frighten the

A GREAT EAGLE HIGH OVERHEAD CARRYING A BABY

eagle; even the baby's screams were needed. Similarly, by living and working together, good will come to you. So long as the cattle graze in your fields your fortune will be secure." With this the lady departed.

One evening some days after, when the farmer and his wife were resting on the garden bench, they saw six magnificent pairs of cattle coming up from the meadows, with the children driving them.

From that day, they enjoyed marvellous prosperity. The farmer and his wife now had absolute confidence that everything they sowed would bear rich harvests. They lost all fear of misfortune in the future, planted boldly, marketed their produce wisely, and by the time the children were grown, the farmer's estate extended over the mountain. Every child had married and brought his bride or her husband to a snug cottage, near the parents' home, but all ate together in the parents' house, worked together, and shared the produce equally. Soon each cottage was blessed with another generation of children, and a happy circle of little ones helped to carry on the common tasks.

At last the farmer and his wife grew old. One day the farmer called his children to his bedside and told them he was leaving for the long journey. He made them promise to continue in loving fellowship and to hold all their possessions in common. He reminded them that their prosperity depended on keeping together the six pairs of cattle, which had never grown old or feeble.

For some years after the farmer had passed away, the family remembered his words, and shared the harvests and the land without thought of private profit or possession. Peter, the eldest, looked after the animals, and with his son, attended to the marketing of the extra produce. John, with his strapping boys and girls, saw to the gardens and the fields. James and his family cut down the trees, and made the furniture they needed, also the boots and shoes. Rodza and her husband carded and spun and wove the wool from

the sheep, and the flax from the field, and with their children, made good strong clothes for every one.

Pille managed the dairy, and made the best butter and cheese ever tasted, while her children drove the cows and milked them, and her husband attended to the chickens, the geese, the turkeys, and the ducks. Baby Blue-eyes married a pastry cook. The two of them cooked the fine dinners they all enjoyed in the big house, while their little ones ran in the woods and found mushrooms and berries and herbs.

Never was a happier set of people, and, of course, all were ready to lend a hand when any one wanted help, and glad to teach what they knew. On the winter evenings, they sat round the fire having an embroidery lesson, or learning how to make a sweetmeat, or hearing stories of the market town whither Peter went every month on their business. In the summer the children would pick berries, or would make the hay or cut the crops together.

Nothing on earth was left for them to desire. How discontent began to grow up amongst them, like some evil weed, none could say, but grow it did. It started when Peter began to listen to the other farmers boasting of the money each was making and the triumphs they were winning over one another. Some bragged of the fine things they were doing for their children, but Peter noticed they never rejoiced at hearing of the fine things the other farmers were doing for their children. Every man seemed bent on getting all he could for himself and his. Peter was told he was a poor sort of father, to work so hard for other people's children, and to give his own no more than he gave to the others.

When John talked with the neighbors who came to see his crops and his vegetables, he found they were all boasting of their profit from this crop or that, and were especially

glad when they made more than another had. They thought John very foolish to let all the family enjoy the products he raised, without setting apart the best for his own use, and his children's use.

James's head was turned by the compliments strangers paid the family on the pretty things in their homes. Every one marvelled to hear that James had made everything. Several took him aside and said that it was absurd for such a clever fellow to be at the beck and call of the whole circle of relatives and that he ought to go to the city for his children's sake. They told him that he could make a name and a big fortune for himself, and give his children a good education, so that they could advance in the world.

Even Rodza and her husband were not left in peace. When the family went to church or a merry-making, every one remarked on the quality and beauty of their clothes, and when they heard they were made at home, cried that Rodza ought to set up a shop and make garments for all the grand people roundabout. It was sheer waste, they said, to put such clever work into the clothes of her own family.

Pille and her husband were approached by men from foreign parts who wanted cargoes for their ships. They said the casks of cheese and butter would be all the better for a trip across the ocean.

Baby Blue-eyes and her husband received a visit from no other than the steward of the King of the land, saying that he had heard of their skill, and desired their services for the State banquets. When Baby Blue-eyes and her husband explained that this excellent cooking was only for home use, and that the delicious sweetmeats were tasted by no one but the children of the family and by any sick neighbor or by any one who was hungry, the steward threw up his hands

and cried that he had never heard of such wicked waste. He felt that such excellence should be reserved for royal banquets.

One night when the family were gathered together, all sitting silent with no more jokes or stories or friendly help, Peter broke out with the news that he was not going to be a fool any longer; he would take his share of the farm and do the best he could for himself. The others joined in, repeating the compliments they had received on their cleverness. Each one said that he was doing too much for the others, more than his fair share, and that he could do very much better for himself and his children alone.

The next problem was to divide the property. You may be sure that many different opinions were held as to what each deserved. Finally they came to the six pairs of cattle. They could not divide twelve cattle among so many as forty-three members of the family. Besides they could not forget their father's warning that if the cattle were divided their prosperity would end.

At last Peter proposed that they should all drive the cattle from the meadows. If they stopped at any cottage, that cottage should be their home. After much wrangling they agreed to this, and all set out to drive the cattle home. Of course no one would let the cattle stop at any one else's cottage; they beat the poor cattle so unmercifully that at last they threw up their heads, lashed their tails, and broke into a frenzied gallop, right over the mountain top. Up flew the family after them. They found themselves standing on the edge of a great precipice with the cattle sinking in the swamp far below. The moans of the poor creatures rose up to them. The family, at last, saw what they had done, and came home weeping and quarrelling, each laying the blame on the other.

After this no one cared to do any work; all feared that ill luck would come on everything; indeed, everything they touched seemed to turn out badly. For the first time in their lives they sat down to heavy bread and to soup with too much salt in it. John forgot to water his young cauliflower plants and found them withered away; the butter would not churn and the cheese would not set. So things went from day to day. The worst effect of all was that the children no longer played with one another, but threw stones and mud and said hard words even as their parents did.

No one had yet divided the lands, and no one had the heart to make a move in that direction. At last one evening when they were around the fire, bemoaning their sad fate, Peter spoke out and said:

"We have all been to blame, every one of us. We broke our promise to our father in the first place, and then we stopped loving each other. Instead of being grateful for all the good that had been given us, we began to want more than we could use, all for the purpose of exulting over our neighbors, and even over our own brothers. We deserve our punishment and we need not be cowardly enough to grumble at it."

These were the first true words the family had heard for many a day. John was ready enough to agree, and so was James, and finally Rodza and Pille chimed in with: "Yes, prosperity has gone from us forever, but we can still keep our word to our father and go on living together. We ourselves will gladly do our best for every one again."

"Yes, yes," cried Baby Blue-eyes, "though the poor cattle are gone, I am grateful we are all left. I never wanted to cook for the King's grand guests, and we shall see that no more spoilt dishes come to our tables. At least we can do

our best to help and make every one happy." All joined in; and that night all embraced on parting. Though all were saddened, once more love and kindness reigned.

From that day the family returned to their own ways, save that each worked with added diligence. Mothers and fathers were quick to see that the little ones lived in friend-

THEY BEHELD THE CATTLE DRIVEN BY THE CHILDREN

ship with each other and allowed no quarrels to spring up again.

Then, to their great surprise, instead of their prosperity coming to an end, as they expected, everything they did succeeded more and more. Never had they reaped such harvests as they beheld next year; never had the children looked so well and beautiful; never had their homes appeared so charming. They asked one another how this could have happened, for the words of the lady and of their father must

surely have been true. Then Peter suddenly exclaimed, "Why, of course, we did not separate the cattle; we were saved in time, by the poor creatures' fate."

"Yet it was our selfishness that drove them to their doom," said John soberly. But at that moment what should they hear but a great shout of joy coming nearer and nearer. Rushing to the door of the house, in which they were waiting for the children to come home to dinner, they beheld the six pairs of cattle driven by the children. How the cattle had got out of the swamp and into the meadows none ever knew. Returning from the forest where they had spent the morning gathering berries, the children had beheld the cattle quietly grazing, and had driven them home in joy and triumph, even as their parents had driven them home, long years before.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How is good will shown in this story? Give examples of similar acts of good will among people you have known.
2. What brought good fortune to this family? What brought ill fortune?
3. Tell the divisions you made in the story. Compare your titles. Choose the most appropriate title for each division of the story. Give reasons for your choices.
4. Find examples of unselfishness in this tale; examples of jealousy; examples of joy. Choose pupils to read selected parts aloud. Were the selections appropriate?

COMMITTEE PROJECT

Choose a committee to work out short scenes from the story for dramatization.

2. HANS AND GRETEL FIND A FRIEND

MARY MAPES DODGE

Hans and Gretel lived in Holland, a land of many waterways. In this story they are practising for a skating contest which was one of the chief events of their village. As you read the story select the boys and girls whom you would be glad to have as friends. Be ready to tell in what ways those you select would make good friends.

On a bright December day in Holland long ago a troop of merry boys and girls poured forth from the schoolhouse, intent upon having an hour's practice in skating.

They had skated only a few moments when Carl said mockingly to Hilda, "There's a pretty pair just coming upon the ice! The little rag-pickers! Their skates must have been a present from the King direct."

"They are patient creatures," said Hilda, gently. "It must have been hard to learn to skate upon such queer affairs. They are very poor peasants, you see. The boy has probably made the skates himself."

Carl was somewhat ashamed.

"Patient they may be; but, as for skating, they start off pretty well, only to finish with a jerk. They could move well to your new *staccato* piece, I think."

Hilda laughed pleasantly, and left him. After joining a small party of the racers, and sailing past every one of them, she halted beside Gretel, who, with eager eyes, had been watching the sport.

"What is your name, little girl?"

"Gretel, my lady," answered the child, somewhat awed by

Hilda's rank, though they were nearly of the same age; "and my brother is called Hans."

"Hans is a stout fellow," said Hilda, cheerily, "and seems to have a warm stove somewhere within him; but *you* look cold. You should wear more clothing, little one."

Gretel, who had nothing else to wear, tried to laugh, as she answered, "I am not so very little. I am past twelve years old."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! You see, I am nearly fourteen, and so large for my age that other girls seem small to me; but that is nothing. Perhaps you will shoot up far above me yet; not unless you dress more warmly, though; shivering girls never grow."

Hans flushed as he saw tears rising in Gretel's eyes.

"My sister has not complained of the cold; but this is bitter weather," and he looked sadly upon Gretel.

"It is nothing," said Gretel. "I am often warm, too warm, when I am skating. You are good, my lady, to think of it."

"No, no!" answered Hilda, quite angry at herself. "I am careless, cruel; but I meant no harm. I wanted to ask you—I mean—if—" And here Hilda, coming to the point of her errand, faltered before the poorly clad but proud-looking children she wished to serve.

"What is it, young lady?" exclaimed Hans, eagerly. "If there is any service I can do; any——"

"Oh, no, no!" laughed Hilda, shaking off her embarrassment. "I only wished to speak to you about the grand race. Why do you not join it? You both skate well; and the ranks are free. Any one may enter for the prize."

Gretel looked wistfully at Hans, who, tugging at his cap, answered respectfully, "Ah, my lady, even if we could enter, we could skate only a few strokes with the rest. Our skates

are hard wood, you see" (holding up the sole of his foot); "they soon become damp, and they stick and trip us."

Gretel's eyes twinkled with fun as she thought of a mishap of Hans's that morning; but she blushed as she faltered out timidly, "Oh, no! we can't join; but may we be there, my lady, on the great day, to look on?"

"Certainly," answered Hilda, looking kindly into the two earnest faces, and wishing from her heart that she had not spent so much of her monthly allowance for lace and finery. She had little money left, and could buy but one pair of skates, at the most.

Looking down with a sigh at the two pairs of feet so very different in size, she asked, "which of you is the better skater?"

"Gretel," replied Hans, promptly.

"Hans," answered Gretel, in the same breath.

Hilda smiled.

"I cannot buy you each a pair of skates, or even one good pair; but take these pieces of silver. Decide between you which stands the best chance of winning the race and buy the skates accordingly. I wish I had enough to buy better ones. Good-by!" And, with a nod and a smile, Hilda, after handing the money to Hans, glided swiftly away to rejoin her companions.

"My lady, my lady!" called Hans, in a loud tone, stumbling after her as well as he could, for one of his skate-strings was untied.

Hilda turned, and with one hand raised to shield her eyes from the sun seemed to him to be floating through the air, nearer and nearer.

"We cannot take this money," panted Hans, "though we know your goodness in giving it."

"Why not, indeed?" asked Hilda, flushing.

"Because," replied Hans, bowing like a clown, but looking with the eye of a prince at the queenly girl, "we have not earned it."

Hilda was quick-witted. She had noticed a pretty wooden chain upon Gretel's neck.

"Carve me a chain, Hans, like the one your sister wears."

"That I will, lady, with all my heart. We have white-wood in the house, fine as ivory. You shall have it to-morrow"; and Hans hastily tried to return the money.

"No, no!" said Hilda, decidedly. "That sum will be but a poor price for the chain"; and off she darted, outstripping the fleetest among the skaters.

Hans sent a long, bewildered gaze after her. It was useless, he felt, to make any further resistance.

"It is right," he muttered, half to himself, half to his faithful shadow, Gretel. "I must work hard every minute, and sit up half the night, if the mother will let me burn a candle; but the chain must be finished. We may keep the money, Gretel."

"What a good young lady!" cried Gretel, clapping her hands with delight. "O, Hans, was it for nothing the stork settled on our roof last summer? Do you remember how mother said it would bring us luck, and how she cried when Kolp shot it? She said it would bring him trouble. But the luck has come to us at last. Now, Hans, if mother sends us to town to-morrow, you can buy the skates in the market-place."

Hans shook his head. "The young lady would have given us the money to buy skates; but, if I *earn* it, Gretel, it shall be spent for wool. You must have a warm jacket."

"Oh!" cried Gretel, in real dismay. "Not buy the skates?

Why, I am not often cold. Mother says the blood runs up and down in poor children's veins, humming, 'I must keep 'em warm; I must keep 'em warm!' "

"O, Hans," she continued, with something like a sob, "don't say you won't buy the skates; it makes me feel just like crying. Besides, I want to be cold—I mean I'm real warm—so, now!"

Hans looked up hurriedly. He had a true Dutch horror of tears, or emotion of any kind. Most of all, he dreaded to see his sister's blue eyes overflowing.

"Now mind," cried Gretel, seeing her advantage, "I'll feel bad if you give up the skates. I don't want them; I'm not such a stingy as that. But I want *you* to have them; and then, when I get bigger, they'll do for me. Oh-h! count the pieces, Hans. Did you ever see so many?"

Hans turned the money thoughtfully in his palm. Never in all his life had he longed so intensely for a pair of skates. He had known of the race, and boylike had fairly ached for a chance to test his powers with the other children. He felt confident that, with a good pair of steel runners, he could readily distance most of the boys on the canal. Then, too, Gretel's argument was sensible. On the other hand, he knew that she, with her strong but lithe frame, needed but a week's practice on good runners to make her a better skater than Rychit Korges, or even Katrinka Flack. As soon as this last thought flashed upon him, his resolve was made. If Gretel would not have the jacket, she should have the skates.

"No, Gretel," he answered at last, "I can wait. Some day I may have money enough saved to buy a fine pair. You shall have these."

Gretel's eyes sparkled; in another instant, however, she

insisted rather faintly, "The young lady gave the money to *you,* Hans. I'd be real bad to take it."

Hans shook his head resolutely as he trudged on, causing his sister to half skip and half walk in her effort to keep beside him. By this time they had taken off their wooden "rockers," and were hastening home to tell their mother the good news.

"Oh, I know!" cried Gretel, in a sprightly tone. "You can do this. You can get a pair a little too small for you, and too big for me; and we can take turns, and use them. Won't that be fine?" and Gretel clapped her hands again.

Poor Hans! This was a strong temptation; but he pushed it away from him.

"Nonsense, Gretel! You could never get on with a big pair; you stumbled about with these like a blind chicken, before I curved off the ends. No, you must have a pair to fit exactly; and you must practise every chance you can get until the twentieth comes. My little Gretel shall win the silver skates."

Gretel could not help laughing with delight at the very idea.

"Hans, Gretel!" called out a familiar voice.

"Coming, mother." And they hastened toward the cottage, Hans still shaking the pieces of silver in his hand.

On the following day there was not a prouder nor a happier boy in all Holland than Hans Brinker, as he watched his sister, with many a dexterous sweep, flying in and out among the skaters who by sunset thronged the canal. A warm jacket had been given her by the kind-hearted Hilda; and the burst-out shoes had been cobbled into decency by Dame Brinker. The little creature darted backward and forward, flushed with enjoyment, and quite unconscious of the

shining runners beneath her feet which had suddenly turned earth into fairyland, while "Hans, dear, good Hans!" echoed itself over and over again in her grateful heart.

"Look!" exclaimed Peter van Holp to Carl Schummel, "that little one in the red jacket and patched petticoat skates well. She has toes on her heels, and eyes in the back of her head. See her! It will be a joke if she gets in the race, and beats Katrinka Flack, after all."

"Hush! not so loud!" returned Carl, rather sneeringly. "That little lady in rags is the special pet of Hilda van Gleck. Those shining skates are her gift, if I make no mistake."

"So, so!" exclaimed Peter, with a radiant smile; for Hilda was his good friend. "She has been at her good work there too!" Peter van Holp, after cutting a double 8 on the ice, to say nothing of a huge P, then a jump, and an H, glided onward until he found himself beside Hilda.

Hand in hand, they skated together, laughingly at first, then talking seriously in a low tone.

Strange to say, Peter van Holp soon arrived at a sudden conviction that his little sister needed a wooden chain just like Hilda's.

Two days afterward Hans, having burned three candle-ends, and cut his thumb into the bargain, stood in the market-place at Amsterdam, buying another pair of skates.

The day of the race came at last, bringing with it the perfection of winter weather. Everybody was excited. Men, women, and children, in holiday attire, flocked toward the spot selected for the race.

Soon the music began. How melody seems to enjoy itself in the open air! It seemed that day that the music sprang from the sunshine, it was so boundless, so joyous. The racers were equally joyous. They had assembled apart from the

crowd near the white columns from which the race was to start. They were a beautiful sight—forty boys and girls in picturesque attire, darting back and forth on the ice, whispering and chatting together in youthful glee.

A man, whom we shall call the crier, stood between the columns and read the rules in a loud voice:

"The girls and boys will race in turn, until one girl and one boy have beaten twice. They are to start in a line from the columns, skate to the flagstaff line, turn, and come back to the starting point. The distance is one mile at each run."

The signal was given. The girls were off!

Cheers sprang up along the line of spectators. Katrinka was ahead! Hilda shot past Katrinka, waving her hand to the crowd. Two others came close, whizzing along like arrows. A flash of red and gray gained on the leaders! It was Gretel! She passed them all. Cheer after cheer filled the air. The very columns seemed rocking. Gretel had won!

"Gretel Brinker, one mile!" shouted the crier.

The boys rushed into line. Soon they were sailing over the ice in their first race. Again the cheers arose from the crowd. Hans was far ahead. Carl caught him. Peter caught up and soon shot ahead! At the last instant, Carl whizzed past the other two, and crossed the goal.

"Carl Schummel, one mile!" shouted the crier.

The twenty girls were soon in line again. Off they darted like so many arrows. Katrinka and Hilda led! Gretel stayed in the rear! Hilda gained; she passed Katrinka; she was "home." Cheer after cheer arose.

The crier's voice called out, "Hilda van Gleck, one mile!"

Once more the bugle sent the boys off like chaff before the wind. Three boys led—Hans, Peter, and Lambert. Carl soon caught them. The crowd cheered Hans and Peter.

They were decidedly the favorites. The excitement grew greater as Peter shot ahead of the goal.

"Peter van Holp, one mile!" shouted the crier.

The excitement grew still greater when the girls started their third race. In a short time four or five figures were speeding back toward the columns. Gretel was ahead! Gretel was in earnest; she was determined to win. Not once did she stop until she reached the goal.

In vain the crier lifted his voice; he could not be heard. He had no news for that crowd; the news was already ringing through the air—*Gretel had won the silver skates!*

With great pride, Hans turned to see whether Peter was witnessing his sister's triumph. Peter was not looking toward them at all. He was kneeling, bending his troubled face low, and working hastily at his skate-strap. Hans hurried to him.

"Are you in trouble, Peter?"

"Ah, Hans, that I am! My fun is over. I tried to tighten this strap, to make a new hole; my knife has cut it nearly in two."

Hans began to pull off one of his skates. "You must use my strap," he said.

"Not I, indeed, Hans Brinker!" cried Peter, looking up, "though I thank you warmly. Go to your post, my friend; the bugle will sound in a minute."

"Peter!" pleaded Hans in a husky voice. "You have called me friend. Take this strap—quick! You have not an instant to lose." Hans began to slip his strap into Peter's skate.

Peter was called from the line.

"You have a chance, Peter," urged Hans, "I have not. Come, be quick!"

"You are a noble fellow, Hans," cried Peter, yielding at last.

He fastened the strap and sprang to his post just in time.

How eagerly Hans watched Peter as he flew over the ice. He was not alone in his eagerness, for Peter was a great favorite. Imagine the wild joy of that crowd when Peter arrived safely at the goal!

"Peter van Holp!" shouted the crier. But no one heard him. Hearty cheers were ringing for Gretel, the queen of skaters, and Peter, the hero of the hour.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Which of the boys and girls did you select as desirable friends? Give reasons.
2. Tell why Hilda was angry and embarrassed after she spoke to Hans and Gretel.
3. Why did Hans refuse the money when Hilda offered it in kindness? Should he have accepted it? Give reasons.
4. Why did Hilda ask Hans to make the chain for her? Was she right in making such a request? Explain.
5. Gretel thinks "luck" brought them this good friend. What do you think was the secret of their "luck"?
6. Which boy or girl seems to have tried hardest to make some one else happy?
7. Point out examples of unselfishness by Hans; by Gretel.
8. Would you choose this selection to show good will? Give reasons for you answer.
9. Did the ending of the race please you? Why?

VOLUNTARY PROJECT

Perhaps you will want to read the book, *Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates*, to find whether Hilda, Hans, and Gretel became lasting friends.

GAMES WITH GROUPS OF WORDS

Matching Game.—Below are two lists of expressions. Find in these lists expressions which mean the same or nearly the same. Place on your paper the number of each expression in the first list, and after each number place the letter which indicates the expression which matches it from the second list.

1. a troop of merry boys and girls	*a.* skated away easily
2. said mockingly	*b.* beating the fastest
3. somewhat awed by her rank	*c.* crowded the waterway
4. shaking off her embarrassment	*d.* growing less confused
5. faltered out timidly	*e.* was easily believed
6. glided swiftly away	*f.* one who followed him willingly
7. his faithful shadow	*g.* spoke in ridicule
8. outstripping the fleetest	*h.* objected firmly
9. sent a bewildered gaze	*i.* looked with a puzzled expression
10. fairly ached for a chance	*j.* a crowd of happy children
11. shook his head resolutely	*k.* walked slowly on
12. trudged on	*l.* spoke out shyly
13. thronged the canal	*m.* feeling respect for her position
14. arrived at a sudden conviction	*n.* made up his mind quickly
15. was so sensible	*o.* longed for an opportunity
16. patient creatures	*p.* skating very rapidly
17. seeing her advantage	*q.* calm persons
18. a dexterous sweep	*r.* seeing the victory
19. whizzing along	*s.* a skillful stroke
20. witnessing the triumph	*t.* understanding her opportunity

A Game for Quick Seeing.—Play a game in which you try to see a group of words at a single glance. Your teacher will give the signals "One" and "Two." At the signal "One," glance at the first group of words in the first column given above. At the signal "Two," look up. Some one will be the speaker and tell what he saw in his glance. Do this for each group of words in the list. Your teacher will shorten the time between her signals if you prove to be rapid workers.

3. THE RAGAMUFFIN

DOROTHY CANFIELD

In this story you will meet people who show a true spirit of good will. As you read the story, find the parts in which good will appears.

There was one child in the school Betsy attended who neither played with the girls nor ran and whooped with the boys. This was little six-year-old 'Lias, one of the two boys in the first grade. At recess time he generally hung about the school door by himself, looking gloomily down and knocking the toe of his ragged, muddy shoe against a stone. The little girls were talking about him one day as they played. "My! Isn't that 'Lias Brewster the horridest-looking child?" said Eliza, who had the second grade all to herself, although Molly now read out of the second reader with her.

"Mercy, yes! So ragged!" said Stashie. She was a big girl, fourteen years old, who was in the seventh grade.

"He doesn't look as if he *ever* combed his hair!" said Betsy. "It looks just like a wisp of old hay."

"And sometimes," Molly proudly added her bit to the talk of the older girls, "he forgets to put on any stockings and just has his dreadful old shoes on over his dirty feet."

"I guess he hasn't any stockings half the time," said big Stashie scornfully. "I guess his stepfather drinks 'em up."

"Well, anyhow," said Molly, "I don't care what his stepfather does to his stockings. I wish 'Lias would wear them to school."

"I wish he didn't have to sit so near me," complained Betsy.

"Well, I don't want him near me, either!" cried all the

AT RECESS TIME HE HUNG ABOUT THE SCHOOL DOOR BY HIMSELF

other girls at once. Ralph glanced up at them frowning, from where he knelt with his middle finger crooked behind a marble ready for a shot. He looked very rough as he always did. "Oh! You girls make me sick!" he said. He sent his marble straight to the mark, and stood up, scowling at the little girls. "I guess if you had to live the way he does you'd be dirty too! Half the time he doesn't get anything to eat before he comes to school, and if my mother didn't put up some extra for him in my box he wouldn't get any lunch either. Then you go and jump on him!"

"Why doesn't his own mother put up his lunch?" Betsy challenged their critic.

"He hasn't any mother. She's dead," said Ralph, turning away with his hands in his pockets.

Betsy didn't say anything more just then.

The teacher was staying at Putney Farm with Betsy at the time. That evening, as they all sat around the lamp in the south room, Betsy mentioned 'Lias again.

"Who takes care of that child anyhow, now that his mother is dead?" Aunt Abigail asked.

"Is he just living there *alone,* with that good-for-nothing stepfather? How do they get enough to *eat?*" said Cousin Ann, looking troubled.

It struck Betsy vividly that 'Lias was not at all the one to blame for his uncleanly appearance. She began to feel ashamed of the things she and the other girls had said.

"Do you know," said Aunt Abigail suddenly, as though a bright idea had just struck her, "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if Elmore Pond might adopt 'Lias, if he was asked in the right way. 'Twould be a lovely home for a child."

"But goodness," said the teacher, "nobody would want to adopt such an awful-looking little ragamuffin as 'Lias."

Betsy thought a great deal about 'Lias that night after she went to her own room. The next morning as soon as she could find Cousin Ann she poured out a new plan to her. "Cousin Ann, couldn't we girls get together and sew—you'd have to help us some—and make some nice, new clothes for little 'Lias, and fix him up so he'll look better. Then maybe Mr. Pond will like him and adopt him!"

Cousin Ann listened attentively and nodded her head. "Yes, I think that would be a good idea," she said. "We were thinking last night we ought to do something for him. If you'll make the clothes, mother'll knit him some stockings and father will get him some shoes. Mr. Pond never makes his spring trip here till late May, so we'll have plenty of time."

Betsy was full of importance that day at school. At recess she called the girls together and told them all about the plan. The other girls were full of enthusiasm, and the "Sewing Society" was organized.

Cousin Ann helped with the sewing on Saturday afternoons. It was great fun, sewing all together and chatting as they sewed. Very soon two little blouses, two pairs of trousers, two sets of underwear (contributed by the teacher), and the pair of shoes Uncle Henry gave were ready. The little girls handled the pile of new garments with great pride, and debated just which way of bestowing them was sufficiently grand to be worthy of the occasion. Betsy was for taking them to school and giving them to 'Lias one by one, so that each child could have her thanks separately. But Stashie wanted to take them to the house when 'Lias's stepfather would be there, and shame him by showing that little girls had had to do what he ought to have done.

Cousin Ann broke into the discussion by asking, in her

firm voice, "Why do you want 'Lias to know where the clothes come from?"

They had forgotten that she was there, and turned around quickly to stare at her. Nobody could think of any answer to her very queer question. It had not occurred to any one that there could *be* such a question.

Cousin Ann shifted her ground and asked another: "Why did you make these clothes, anyhow?"

Again they stared, speechless. Why did she ask that? She knew why.

Finally little Molly said, in her honest way, "Why, you know why, Miss Ann! So 'Lias Brewster will look nice, and maybe Mr. Pond will adopt him."

"Well," said Cousin Ann, "what has that to do with 'Lias knowing who did it?"

"Why, he wouldn't know whom to be grateful to," cried Betsy.

"Oh," said Cousin Ann, "Oh, I see. You didn't do it to help 'Lias. You did it to have him grateful to you. I see. Molly is such a little girl, it's no wonder she didn't really take in what you girls were up to." She nodded her head wisely, as though she now understood.

Molly looked from one sober, downcast face to another anxiously. What was the matter?

Apparently nothing was really the matter, she decided, for after a minute's silence Miss Ann got up with her usual look of cheerful gravity, and invited the girls to come out on the porch for a tea-party.

Nobody said another word about how to give the clothes to 'Lias, until, just as the girls were going away, Betsy said, walking along with the two older girls, "Don't you think it'd be fun to go some evening after dark and leave the clothes

on 'Lias's doorstep, and knock and run away quick before anybody comes to the door?" She spoke in an uncertain voice and smoothed her doll's curls.

"Yes, I do!" said Ellen, not looking at Betsy but down at the weeds by the road. "I think that would be lots of fun."

On a warm, dark evening late in May, the girls took turns in carrying the big paper-wrapped bundle, and stole along in the shadow of the trees, full of excitement, looking over their shoulders at nothing and pressing their hands over their mouths to keep back the giggles. Of course, there was no reason on earth why they should giggle, which is, of course, the very reason they did.

One window of the small house was dimly lighted, they found, when they came in sight of it, and they thrilled with excitement and joyful alarm. They crept forward and peeped cautiously inside—and stopped giggling. The dim light coming from a small kerosene lamp with a smoky chimney fell on a dismal room, a bare, greasy wooden table, and two broken-backed chairs, with little 'Lias in one of them. He had fallen asleep with his head resting on his arms, his pinched, dirty little figure showing in the light from the lamp. A piece of dry bread had slipped from his bony little hand and a tin dipper stood beside him on the bare table. Nobody else was in the room, nor evidently in the darkened, empty, fireless house.

Nobody said a word. Stashie, who had the bundle, walked around silently to the front door, put it down, and knocked loudly. They all darted away noiselessly to the road, to the shadow of the trees, and waited until the door opened. A square of yellow light appeared, with 'Lias's figure, very small, at the bottom of it. They saw him stoop and pick up the bundle and go back into the house. Then they went

quickly and silently back, separating at the cross-roads with no good-night greetings.

Molly and Betsy began to climb the hill to Putney Farm. After a silence Molly's voice said, "Oh, I thought you said we were going to march up to 'Lias in school and give him his clothes. Did you forget that?"

Betsy gave a wriggle of shame as she remembered that plan. "No, we didn't forget it," she said. "We thought this would be a better way."

"But how'll 'Lias know whom to thank?" asked Molly.

"That's no matter," said Betsy. Yes, it was Elizabeth-Ann-that-was who said that. And she meant it too.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

STUDY HELPS

1. Reread the story and divide it into scenes for a play. You might write the first scene in this form:

   Scene I: The girls' complaint.
   (*A group of girls standing talking near some boys playing marbles.*)
   Place: On the school ground.
   Time: At recess one day in spring.
   Characters (in order of speaking parts): Eliza, Stashie, Betsy, Molly, Ralph.

   Write the other scenes in the story. You will need a new scene wherever there is a change in the time or the place.

2. Choose the best plan for use in dramatizing the story.

DRAMATIZATION

Choose a different committee for each of the scenes as you planned them and act out the story.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Tell the parts of the story which show good will.
2. Sometimes selfish thoughts accompany acts of helpfulness. Was there any place in this story in which selfishness appeared? Find the incident and read it aloud. Was the selfish motive followed? Why or why not?
3. What children in the story do you like especially well? Which grown-ups? What do you like in them?
4. Plan other ways to give 'Lias the clothes. Criticize the plans proposed.
5. Make up a story about the adoption of 'Lias. One pupil read *Understood Betsy*, by Dorothy Canfield, and find out and report what happened to 'Lias.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

"Christmas at the Marches," by L. M. Alcott, in E. M. Tappan, *Children's Hour*, 12 : 439–451. Houghton.
Santa Claus's Partner, by T. N. Page. Scribners.
Twenty-four Unusual Stories, by A. C. Tyler. Harcourt.

4. HE PRAYETH BEST

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man, and bird, and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

5. FOUR LITTLE FOXES

LEW SARETT

The poet is speaking to Spring. Find the four requests he makes of Spring and the reasons for each request.

Speak gently, Spring, and make no sudden sound;
For in my windy valley, yesterday I found
New-born foxes squirming on the ground—
Speak gently.

Walk softly, March, forbear the bitter blow;
Her feet within a trap, her blood upon the snow,
The four little foxes saw their mother go—
Walk softly.

Go lightly, Spring, oh, give them no alarm;
When I covered them with boughs to shelter them from harm,
Two thin blue foxes suckled my arm—
Go lightly.

Step softly, Spring, with your rampant hurricane;
Nuzzling one another, and whimpering with pain,
The new little foxes are shivering in the rain—
Step softly.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Name the four requests and state the reasons why each was made.
2. In what way is good will shown in this poem?
3. What kind of voice would the poet use in speaking to Spring? Choose a pupil to read the poem aloud. See whether he uses the right tone of voice.

VOLUNTEER PROJECTS

1. Find poems which show kindness to animals. Choose a committee to select the best of these and put them into a booklet for your reading table.
2. Make original poems showing friendliness toward animals. Choose a committee to make a poetry booklet of them.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

1. *Three Young Crows, and other Bird Friends*, by E. H. Baynes. Macmillan.
2. *Disappointed Squirrel and other Stories*, by W. H. Hudson. Doran.
3. "Dinty, a Pet Porcupine," by W. L. Finley and I. Finley, *Wild Animal Pets*, 37–46. Scribners.
4. "Panthers as Playmates," *ibid.*, 29–33.
5. "Tom and Bob," *ibid.*, 107–115.
6. "Making Friends with the Outdoor Folk," by L. Beard and A. B. Beard, *On the Trail*, 119–137. Scribners.
7. "Little Boy Grizzly," by Enos Mills, in Tappan, *Children's Hour*, 11 : 146–154. Houghton.
8. "Pets on Shipboard," by Theodore Roosevelt, *Letters to His Children*, 172–173. Scribners.

6. DON Q, A CALIFORNIA QUAIL

William L. Finley and Irene Finley

Read the story rapidly, but be sure to get the thought. Keep a record of the time you spend in the reading.

One day while playing along the old wood road, a boy and a girl found two baby-birds hovering together under an old log.

"These are ground-birds all right," said the boy. "They look only a day old and yet they are covered with down and can run fast. I think they are young quail," and he snuggled them down in his pocket.

The children hunted for some time for sign of a nest under the old logs, in the leafy hollow places at the roots of trees; but it was too difficult a task to find the secret of the wood-folk. Then they sat down to wait. Perhaps the mother quail would return to find her lost children. But the silent woods brought no anxious call from a mother bird.

The children hurried home. In the study of their house they put the two quail in a good-sized box with a screen over the top. In one corner the boy placed one of his old wool caps, which he thought would make a warm nest. A little box of fresh dirt, a saucer of water, some hard-boiled egg, and two ripe strawberries completed the offering to the orphans.

But the little quail would have none of the food. Things were too big and strange. They huddled under the wool cap It grew late and they were hungry, but their food remained untouched. The boy and girl watched them anxiously. The little birds looked cold and miserable.

"I have it!" exclaimed the girl as she jumped up and left the room. Soon she brought in an electric reading-lamp and placed it where the light and warmth shone down on the lonely quail. A small brown form crept close to the warm bulb and fluffed out its feathers. The other followed, and they began to peep softly. They livened up and began to notice things. One of them pattered out on the floor and pecked at a yellow spot. He found it good to eat. It was egg yolk, and, although new to him, he ate three crumbs of it before he stopped. Then he hurried back to warm himself contentedly before that glorious comforter, the light. This glowing mother had made life worth while.

Each day the little quail grew more like living puffballs. They scurried about looking into every corner of their box, and stretched up on their tiptoes to peck at every spot on the walls. How quick they were! Like flashes they scampered across the floor to pounce upon a brown miller almost as big as they were. If their antagonist waved his wings too fast, their own stubby wings whirred faster and lifted them into the air in sudden excitement, only to settle down and attack the monster more vigorously. Battles with big cut-worms, bugs, and stiff-legged grasshoppers helped amuse them many an hour. After a particularly hard battle of this kind, one tired ball of down would stop in the middle of the floor, his head would bend lower and lower, and he would drop to sleep and topple over on his nose.

So went life in the quail nursery. In two or three weeks the chicks were mottled-brown, ragged little fellows that had become flying bundles of energy and eagerness. The bigger brother was bright-eyed and bold, and by this time showed two scraggly feathers in his runty tail. He pitched into a red strawberry and ate till his face was pink to his very ears.

Then he bent down and vigorously wiped his bill on anything handy, and scurried on to discover something else.

The chicks grew in quail wisdom. Anything that moved or any sudden sound was a sign of danger, and involuntarily they fluffed up and ran away for cover. Then they flattened close to the ground and watched from the corners of their eyes. If the door of their house was left ajar the least bit, they were always ready to squeeze through and run. One day both of them slipped out. They were fleet-footed now, and after a long hunt through the flower-garden, the boy and girl found only one.

This was the turning-point in the life of Don Q, the young quail that was left. His life was running in a strange line. Could he keep up with it? He was so young and just now was so confused by the sudden rush of strange things full upon him. Loneliness and longing for the companion that had suddenly departed took possession of him. He stood in the middle of his box, stretched up on his tiptoes, and called to his lost brother in pleading, wild notes. All day he was restless, and called from time to time, and listened to hear the answer. At night he settled down to a fitful, complaining murmur.

The children, trying to help him, opened his door. He wanted to come out into the room, but he did not dare. After awhile he ventured across the threshold, but fear seized him and he started back. By evening he had gathered courage enough to walk out on the carpet, though he stepped carefully. The children sat still and talked to him. So little he was, with all the big desks and chairs towering above him. To look into the children's eyes he had to stretch up and turn his head far back. He walked around with a ruffled, uncertain expression, eluding every effort to comfort him. Finally

the boy remained perfectly still and the little quail, at his wit's end, flew to the boy's knee, where he fidgeted around in a half-suspicious, half-pleading way. The boy rounded his big hand into a cup and held it out. The quail eyed it for a minute, then crept into it as into a warm nest, snuggled down and fluffed out his feathers, shut his eyes, and went to sleep.

The way became clearer for the little quail from now on. He burnt all his wild bridges behind him and gave himself wholly to his human friends. He took all the joys that came with the change. He cuddled and peeped contentedly, talking in his sleep. He slept soundly, too, for his troubles were over. Thus do the wild folk show affection for their human friends when once their timidity wears away.

From now on Don Q's days were spent in happy companionship. More changes came to him. The pattern of his dress was marked brown, and the down was disappearing. A queer, unfinished look appeared about his head, down the top of which was a rich brown stripe a quarter of an inch wide. On the top of his head was a tiny patch of fuzz which stuck up in a foolish way. Sometimes this wisp bent forward and sometimes back, as if it didn't know exactly which way to lean. For some time the boy and girl had been trying to discover a topknot on his crown, but could hardly believe this doubtful sprout could develop into the jaunty plume of a California quail.

Don Q's feeling for people was something to wonder at. Of course he was attached to the members of his own household, the only relatives he knew, who fed him and played with him every day. But he didn't stop with them. He liked people wherever he met them, and the more there were about him the better pleased he was. To walk among a

number of shuffling shoes raised his happiness to a pitch of excitement. To be left alone raised his fear almost to the same degree. But he saw that he was seldom left alone. He liked to go for a walk with one of the family about the grounds of the home, following the paths through the shrubbery. Don Q pattered along behind with his neck stretched out, as eager as a pet terrier. Returning, he slid through the front door hardly an inch behind his guide. No thrilling bird notes, no green thickets or bending river-bank could lure him from his love of human beings, his own people now.

This was often proved. On one occasion, Don Q was sauntering about the lawn, jerkily nipping off snips of grass and eating them. He was apparently blind to the freshness of the morning, the green of the leaves, the splashes of sunlight on the river's surface. Yet all around him the other birds were chanting their enjoyment of the good out-of-doors. Down the hill, in a thicket, a chat was warbling, mimicking all the bird neighbors he knew. From the same grove came the song of a wild pigeon. No notice came from Don Q; only the busy snip-snip of grass blades. How could he stand there and not respond to that entreaty to come away to the dim woods where the quail folks were making the silence musical with their merry mutterings? A queer bird, indeed!

But Don Q was not deaf to everything around him. Two members of the family came out of the door, and he knew something was going on. He began to step about in anticipation. Preparations were on foot. His little travelling-box was brought out and soon he was motoring along over a country road. When the car stopped and he could see out he found himself in a sunny room of a red schoolhouse.

He stepped out onto a little table. Right in front of him were faces of many children, and below them feet—more feet that he had ever dreamed of. Don Q could not resist them. Spreading his wings, he sailed down to the front row. Jab! Jab! A pair of toes dodged back. The next feet were so close that he attended to them at the same time, and two more, and two more, as far as he could look down the line. The children's faces were convulsed with surprise and laughter.

"Please," said a little boy, stepping forward, "the win-. dows are open. He might get away."

He was told that Don Q would rather play with girls and boys in a schoolroom than fly out into the woods. The room was still while the story of the quail's life was told to the children.

At the sound of the noon bell Don Q took his departure down the road toward the big city, much to the disappointment of the children. But Don had another call to pay, and this time to a place very different from a schoolroom. Into the entrance of a city building he was carried, where people were waiting for the elevator. The quail was wrapped up in his little box. He became impatient.

"Take-care-there! Take-care-there!" The ringing tones echoed in the busy building. Astonished eyes fixed on the parcel in the boy's hands.

His face went crimson. "If you do that again, I'm going to drop you," he grumbled to the paper package. They got out at the eighth floor.

"Is Ben Lampman in?" the boy asked the girl at the desk. He was shown into a small office containing several desks, much littered with newspapers. "Don Q has come to pay you a call," he announced to a man who was writing. The

desk-chair whirled about, showing a pleased face. The little California quail stepped gingerly out of his box, gazing about on more strange surroundings, but when the newspaper man opened the door and walked out into the editorial rooms, he lifted his head and pattered along behind down the aisle.

Typewriters clicked on all sides. The reporters did not realize that a rollicking spirit had come to give them a moment's relief, to spread smiles of remembrance on their faces.

As usual, Don Q was soon rounding up boots and shoes in the room. Everywhere he went he met many new feet. In this adventure the most of them were men's shoes, and the majority tan ones. This was greatly to his liking. But he spied a pair of black ones in the middle of the room. Two men at a desk were absorbed in conversation. A slim form scurried under typewriters and chairs and between astonished legs, to pounce finally upon the pair of black shoes and give them a good drubbing just for being black. The two men leaned close together and talked busily. Suddenly a movement caught the eye of one of them. He looked down. The words on his tongue were cut short. His mouth hung open and he stared at the other man's shoes. His companion talked on until the silence struck him. Then he saw his friend's fascinated face and, following his glance, dropped his eyes hurriedly over his clothes and down to his feet. A prancing little pugilist was pecking and hammering the toes of his shiny oxfords, leaving dull streaks on them.

"Where in thunder did you hail from!" he gasped. A roar come from the crowd of onlookers who had gathered to see the fun. For half an hour Don Q was the unconscious center of a reception. Conversation about "that gamy

little bird" took the newspaper squad out into the misty morning fields where that high-hearted call, "Take-care-there!" will always be a cheerful greeting.

Thus Don Q goes his way singing his cheery song, and enjoying both faces and feet. The door is open into the beyond—sunshine, waving grass, and a blue sky stretch before him; but Don Q chooses to remain with his human friends.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

READING TEST

Three endings are suggested for each of the statements below. Choose the ending which correctly completes each statement, writing your choices on your paper.

1. When the children found the baby-birds
   a. they hunted for the mother-bird.
   b. they hurried home at once.
   c. they hid the birds under a log.
2. The boy tried to make a nest
   a. of straw.
   b. of weeds.
   c. of an old wool cap.
3. One of the quail
   a. was killed.
   b. disappeared from the garden.
   c. died of hunger and cold.
4. The children warmed the birds
   a. with hot blankets.
   b. with a wool cap.
   c. with an electric lamp.
5. Don Q enjoyed more than anything else
   a. his human friends.
   b. his bird friends.
   c. to fly in the woods.

6. Don Q gave especial attention to
   a. people's clothes.
   b. people's shoes.
   c. other birds.
7. Don Q liked
   a. only the people with whom he lived.
   b. only little children.
   c. all people.
8. Don Q was taken to visit
   a. a newspaper office.
   b. birds in the woods.
   c. the city officers.
9. The quail's call is
   a. sad and mournful.
   b. loud and harsh.
   c. cheery and friendly.
10. The quail seemed to say:
   a. "Take—care—there."
   b. "Good—cheer."
   c. "Gamy little bird."

Making your reading record.—There are 2,278 words in the story. To find your reading rate divide 2,278 by the number of minutes it took you to read the story. Check your answers to the statements in the reading test with your classmates. The number of answers you have correct is your accuracy score. Make a record in your note-book in the form shown below.

DATE	NAME OF THE SELECTION	READING RATE	ACCURACY SCORE

7. LIBERTY GIVES LIGHT TO THE WORLD

Eva M. Tappan

Why is the Statue of Liberty considered a symbol of good will between nations?

More than half a century ago, a French sculptor named Frederic A. Bartholdi went forth to fight for his country. When the fighting was over, he came across the Atlantic to forget all about warfare and to think happily of peace. He found much to enjoy in the New World, and he was especially pleased with New York City and its harbor. He thought of it by day and dreamed of it by night. "What a place the harbor would be for a great statue!" he said to himself; and little by little he thought out his plan.

A free and mighty country lay around him. Gold did not lie in the streets, as some of the immigrants expected, but the United States was a country in which every one who was willing to do his best work and to be a loyal citizen could have a chance. He pictured Freedom to himself as a noble, gracious woman, standing on a rock and holding up in her right hand the torch that was to give light to the world. Her robe should fall in graceful folds about her feet. In her hand should be a tablet marked "1776."

Thus Bartholdi imagined the Statue of Liberty. It should be large, very large. With the sky for a background, anything of moderate size would look weak and puny. It must be larger than any statue ever made, large enough to carry the big thought of Freedom.

Then Bartholdi with his great idea went back to France. All the way across the ocean he had visions of his statue and

its meaning. It should stand high up from the water, where it would greet every newcomer with its offer of freedom and light. At its feet should lie the business of a great city, but its head should be among the stars.

It should stand, too, for the friendship that had existed between the United States and France ever since the days of 1775, when Americans needed friends so sorely, for France in 1870 was the greatest republic of the Eastern Hemisphere, and the United States the greatest republic in the Western Hemisphere. Most of all, the statue should stand for the noble idea of a government which should be of the people, by the people, for the people.

But statues cost money. Bartholdi was not a rich man, and in any case such a gift ought not to come from one man to a whole people. It must be a gift from nation to nation. France had been made poor by war and was in no condition to give money. A man less earnest than Bartholdi would have given up the plan almost before he had thought it out.

But Bartholdi set to work to arouse all France. He talked to any one who would listen to him, and he wrote to the newspapers. He told the French people of the wide-spreading harbor of New York. He spoke of the old friendship between the two nations, and of the millions of Americans who would stop in their busy life to gaze upon the statue and go back to their homes with kindly thoughts of beautiful France. To this work he gave his small fortune and twenty years of his life. At length a society was formed to raise the money, and the sculptor gladly set to work to make a statue larger than the world had ever seen, one that would bring to millions of people thoughts of friendship and freedom.

The sculptor set to work happily. The statue was to be

one-hundred-fifty feet high—that is, as high as an ordinary church steeple. A strong iron frame or skeleton was made first, strengthened by a mass of masonry. The arm holding

From a photograph © Ewing Galloway.

AN AIRPLANE VIEW OF BEDLOE'S ISLAND AND THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

the torch was to be supported by a heavy wooden beam, built into the masonry. This was to be covered with a coat of plaster, and over it were to be fastened sheets of copper, fitted to their places by blows of a mallet. The sheets of copper were to be thin, but the statue was to be so large that all together they would weigh one hundred tons.

Bartholdi wished very much that the statue could be exhibited at the Centennial of 1876. There was not time enough to finish it, but he sent the arm and hand. Many people have not yet forgotten how strange they looked, like a giant who had forgotten to bring the rest of himself.

Four years later, July 4, 1880, "Liberty" was formally presented to the people of the United States. Already a pedestal had been built for it on Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor.

The statue is gigantic. The first finger is seven feet six inches long, and the finger nail thirteen inches by ten inches. The mouth is three feet long, the head so big that forty persons can stand in it comfortably, and the torch will hold twelve! The pedestal is of the same height as the figure from the feet to the end of the torch. Pedestal and figure together are three hundred and five feet high.

From the base of the pedestal, an elevator carries people to the foot of the figure. If they choose to climb a winding staircase they can mount to the head and even to the torch. Before long, however, the arm began to seem too weak for so much weight, and soon even the powerful lights of the torch were given up. They are now placed where the whole statue is illuminated at night.

When the time came to dedicate the statue, there was a great celebration. Buildings blossomed out in red, white, and blue. From Brooklyn Navy Yard the Government sent every flag that could be spared. The Treasury Department sent thousands of yards of bunting. There was a long procession with many bands and much firing of guns. In the harbor big vessels and little boats tooted and screamed their welcome. Guns were fired, songs were sung, and when darkness fell upon the city, a great blaze of fireworks reflected

their brilliance in the little waves of the harbor. Famous men from both sides of the sea gazed at the statue standing against the western sky, the largest statue that the world has ever known, put up in honor, not of victory, but of peace and liberty and friendship. The poet Stedman says in the fancy that the statue is speaking:

My name is Liberty!
From out a mighty land
I face the ancient sea,
I lift to God my hand;
By day in Heaven's light,
A pillar of fire by night,
At ocean's gate I stand,
Nor bend the knee.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Select and read aloud the statements which express the idea that the statue stands for good will.
2. Why was the statue a fitting gift for France to make to the United States?
3. Find statements which show that the statue is gigantic. Why should it be large?
4. What time is referred to in the statement, "Americans needed friends so sorely."
5. Tell what you admire most about Bartholdi.
6. Do you consider the demonstration made by the people at the dedication of the statue a fitting one? Why? Could it have been made better? How? List ways by which true Americans show good will for other nations.
7. Tell of other ways by which France and the United States have shown good will to each other.

VOLUNTEER WORK

1. Imagine the statue speaking and write what you think it might say. Write your ideas in verse, if you prefer. If you write a poem, hand it to the committee for preparing a poetry book. See page 127.
2. Bring pictures of the Statue of Liberty to the classroom for the bulletin-board.

COMMITTEE PROJECT

Plan an imaginary meeting between the representatives of France and the United States. Choose a pupil to represent France and present the statue; choose another pupil to represent the United States and accept the gift.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

"Winning the Friendship of Japan," by E. M. Tappan, in *Stories of America*, 74–79. Houghton.

"Tabby's Tablecloth," by L. M. Alcott, in *Spinning-Wheel Stories*. Little, Brown.

Herbert Hoover's Good-Will Trip to South America, Magazines for December, 1928, and January, 1929.

Lindbergh's visits to other countries with messages of good will, Magazines for 1928 and 1929.

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF GOOD WILL

1. Look over the stories in this unit quickly. Decide which ones you would include under "Good Will." Write down one way in which good will is shown in each story.
2. Select the stories in this unit which best illustrate each of the following relationships:
   a. Good will between individuals.
   b. Good will between children and animals.

c. Good will between small groups of people—families, schools or communities.

d. Good will between nations.

e. An adult's friendly feeling toward animals.

3. Look over the stories quickly and select the characters who revealed a spirit of good will in their talk. List these characters and the pages upon which their speeches are found. Choose different pupils to read the speeches aloud. As the oral reading goes on, guess which character is speaking and decide whether the speech is a clear expression of good will.

4. Organize into committees. Have each committee report one book from the "Read-a-Book" list. The report may be (*a*) a reading of conversations from the book, (*b*) a dramatization of a short scene which shows good will, (*c*) a still picture of a scene, (*d*) a moving picture of typical scenes.

5. Plan an assembly program from books in this unit. Choose numbers for this program from dramatizations and committee reports given in the classroom.

6. Make a list of scenes from your outside reading which illustrate good will. Write the list of books and scenes on the blackboard. Choose a committee to prepare for each scene a short paragraph which may be used in "Acting for the motion pictures.

7. Go through short story collections in your classroom or your library and list other stories which show good will. See page 127 to find out how such a list is written. Write your list in the same form. Choose a committee to put the lists together. Post a copy on the bulletin-board for the class to use.

8. Choose a committee to tabulate the votes of the class on the best five books suggested in this unit.

9. Choose pupils to read selections from booklets prepared by the class for the reading table—"Our Poetry Book," and "Our Animal Friends." See page 127.

"IF THIS WERE ONLY CLEARED AWAY," THEY SAID, "IT WOULD BE GRAND!"

[*See p.* 152]

ENJOYING LIFE

Hold your cup!
Joy will fill it,
Steady, be ready,
Don't spill it,
Good luck!

—Henry van Dyke.

ENJOYING LIFE

The poet is right. We must "hold our cups" if we would enjoy life. Many people we meet in daily life have learned the secret of finding enjoyment. They have "held their cups" by keeping their eyes open and their hearts and minds ready to enjoy. Their cups seem to be magical, growing larger and larger with each filling.

The people who get the most pleasure from the out-of-doors and the little creatures of the woods and fields keep their eyes open for beauties and mysteries all around them. The people who get the most fun from jokes and frolics keep their sense of humor and spirit of fun alive by frequent use. The people who enjoy hobbies or pastimes usually begin the enjoying early in life. The people who get the most enjoyment from travel, or from imaginary travel in books, take with them ideas gained from earlier experiences which help them to enjoy more fully their new experiences.

Boys and girls may begin to "enlarge their cups" for happiness by enjoying the pleasures around them each day.

READ A BOOK

Find a book you think you will enjoy and read it while the class is reading this unit.

1. *Wild Animal Pets*, by William L. Finley and Irene Finley. Scribners.
   True accounts of experiences with wild animals while trying to photograph them.
2. *Birds That Every Child Should Know*, by Neltje Blanchan. Grosset.
   A description of one hundred species of birds.
3. *The Way of the Wild*, by Clarence Hawkes. George W. Jacobs.
   Short stories of incidents about inhabitants of the fields and woods.
4. *Book of the Stars for Young People*. by William T. Olcott. Putnam.
   A simple handbook describing the positions of constellations. Each description has a clear diagram and is followed by some of the myths and legends associated with the constellation.
5. *Lives of the Hunted*, by Ernest Thompson Seton. Scribners.
   Stories of wild animal life.
6. *Outdoor Stories in St. Nicholas*. Century.
   Stories of outdoor life retold from *St. Nicholas*.
7. *The Young Collector*, by Wheeler McMillen. Appleton.
   Helps on what to collect and how to care for specimens.
8. *Pets for Pleasure and Profit*, by Alpheus H. Verrill. Scribners.
   Practical suggestions for the care of many different animals.
9. *Our National Parks*, by Mary A. Rolfe. Vols. I and II. Sanborn.
   Experiences of two families of travellers in the various national parks.
10. *Boy Scouts of Snow-Shoe Lodge*, by Rupert S. Holland. Lippincott.
    A story of the sports of boy scouts while camping.
11. *Second Jungle Book*, by Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday.
    Imaginative tales of animals of the jungle.
12. *Kay Danforth's Camp*, by Beulah M. Dix. Duffield.
    An out-of-door story for girls.

CLASS LIBRARY READINGS

1. "The Cavalry Horse That Was Sold," M. F. Fox, *Uncle Sam's Animals*, 39–41.
2. "Three Bears Attended a Picnic," *ibid.*, 125–128.
3. "Dame Quimp's Quest," E. Manly, *Christmas in Story-land*, 141–150.
4. "Nancy's Southern Christmas," H. P. Spofford, *ibid.*, 181–190.
5. "A Book for Jerry," S. Addington, *ibid.*, 191–208.
6. "A Christmas for Tony," Z. Gale, *ibid.*, 268–289.
7. "Handicraft Stunts," E. T. Seton, *Book of Woodcraft*, 96–106.
8. "Hiking in the Snow," E. T. Seton, *ibid.*, 110–114.
9. "The Stars," *ibid.*, 118–127.
10. "Interesting Pursuits," *ibid.*, 196–220.
11. "The Little Chimney Sweep," G. H. Kupper, *Lives and Stories Worth Remembering*, 107–116.
12. "The Squire's Bride," P. C. Ashjornsen, *The Treasury Chest of My Bookhouse*, 36–55.
13. "Going a-Nutting," E. C. Stedman, *ibid.*, 149.
14. "The Lure of Boats and Boating," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 1: 441–446.
15. "Learning to Read Nature's Wonderbook," *ibid.*, 6: 2407–2415.
16. "Reading," *ibid.*, 7: 2981–2982.
17. "A Year in the Forest," *ibid.*, 8: 3534–3539.
18. "Autumn," E. Dickinson, *This Singing World*, 28.
19. "Homing Swallows," C. McKay, *ibid.*, 145–146.
20. "The Satyrs and the Moon," H. S. Gorman, *ibid.*, 168.
21. "Robinson Crusoe's Story," C. E. Carryl, *ibid.*, 265–266.
22. "Words," N. B. Turner, *ibid.*, 338–339.
23. "Building a House for Your Favorite Bird," *Book of Knowledge*, 1: 341.
24. "Cutting the Magic String," *ibid.*, 1: 344.
25. "The Mystery of Telegraphing Thought," *ibid.*, 2: 518.
26. "A Fairy Fountain Experiment," *ibid.*, 2: 627.
27. "Washington, Our Capital City," *ibid.*, 5: 1533–1544.

III. ENJOYING LIFE

JUST-FOR-FUN POEMS

Read these poems just for the fun in them. Be ready to tell which poet amused you most and to give reasons.

1. HOW TO TELL THE WILD ANIMALS

CAROLYN WELLS

If ever you should go by chance
To jungles in the East;
And if there should to you advance
A large and tawny beast,
If he roars at you as you're dyin',
You'll know it is the Asian Lion.

Or if some time when roaming round,
A noble wild beast greets you,

With black stripes on a yellow ground,
Just notice if he eats you.
This simple rule may help you learn
The Bengal Tiger to discern.

If strolling forth, a beast you view,
Whose hide with spots is peppered,
As soon as he has lept on you,
You'll know it is the Leopard.
'Twill do no good to roar with pain,
He'll only lep and lep again.

If when you're walking round your yard,
You meet a creature there,
Who hugs you very, very hard,
Be sure it is the Bear.
If you have any doubt, I guess
He'll give you just one more caress.

Though to distinguish beasts of prey
A novice might nonplus,
The Crocodiles you always may
Tell from Hyenas thus:
Hyenas come with merry smiles;
But if they weep, they're Crocodiles.

The true Chameleon is small,
A lizard sort of thing;
He hasn't any ears at all,
And not a single wing.
If there is nothing on the tree,
'Tis the Chameleon you see.

2. CONTRARY MARY

NANCY BYRD TURNER

You ask why Mary was called contrary?
Well, this is why, my dear:
She planted the most outlandish things
In her garden every year;
She was always sowing the queerest seed,
And when advised to stop,
Her answer was merely, "No, indeed—
Just wait till you see my crop!"

And here are some of the crops, my child,
(Although not nearly all):
Bananarcissus and cucumberries,
And violettuce small;
Potomatoes, melonions rare,
And rhubarberries round,
With porcupineapples prickly-rough
On a little bush close to the ground.

She gathered the stuff in mid-July
And sent it away to sell—
And now you'll see how she earned her name,
And how she earned it well.
Were the crops hauled off in a farmer's cart?
No, not by any means,
But in little June-buggies and automobeetles
And dragonflying-machines!

3. THE WALRUS AND THE CARPENTER

LEWIS CARROLL

The sun was shining on the sea,
  Shining with all his might.
He did his very best to make
  The billows smooth and bright—
And this was odd, because it was
  The middle of the night.

The moon was shining sulkily,
  Because she thought the sun
Had got no business to be there
  After the day was done—
"It's very rude of him," she said,
  "To come and spoil the fun!"

The sea was wet as wet could be,
  The sands were dry as dry.
You could not see a cloud, because
  No cloud was in the sky.
No birds were flying overhead—
  There were no birds to fly.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
  Were walking close at hand.
They wept like anything to see
  Such quantities of sand;
"If this were only cleared away,"
  They said, "it would be grand!"

"If seven maids with seven mops
Swept it for half a year,
Do you suppose," the Walrus said,
"That they could get it clear?"
"I doubt it," said the Carpenter,
And shed a bitter tear.

"O Oysters, come and walk with us!"
The Walrus did beseech.
"A pleasant walk, a pleasant talk,
Along the briny beach;
We cannot do with more than four,
To give a hand to each."

The eldest Oyster looked at him,
But never a word he said.
The eldest Oyster winked his eye,
And shook his heavy head—
Meaning to say he did not choose
To leave the oyster-bed.

But four young Oysters hurried up,
All eager for the treat.
Their coats were brushed, their faces washed,
Their shoes were clean and neat—
And this was odd, because, you know,
They hadn't any feet.

Four other Oysters followed them,
And yet another four;
And thick and fast they came at last,
And more, and more, and more—
All hopping through the frothy waves,
And scrambling to the shore.

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Walked on a mile or so,
And they rested on a rock
Conveniently low.
And all the little Oysters stood
And waited in a row.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes—and ships—and sealing-wax—
Of cabbages and kings—
And why the sea is boiling hot—
And whether pigs have wings."

"But wait a bit," the Oysters cried,
"Before we have our chat;
For some of us are out of breath,
And all of us are fat!"
"No hurry!" said the Carpenter.
They thanked him much for that.

"A loaf of bread," the Walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need;
Pepper and vinegar besides
Are very good indeed—
Now if you're ready, Oysters dear,
We can begin to feed.

"But not on us!" the Oysters cried,
Turning a little blue.
"After such kindness, that would be
A dismal thing to do!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said,
"Do you admire the view?

"It was so kind of you to come!
And you are very nice!"
The Carpenter said nothing but,
"Cut us another slice.
I wish you were not quite so deaf—
I've had to ask you twice!"

"It seems a shame," the Walrus said,
"To play them such a trick.
After we've brought them out so far,
And made them trot so quick!"
The Carpenter said nothing but,
"The butter's spread too thick!"

"I weep for you," the Walrus said:
"I deeply sympathize."
With sobs and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket-handkerchief
Before his streaming eyes.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter,
"You've had a pleasant run!
Shall we be trotting home again?"
But answer came there none—
And this was scarcely odd, because
They'd eaten every one.

4. THE TWINS

HENRY S. LEIGH

In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother
That folks got taking me for him
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached a fearful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin
Yet not a soul knew which.

One day, to make the matter worse,
Before our names were fixed,
As we were being washed by nurse
We got completely mixed.
And thus you see by fate's decree,
Or rather nurse's whim,
My brother John got christened me
And I got christened him.

The fatal likeness even dogged
My footsteps when at school,
And I was always getting flogged—
For John turned out a fool.
I put this question fruitlessly
To every one I knew,
"What *would* you do if you were me,
To prove that you were *you*?"

Our close resemblance turned the tide
Of my domestic life,
For somehow my intended bride
Became my brother's wife.
In fact year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on,
And when I died the neighbors came
And buried brother John.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION AND SELECTIVE READING

1. Which poem was the funniest to you? What amused you most? Read the poem aloud to your classmates to bring out the fun.
2. We must often "read between the lines" in poems. What "reading between the lines" did you do in the poem you liked best?
3. If any poem in this group did not seem funny to you, ask questions of your classmates who enjoyed it to find out what seemed amusing to them. Then reread the poem to see whether it is any funnier to you.
4. Vote on the four poems to see which is the funniest to the most of the class.

VOLUNTEER PROJECTS

1. Select other fun poems to read to the class.
2. Make original fun poems. Turn your poems to a committee the class will choose to make a poetry booklet for the reading-table.
3. Make pictures to illustrate lines from the poems. Display your pictures on the bulletin-board.

5. OFF FOR A VACATION

JEROME K. JEROME

Some of the most annoying details of preparing for a journey are amusing if we are able to see the humorous side of them. How does the author make you see the funny side of the preparations of the three men in this story?

Before we parted that evening, we made a list of the things to be taken on our vacation, and a pretty lengthy list it was. The next day, which was Friday, we got the things all together, and met in the evening to pack. We got a big Gladstone bag for the clothes, and a couple of hampers for the victuals and the cooking utensils. We moved the table up against the window, piled everything in a heap in the middle of the floor, and sat round and looked at it. I said I'd pack.

I rather pride myself on my packing. Packing is one of the many things that I feel I know more about than any person living. I impressed the fact upon George and Harris, and told them that they had better leave the matter entirely to me. They fell into the suggestion with a readiness that had something strange about it. George spread himself over the easy-chair, and Harris cocked his legs on the table.

This was hardly what I intended. What I had meant, of course, was that I should boss the job, and that Harris and George should potter about under my directions, I pushing them aside every now and then with, "Oh, you—!" "Here, let me do it." "There you are, simple enough!"—really teaching them, as you might say. Their taking it in the way they did irritated me. Nothing does annoy me more than

seeing other people sitting about doing nothing when I'm working. However, I did not say anything, but started the packing. It seemed a longer job than I had thought it was going to be; but I got the bag finished at last, and I sat on it and strapped it.

"Aren't you going to put the boots in?" said Harris.

I looked round, and found I had forgotten them. That's just like Harris. He couldn't have said a word until I'd got the bag shut and strapped, of course. And George laughed—one of those irritating, senseless, chuckle-headed, crack-jawed laughs of his. They do make me so wild!

I opened the bag and packed the boots in; and then, just as I was going to close it, a horrible idea occurred to me. Had I packed my toothbrush? I don't know how it is, but I never do know whether I've packed my toothbrush.

My toothbrush is a thing that haunts me when I'm travelling, and makes my life a misery. I dream that I haven't packed it, and wake up in a cold sweat, and get out of bed and hunt for it. And, in the morning, I pack it before I have used it, and have to unpack again to get it, and it is always the last thing I turn out of the bag; and then I repack and forget it, and have to rush upstairs for it at the last moment and carry it to the railway station, wrapped up in my pocket handkerchief.

Of course I had to turn everything out now, and, of course, I could not find it. I found George's and Harris's eighteen times over, but I couldn't find my own. I put the things back one by one, and held everything up and shook it. Then I found it inside a boot. I repacked once more. When I had finished, George asked if the soap was in. I said I didn't care whether the soap was in or whether it wasn't; and I slammed the bag to and strapped it, and found

that I had packed my tobacco pouch in it and had to reopen it. It got shut finally at 10.05 P. M., and then there remained the hampers to do. Harris said that we should be wanting to start in less than twelve hours' time, and thought that he and George had better do the rest, and I agreed and sat down, and they had a go.

They began in a light-hearted spirit, evidently intending to show me how to do it. I made no comment; I only waited. When George is hanged, Harris will be the worst packer in this world; and I looked at the piles of plates and cups, and kettles and bottles, and jars, and pies, and stoves, and cakes, and tomatoes, etc., and felt that the thing would soon become exciting.

It did. They started with breaking a cup. That was the first thing they did. They did that just to show what they *could* do, and to get one interested.

Then Harris packed the strawberry jam on top of a tomato and squashed it, and they had to pick out the tomatoes with a teaspoon.

And then it was George's turn, and he trod on the butter. I didn't say anything, but I came over and sat on the edge of the table and watched them. It made them nervous and excited, and they stepped on things, and put things behind them, and then couldn't find them when they wanted them; and they packed the pies at the bottom, and put heavy things on top and smashed the pies.

They upset salt over everything, and as for the butter! I never saw two men do more with one-and-twopence worth of butter in my whole life than they did. After George had got it off his slipper, they tried to put it in the kettle. It wouldn't go in, and what *was* in wouldn't come out. They did scrape it out at last, and put it down on a chair, and

Harris sat on it, and it stuck to him, and they went looking for it all over the room.

"I'm sure I put it down on that chair," said George, staring at the empty seat.

"I saw you do it myself, not a minute ago," said Harris.

Then they started round the room again looking for it; and then they met again in the center, and stared at one another.

"Most extraordinary thing I ever heard of," said George.

"So mysterious!" said Harris.

Then George got round at the back of Harris and saw it.

"Why, here it is all the time," he exclaimed indignantly.

"Where?" cried Harris, spinning round.

"Stand still, can't you!" roared George, flying after him.

And they got it off, and packed it in the teapot.

Montmorency, the dog, was in it all, of course. Montmorency's ambition in life is to get in the way. If he can squirm in any place where he particularly is not wanted, and be a perfect nuisance, and make people mad, and have things thrown at his head, he feels his day has not been wasted.

To get somebody to stumble over him is his highest aim and object; and when he has succeeded in accomplishing this his conceit becomes quite unbearable.

He came and sat down on things, just when they were wanted to be packed; and he labored under the belief that, whenever Harris or George reached out a hand for anything, it was his cold, damp nose that they wanted. He put his leg into the jam, and he worried the teaspoons, and he pretended that the lemons were rats, and got into the hamper and killed three of them before Harris could land him with the frying-pan.

Harris said I encouraged him. I didn't encourage him.

A dog like that doesn't want any encouragement. It's the natural, original sin that is born in him that makes him do things like that.

The packing was done at 12.50; and Harris sat on the big hamper, and said he hoped nothing would be found broken. George said that if anything was broken it *was* broken. That thought seemed to comfort him. He also said he was ready for bed. We were all ready for bed. Harris was to sleep with us that night, and we went upstairs.

We tossed for beds, and Harris had to sleep with me.

George said, "What time shall I wake you fellows?"

Harris said, "Seven."

I said, "No—six," because I wanted to write some letters.

Harris and I had a bit of a row over it, but at last split the difference, and said half-past six.

"Wake us at 6.30, George," we said.

George made no answer, and we found, on going over, that he had been asleep for some time, so we placed the bath where he could tumble into it on getting out in the morning. and went to bed ourselves.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What seemed amusing to you in this story?
2. Do you think the men in the story saw the funny side of their experiences? Read the lines which cause your opinion.
3. Read aloud the parts that amused you most.
4. Is the story suitable for dramatization? Give reasons for your answer.

TOPICS FOR FLOOR TALKS OR COMPOSITIONS

1. Packing my bag or trunk for a journey.
2. Packing the car for a camping trip.

3. Moving day at our house.
4. Rearranging the furniture in my room.
5. Getting ready for a party.
6. Getting ready for a school entertainment.

READING DRILL

Write two paragraphs at your seats or on the blackboard, drawing lines after each group of words that ought to be seen together. For example:

We made a list / of all the things to be taken /, and a pretty lengthy one it was /, before we parted that evening. /

A good reader *sees* words in thought groups.

6. OUR GUIDES

MARK TWAIN

The tourists in this story had fun along with their sight-seeing because of their sense of humor. As you read, find out the nature of their fun. See how many of the jokes you can get from the first reading.

European guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart,—the history of every statue, painting, cathedral, or other wonder they show you. They know it and tell it as a parrot would,—and if you interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long, they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners, and listening to their bursts of admiration.

It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration. Think what a passion it becomes with a guide, whose privilege it is, every day, to show the strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstasies of admiration! He gets so that he could not live in a soberer atmosphere.

After we discovered this, we *never* went into ecstasies any more,—we never admired anything,—we never showed any but expressionless faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the greatest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made good use of it ever since. We have made some of the guides savage, at times, but we have never lost our calmness.

The doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more stupidity into the tone of his voice than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans show so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of eagerness—full of impatience. He said:

"Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!"

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger:

"What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so?· See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!"

We looked indifferent—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause. Then he said, without any show of interest—

"Ah,—Ferguson,—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

Another deliberate examination.

"Ah,—did he write it himself, or,—or how?"

"He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo! he's own handwriting, write by himself!"

Then the doctor laid the document down and said,—

"Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo——"

"I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out! and if you haven't, drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said,—

"Ah, genteelmen, you come wis us! I show you beautiful, O, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust,—for it *was* beautiful,—and sprang back and struck an attitude:

"Ah, look, genteelmen!—beautiful, grand,—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put on his eye-glass, procured for such occasions:

"Ah,—what did you say this gentleman's name was?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

"Christopher Colombo,—the great Christopher Colombo. Well, what did *he* do?"

"Discover America!—discover America, O, ze devil!"

"Discover America? No,—that statement will hardly

wash. We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it. Christopher Colombo,—pleasant name;—is —is he dead?"

"O corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!"

"What did he die of?"

"I do not know. I cannot tell."

"Small-pox, think?"

"I do not know, genteelmen,—I do not know *what* he die of."

"Measles, likely?"

"Maybe,—maybe. I do *not* know,—I think he die of something."

"Parents living?"

"Im-posseeble!"

"Ah,—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?"

"Santa Maria!—*zis* ze bust!—*zis* ze pedestal!"

"Ah, I see, I see,—happy combination,—very happy combination indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?"

That joke was lost on the foreigner,—guides cannot understand the American joke in which the meaning is concealed.

We made it interesting for our Roman guide. Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican, that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest sometimes, even admiration. It was hard to keep from it. We succeeded, though. Nobody else ever did, in the Vatican museums. The guide was bewildered. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never showed any interest in any thing. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last,

—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so sure, this time, that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him:—

"See, genteelmen!—Mummy! Mummy!"

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

"Ah,—Ferguson,—what did I understand you to say the gentleman's name was?"

"Name?—he got no name!—Mummy!—'Gyptian mummy!"

"Yes, yes. Born here?"

"No. *'Gyptian* mummy."

"Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?"

"No!—*not* Frenchman, not Roman!—born in Egypta!"

"Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy,—mummy. How calm he is, how self-possessed! Is—ah!—is he dead?"

"O *sacre bleu!* been dead three thousan' year!"

The doctor turned on him savagely:

"Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this? Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile secondhand carcasses on *us!* Thunder and lightning! I've a notion to—to—if you've got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out!—or we'll make a mummy of you!"

We made it exceedingly interesting for this guide. However, he has paid us back, partly, without knowing it. He came to the hotel this morning to ask if we were up, and he endeavored, as well as he could, to describe us, so that the landlord would know which persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that we were lunatics. The observation was so innocent and so honest that it amounted to a very good thing for a guide to say.

Our Roman Ferguson is the most patient, unsuspecting, long-suffering subject we have had yet. We shall be sorry to part with him. We have enjoyed his society very much. We trust he has enjoyed ours, but we are filled with doubts.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Why were the guides "good subjects" for jokes?
2. Why could the American doctor carry out the joke so well? What statements in the Foreword to this unit on page 146 help to explain this?
3. Tell the funny incidents in the story. Which amused you?
4. How did one guide partly "get even" with the Americans? How do you suppose the Americans felt about his remark?
5. What similarity do you see between this story and Jerome's "Getting Ready for a Vacation"?
6. What might account for the ability of Mark Twain and Jerome K. Jerome to write amusing stories? Do any statements in the Foreword of this unit help you answer this question?

TOPICS FOR FLOOR TALKS

1. Tell of fun you have had "pretending."
2. Relate experiences in which ordinary happenings were made funny because of the wit of some one in the party.
3. Tell mistakes foreign travelers have made in our country.

VOLUNTEER WORK

Read and tell humorous stories in class. The following references may help you:

Tales of Laughter, K. D. Wiggin and N. A. Smith. Doubleday.
"The Pickwick Club on the Ice," C. Dickens, in Tappan, *Children's Hour*, 13 : 199–208. Houghton.

7. HOW TO KNOW BIRD SONGS

ARETAS A. SAUNDERS

Read the following selection through quickly to get a general idea of the contents. Reread it slowly, pausing to study the diagrams for each bird song. Where words are given, try to fit them to the diagram.

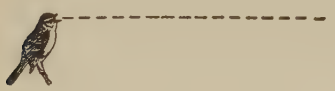
Most people find it more difficult to name the birds that they hear than to name the birds that they see. With practice, however, one may learn to know the birds as readily and as accurately by their songs as by their plumage, since each species of bird has a different song as well as different colored plumage. In fact naming a bird by its song is often easier than naming it by its plumage, as there is little likelihood that one will fail to hear the song of a bird which he is near, while bad light, or obstructions such as leaves and branches, may hide the bird completely from view.

The difficulty in knowing birds by their songs lies in the fact that accurate descriptions of bird songs are hard to find; hence one who attempts to learn the birds by their songs must often depend upon recognition by plumage while he analyzes the song to find its outstanding characteristics. After the analysis has been made, however, the characteristics of the songs for a species may be fixed in mind so that recognition will come quickly from the song without the aid of the eye.

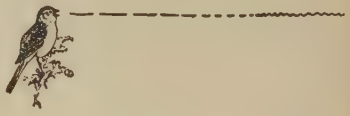
A diagram may be drawn which will be helpful in fixing a bird's song in mind. To describe a song completely, five different points must be considered: time, pitch, loudness, quality and pronunciation. It is easy to make a diagram

of the first three points and these three are sufficient for recognition of a bird. The notes of a song may be represented by lines; *time* may be shown by the length of the lines across the page; *pitch,* by the position of the lines up and down the page; and *loudness,* by the degree of heaviness of the lines.

The chipping sparrow sings a simple series of notes with perfectly even rhythm. This is shown in the diagram by lines which are all the same length.



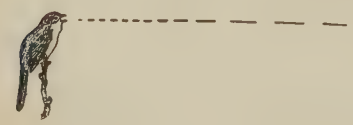
THE CHIPPING SPARROW



THE FIELD SPARROW

The field sparrow occasionally sings a song that does not vary in pitch. In this song the bird's notes begin slowly and get faster and faster toward the end until they finally run together so closely that the ear cannot separate and count them. The diagram shows the notes which are run together by a wavy line. Such a sound is usually described as a trill; however, the bird's trill is not the same as the trill of the musician, since the bird's trill is made by the change in *time.*

The yellow-breasted chat often sings a series of low whistles in quick succession at the beginning but farther and farther apart toward the end. The diagram shows this change in time by the change in length of the lines.



THE YELLOW-BREASTED CHAT

THE CHICKADEE

The changes in pitch of the simple whistle of the chickadee are easy to illustrate. The second note is about a tone lower than the first. The diagram shows this very clearly.

The song of the prairie warbler consists of a series of notes, even in time, but rising in pitch. The diagram, there-

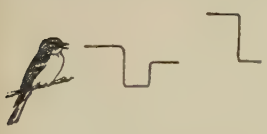
THE PRAIRIE WARBLER

THE PHŒBE

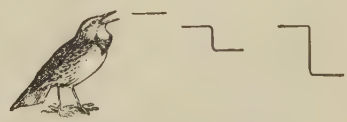
fore, consists of a series of equal lines, with each line placed one step above the preceding one.

A simple combination of pitch and time is found in the phœbe's song. The phœbe sings short two-note phrases, "phœbe" falling in pitch, or "peerit" rising in pitch, with short pauses between the phrases. The diagram of the phœbe's song shows six such phrases. His song runs this way, "Phœbe, peerit, phœbe, phœbe, peerit, phœbe."

In some bird songs notes are slurred; that is, one note runs into the next. Such slurs are found in the long-drawn-out, three-note song of the wood pewee and in the beautiful "Spring o' the year" song of the meadowlark. Two lines of different pitch are joined in the diagrams to show this.



THE WOOD PEWEE



THE MEADOWLARK

Sometimes notes follow each other without pause in time, but are distinctly not joined together as in the slur. This

is the case in the first two notes of the "Drink your tea" song of the happy towhee.

THE TOWHEE THE BLACKPOLL WARBLER

Loudness often varies in different parts of a bird song. The song of the blackpoll warbler has the loud notes toward the middle of the song; the song of the oven-bird has loud notes toward the end; while the "witchery" song of the Maryland yellow-throat has loud, accented notes at irregular inter-

THE OVEN-BIRD MARYLAND YELLOW THROAT

vals to show the beginning of each "witchery." In the diagrams the loud notes are shown by the heavy lines.

There is nothing difficult in the analysis of the songs of the birds nor in the making of the diagrams. Any one who wishes to learn to know the birds around him by their songs will find this device for recording the songs very helpful.

The learning will be done more quickly if the learner first, *identifies* the bird by its plumage; second, *listens* to the song until he is sure of the time, pitch, and loudness; third, *makes* the diagram; and fourth, *listens* to the song again later as he *looks* at his diagram.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

STUDY HELPS

1. Look at the diagram and tap gently the time given for the chipping sparrow. Tap the time for the field sparrow. Compare the two. Tap the time for the yellow-breasted chat. Compare it with that of the field sparrow.
2. Does the chickadee's song go from a high to a low pitch or from a low to a high pitch? Answer the same question for the prairie warbler. Explain how the diagram tells the pitch.
3. One member of the group whistle or hum a short bird call. Decide how the diagram would look to show pitch. Choose one pupil to illustrate it on the board.
4. Which of the birds mentioned in the article visit your community? Describe the ones you are able to recognize.

VOLUNTEER WORK

1. Write directions telling how to record a bird's song. Perhaps friends of yours will be glad to have a copy of your directions.
2. Make diagrams showing time, pitch, and loudness for simple birds' songs which you know very well. Place them on the bulletin-board or the blackboard for others to see.

DISCOVERIES

When you are on a hike some day, make diagrams of bird calls you hear. Bring your records to the classroom. If several record songs of the same bird, compare your diagrams.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

"Bird Songs and Calls and What They Mean," by Clarence Hawkes, *The Way of the Wild*, 81–87. Jacobs.

"Things to Hear in Summer," by D. L. Sharp, *The Whole Year Round*, 39–56. Houghton.

"Birds of the Northern Hemisphere," *Book of Knowledge*, 8: 2897–2900; 9: 3129–3132; 9: 3281–3284.

8. THE WARBLERS

NELTJE BLANCHAN

In the preceding story you have learned that birds may be recognized by their songs. Now read to find out other ways by which they may be recognized.

OVEN-BIRD

"Teacher—Teacher—Teacher—TEACHER—TEACHER!" comes a voice from the woods. Who calls? Not an impatient scholar, as you might suppose, but a shy little thrush-like warbler, called the oven-bird, who has no use whatever for any human being, especially at the nesting season in May and June, when he calls most loudly and frequently. Beginning quite softly, he gradually increases the loudness of each pair of notes in a crescendo that seems to come from a point much nearer than it really does. Once heard, the song is never forgotten; you can always be sure of naming at least one bird by his voice alone. He is a warbler who really can sing, and beautifully, however rarely.

Why is he called the oven-bird? A little girl I know was offered five dollars by her father if she could find the bird's nest in the high dry woods near her home. "Teacher!", the commonest sound that came from them, rang in her ears all day; so of course she thought it would be easy to earn the money. Every afternoon, when school was out, she tramped through the woods hour after hour, poking about among the dead leaves, the snapping twigs, the velvet moss, the fallen logs, the young spring growth of the little plants and creepers, always keeping her eyes on the ground where she knew the nest would be found. Day after day she continued the search. Every time she saw a little hump of dead

leaves or twigs and grasses her heart bounded with hope, but on closer examination she found no nest at all.

Finally, one day when she was becoming discouraged, she saw in the path a little brownish olive bird, about the size of an English sparrow, but with a speckled, thrush-like breast and a dull orange V-shaped patch, bordered by black lines, on the top of his head. He was walking about on the ground, nodding his head as if marking time, not hopping, sparrow-fashion. He scratched the path for insects as if he were a tiny chicken. Although she had never seen the "teacher," and had expected that the loud voice came from a much larger bird, she felt sure that this must be he, so she sat down on a log and watched and waited. Presently she saw him tug at a fine black hair-like root that lay across the path, and, snapping it off, quickly fly away. Away —where did he go with it?

She ran stumbling after him through the undergrowth to a little clearing. There another bird, just like him, who, she instantly guessed, was his mate, flew straight toward her, dropped to the ground, ran about distractedly, dragging one wing as if it were broken, and uttering sharp, piteous notes of alarm. The little girl didn't like to distress the birds, of course, but how could she resist the temptation to find their nest? She tramped around and around in an ever widening circle, while the excited birds still hovered near and sharply scolded her. You may be sure she was quite as excited as they.

At last, a little dome-shaped mound of grasses, half hidden among the dry brown oak leaves and wild geranium, gladdened her eyes. Running to the opposite side she knelt down on the grass, peeped under the arched roof and into the nest, which was shaped like an old-fashioned Dutch oven.

Was ever a sight so welcome? She almost screamed with joy. Through the opening on one side, that was about three inches high, she could see the lining of fine black rootlets, just like the one she had watched the bird snap off and carry away. Then she ran home, as if she, too, had wings, and burst into the house, calling breathlessly, "Oh, Father! Father! I've found it! It lives in an oven."

MARYLAND YELLOW-THROAT

The gay little warbler called the Maryland yellow-throat looks as if he were dressed for a masquerade ball, with a gray-edged black mask over his face and the sides of his throat, a brownish green coat, and a bright yellow vest. He is smaller than a sparrow. How sharply the curious fellow peers at you through his mask whenever you pass the damp thicket, bordering the marshy land, where he likes best to live! How quickly he hops from twig to twig and flies from one clump of bushes to another clump, in restless, warbler fashion, as he leads you a dance in pursuit! Not for a second does he stop watching you.

If you come too close, a sharp *pit-pit* or *chock* is snapped out by the excited bird, whose familiar waltz song has been too freely translated, he thinks, into *Fol-low-me, fol-low-me, fol-low-me.* Pursuit is the last thing he really desires, and of course he issues no such invitation. What he actually says almost always sounds to me like *Witch-ee-tee, witch-ee-tee, witch-ee-tee.* You will surely hear him if you listen in his marshy retreats. He sings almost all summer. Except when nesting he comes into the garden, picks small insects out of the blossoming shrubbery, hops about on the ground, visits the raspberry tangle, and hides among the bushes along the roadside. Only the yellow warbler, of all

SHE KNELT DOWN ON THE GRASS, PEEPED UNDER THE ARCHED ROOF AND INTO THE NEST

his numerous tribe, is disposed to be more neighborly. In spite of his local name, he is to be found in winter from Georgia to Labrador and Manitoba westward to the Plains. You see he is something of a traveler.

The little bird who bewitches him, and to whom he sings the witch's song, wears no black mask. It is not easy to name her, if her mate is not about. Her plumage is duller than his and the sides of her plump little body, which are yellowish brown, shade into grayish white underneath. Sometimes you may catch her carrying weeds, strips of bark, broad grasses, reeds, and leaves for the outside of her deep cradle, and finer grasses for its lining, to a spot on the ground where plants and low bushes help to conceal it.

THE YELLOW-BREASTED CHAT

Another warbler often entertains us. "Now he barks like a puppy, then quacks like a duck, then rattles like a kingfisher, then squalls like a fox, then caws like a crow, then mews like a cat—*C-r-r-r-r-r-whrr*—that's it—*Chee-quack, cluck, yit-yit-yit-now*—hit it—*tr-r-r-r-wheu-caw-caw-cut, cut-tea-boy-who, who-mew-mew,*" writes John Burroughs of the rollicking yellow-breasted chat. Not even that close student of nature could set down on paper all the multitude of queer sounds with which the bird amuses himself. The yellow-breasted chat might be mistaken for a dozen different birds and animals in as many minutes.

You rarely see him, however often you may hear his voice. He hides beyond sight in partial clearings or in the bushy, briery, thickety openings in the woods. He seems to delight in keeping off pursuers by a natural fence of barbed wire; the cat brier, wild blackberry, raspberry, and rose bushes are among his favorite plants. If you will sit down

quietly near his home, your patience will probably be rewarded by the sight of this largest of the warblers, with olive green upper parts, a white line running from his bill around his eye and another along his throat, and a bright yellow breast shading to grayish white underneath. He is more than an inch longer than the English sparrow. His wife looks just like him.

The clown at the circus can go through no more funny tricks than the chat. See him, a mere bunch of feathers, dance and balance in the air, now fluttering, now falling as if he had been shot, or turning somersaults in the air, now rising and trailing his legs behind him like a stork, now dropping out of sight in the densest part of the thicket. The instant he spies you, *Chut-chut,* he scolds from the briars. He is shy, queer, absurd, but filled with a passionate love for his mate and their nest. All his queer notes and equally queer stunts center about his home. On moonlight nights, he entertains himself and his mate with a series of performances which have earned him the title of yellow mocking-bird. He can throw his voice so that it seems to come from a different direction, as you may sometimes have heard a human ventriloquist do.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

STUDY HELPS

1. Reread the story to record the outstanding characteristics of each of the three birds. Fill in the following outline as you read:

Characteristics of the warblers

1. The oven-bird:

a.

b.

c.

2. The Maryland yellow-throat:
   a.
   b.
   c.
3. The yellow-breasted chat:
   a.
   b.
   c.
   d.

2. Compare the songs of each of the three as given by Blanchan with the songs described by Saunders in the previous selection. Try to fit the songs given in this story into the diagrams in the previous one.

DISCOVERIES AND PROJECTS

1. Watch some bird in your neighborhood for a few days and record interesting habits. Report your findings to the class.
2. Look for other stories of these birds. Compare the points given with the points given by Blanchan.
3. Bring to class pictures of birds for the bulletin-board.
4. Bring to the class bird books for the reading-table.
5. Write paragraphs on the habits of one bird you have observed. Turn the paragraphs over to a committee for use in a bird booklet for the reading-table.

ADDITIONAL READINGS: BIRD STORIES

Our Winter Birds: How to Know and Attract Them, T. M. Chapman. Appleton.
Year in the Wonderland of Birds, H. Hawksworth. Scribners.
Book of Birds for Young People, F. S. Mathews. Putnam.
Second Book of Birds, O. S. Miller. Houghton.
Bird Stories, Retold from *St. Nicholas*. Century.
Gray Lady and the Birds, M. O. Wright. Macmillan.
"Tag Day for the Birds," D. L. Sharp, in *St. Nicholas*, 7: 765–767.

9. A HOLIDAY

KENNETH GRAHAME

Read this story rapidly, but be sure to get the thought. Keep a record of the number of minutes you use in the reading.

The Mole had been working very hard all the morning, spring-cleaning his little home. First with brooms, then with dusters; then on ladders and steps and chairs, with a brush and pail of whitewash; till he had dust in his throat and eyes, splashes of whitewash all over his black fur, and an aching back and weary arms. Spring was moving in the air above and in the earth below and around him, even getting into his dark and lowly little house with its spirit of discontent and longing. It was small wonder, then, that he suddenly flung down his brush on the floor, said, "Bother!" and "O blow!" and also "Hang spring-cleaning!" and bolted out of the house without even waiting to put on his coat. Something up above was calling him, and he made for the steep little tunnel which answered in his case to the gravelled carriage-drive owned by animals whose residences are nearer to the sun and air. So he scraped and scratched and then he scratched and scraped, working busily with his little paws and muttering to himself, "Up we go! Up we go!" till at last, pop! his snout came out into the sunlight and he found himself rolling in the warm grass of a great meadow.

"This is fine!" he said to himself. "This is better than whitewashing!" The sunshine struck hot on his fur, soft breezes caressed his heated brow, and after the silence of the cellar he had lived in so long, the carol of happy birds fell on his dulled hearing almost like a shout. Jumping off

all his four legs at once, in the joy of living and the delight of spring without its cleaning, he pursued his way across the meadow.

It all seemed too good to be true. Hither and thither through the meadows he rambled busily, along the hedgerows, across the groves, finding everywhere birds building, flowers budding, leaves thrusting—everything happy and busy. Instead of having an uneasy conscience pricking him and whispering "whitewash!" he somehow could only feel how jolly it was to be the only idle dog among all these busy citizens. After all, the best part of a holiday is perhaps not so much to be resting yourself, as to see all the other fellows busy working.

As he sat on the grass and looked across the river, a dark hole in the bank opposite, just above the water's edge, caught his eye, and dreamily he fell to considering what a nice, snug dwelling-place it would make for an animal with few wants and fond of a riverside residence, above flood level and remote from noise and dust. As he gazed, something bright and small seemed to twinkle down in the heart of it, vanished, then twinkled once more like a tiny star. But it could hardly be a star in such an unlikely situation; and it was too glittering and small for a glow-worm. Then, as he looked, it winked at him, and so declared itself to be an eye; and a small face began gradually to grow up round it, like a frame round a picture.

A brown little face with whiskers.

A grave round face, with the same twinkle in its eye that had first attracted his notice.

Small neat ears and thick silky hair.

It was the Water Rat!

Then the two animals stood and regarded each other cautiously.

"Hullo, Mole!" said the Water Rat.

"Hullo, Rat!" said the Mole.

"Would you like to come over?" enquired the Rat presently.

"Oh, it's all very well to *talk,*" said the Mole rather pettishly; he was new to a river and riverside life and its ways.

The Rat said nothing, but stooped and unfastened a rope and hauled on it; then lightly stepped into a little boat which the Mole had not observed. It was painted blue outside and white within, and was just the size for two animals; and the Mole's whole heart went out to it at once, even though he did not yet fully understand its uses.

The Rat paddled smartly across and made fast. Then he held up his fore paw as the Mole stepped gingerly down. "Lean on that!" he said. "Now then, step lively!" and the Mole to his surprise and rapture found himself actually seated in the stern of a real boat.

"This has been a wonderful day!" said he, as the Rat shoved off and took up the paddle again. "Do you know, I've never been in a boat before in all my life."

"What?" cried the Rat, open-mouthed: "Never been in a —you never—well I—what have you been doing, then?"

"Is it so nice as all that?" asked the Mole shyly, though he was quite prepared to believe it as he leant back in his seat and felt the boat sway lightly under him.

"Nice? It's the *only* thing," said the Water Rat solemnly as he leant forward for his stroke. "Believe me, my young friend, there is *nothing*—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats. Simply messing," he went on dreamily: "messing—about—in—boats; messing——"

"Look ahead, Rat!" cried the Mole suddenly.

It was too late. The boat struck the bank full tilt. The dreamer, the joyous paddler, lay on his back at the bottom of the boat, his heels in the air.

"—about in boats—or *with* boats," the Rat went on composedly, picking himself up with a pleasant laugh. "In or out of 'em, it doesn't matter. Nothing seems really to matter, that's the charm of it. Whether you get away, or whether you don't; whether you arrive at your destination or whether you reach somewhere else, or whether you never get anywhere at all, you're always busy, and you never do anything in particular; and when you've done it there's always something else to do, and you can do it if you like, but you'd much better not. Look here! If you've really nothing else on hand this morning, suppose we drop down the river together, and have a long day of it?"

The Mole waggled his toes from sheer happiness, spread his chest with a sigh of full contentment, and leant back blissfully into the soft cushions. *"What* a day I'm having!" he said. "Let us start at once!"

"Hold hard a minute, then!" said the Rat. He looped the painter through a ring in his landing-stage, climbed up into his hole above, and after a short interval reappeared staggering under a fat wicker luncheon-basket.

"Shove that under your feet," he observed to the Mole, as he passed it down into the boat. Then he untied the painter and took up the paddle again.

"What's inside it?" asked the Mole, wriggling with curiosity.

"There's cold chicken inside it," replied the Rat briefly: "coldtonguecoldhamcoldbeefpickledgherkinssaladfrenchrolls cresssandwichespottedmeatgingerbeerlemonadesodawater—"

THE MOLE LEANT BACK IN HIS SEAT, AND FELT THE BOAT SWAY LIGHTLY UNDER HIM

"O stop, stop!" cried the mole happily. "This is too much!"

"Do you really think so?" enquired the Rat seriously. "It's only what I always take on these little excursions; and the other animals are always telling me that I'm a mean beast and cut it *very* fine!"

The Mole never heard a word he was saying. Absorbed in the new life he was entering upon, overjoyed with the sparkle, the ripple, the scents, and the sounds and the sunlight, he trailed a paw in the water and dreamed long waking dreams. The Water Rat, like the good little fellow he was, paddled steadily on and forbore to disturb him.

"So—this—is—a—river!" said the Mole.

"*The* river," corrected the Rat.

"And you really live by the river? What a jolly life!"

"By it and with it and on it and in it," said the Rat. "It's my world, and I don't want any other. What it hasn't got is not worth having, and what it doesn't know is not worth knowing."

"But isn't it a bit dull at times?" the Mole ventured to ask. "Just you and the river, and no one else to pass a word with?"

"No one else to—well, I mustn't be hard on you," said the Rat. "You're new to it, and of course you don't know. The bank is so crowded nowadays that many people are moving away altogether. O no, it isn't what it used to be, at all. Otters, kingfishers, dabchicks, moorhens, all of them about all day long and always wanting you to *do* something—as if a fellow had no business of his own to attend to!"

"What lies over *there?*" asked the Mole, waving a paw toward a background of woodland that darkly framed the water-meadows on one side of the river.

"That? O, that's just the Wild Wood," said the Rat shortly. "We don't go there very much, we river-bankers."

"Aren't they—aren't they very *nice* people in there?" said the Mole a trifle nervously.

"W-e-ll," replied the Rat, "let me see. The squirrels are all right. *And* the rabbits—some of 'em, but rabbits are a mixed lot. And then there's Badger, of course. He lives right in the heart of it; wouldn't live anywhere else, either, if you paid him to do it. Dear old Badger! Nobody interferes with *him*. They'd better not," he added significantly.

"Why, who *should* interfere with him?" asked the Mole.

"Well, of course—there—are others," explained the Rat in a hesitating sort of way. "Weasels—and stoats—and foxes—and so on. They're all right in a way—I'm very good friends with them—pass the time of day when we meet, and all that—but they break out sometimes, there's no denying it, and then—well, you can't really trust them, and that's a fact."

The Mole knew well that it is quite against animal-etiquette to dwell on possible trouble ahead, or even to suggest it; so he dropped the subject.

Leaving the main stream, they now passed into what seemed at first sight like a little land-locked lake. Green turf sloped down to either edge, brown snaky tree-roots gleamed below the surface of the quiet water, while ahead of them the silvery shoulder and foamy tumble of a weir. It was so very beautiful that the Mole could only hold up both fore paws and gasp: "O my! O my! O my!"

The Rat brought the boat alongside the bank, made her fast, helped the still awkward Mole safely ashore, and swung out the luncheon-basket. The Mole begged as a favor to be allowed to unpack it all by himself; and the Rat was very

pleased to indulge him, and to sprawl at full length on the grass and rest, while his excited friend shook out the table-cloth and spread it, took out all the mysterious packages one by one and arranged their contents in due order, still gasping: "O my! O my!" at each fresh discovery.

When all was ready, the Rat said, "Now, pitch in, old fellow!"

The Mole was indeed very glad to obey, for he had started his spring-cleaning at a very early hour that morning, as people *will* do, and had not paused for bite or sup; and he had been through a very great deal since that distant time which now seemed so many days ago.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

READING TEST

Read the statements below and write "yes" on your papers for the statements which are true; "no" for those which are false; and "didn't say" for those which are not mentioned in the story.

1. The Water Rat had been cleaning house.
2. The Mole lived in a cellar.
3. The Water Rat was old.
4. The Mole and the Water Rat rowed down the river in a boat.
5. The Mole was happy to be in the sunshine on the meadow.
6. The Mole was unhappy to be idle while others were working.
7. The boat tipped over with the Mole and the Water Rat.
8. The Rat took the lunch for the picnic.
9. It is against animal-etiquette to talk about possible trouble ahead.
10. The Rat did not eat much of the lunch.

Making Your Reading Record.—There are 1,926 words in the story. To find your reading rate divide 1,926 by the number of

minutes you spent reading the story. Check with your classmates to find how many of the statements you answered correctly in the reading test. Record your scores in your note-book. See the form given on page 136.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. In what ways did the Rat and the Mole behave like people? Read lines aloud to illustrate.
2. What was the greatest fun of the holiday?
3. If you were going to illustrate this story, what pictures would you draw?
4. Read aloud parts of the story in which the author kept you wondering what was to happen next.

STORY TELLING

1. Make up a story about the Mole and the Rat on their way home.
2. Make up a story in which the Mole entertains the River Rat in his home.
3. Make up a story of two other animals on a holiday. Make the time, the place, the plans, as well as the characters, different from the ones in this story.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

"Out and In the Water," by L. Beard and A. B. Beard, in *On the Trail*, 205–232. Scribners.

"The Summer Holiday," by M. Hill, in E. M. Tappan, *Children's Hour*, 12: 378–389. Houghton.

"Recreation in the Home," M. Hill, *ibid.*, 389–398.

"The Joy of Horseback Riding," M. R. S. Andrews, *ibid.*, 204–211.

New Ideas for Out-of-Doors, D. C. Beard. Scribners.

Secret of Everyday Things, J. H. Fabre. Century.

Every Boy's Book of Handicraft, Sports, and Amusements, C. C. Fraser. Page.

10. TRACKS IN THE SNOW

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

The last three selections have been about the pleasures of spring and summer. Every boy and girl knows that winter also gives many opportunities for fun.

As you read this story imagine that Mr. Thompson Seton is with you, and ask him questions as you read. Write out at least one question. If the author fails to answer any of your questions, keep them in mind to ask your classmates.

One of my daily pastimes when the snow is on the ground is to take up some trail early in the morning and follow it over hill and dale, carefully noting any change and every action as written in the snow. Such a tramp is a wonderfully rewarding way of learning the methods and life of an animal. The trail records with perfect truthfulness everything that the animal did or tried to do. The trail is a chapter of the creature's life, written by himself unwittingly, indeed, and in perfect sincerity.

DOG AND CAT

The first trails to catch the eye and the best for first study are those nearest home. Two well-marked types are the tracks of cat and dog. The cat is the perfect animal in muscle and bone, and its track is also a good one to use for standard (Illustration 1).

In these separate prints the roundness of the toe-pads tells the softness; their spread from each other shows the suppleness of the toes; the absence of claw-marks tells of the ease with which these weapons can be drawn back. The

FIG. 1. CAT

FIG. 2. DOG

front and hind feet are equal in length, but the front feet are broader. This is the rule among true quadrupeds.

The series of tracks—that is, its trail—shows the manner of the cat in walking. In this the animal used apparently only two legs, because the hind foot falls exactly on the trail made by the front foot, each track being really doubled. This is perfect tracking.

There are several advantages in such tracking. Every teamster knows that a wagon whose hind wheels do not exactly follow the front wheels is a very bad wagon to haul in sand or mud. The trail for it has to be broken twice, and the labor increased, some say, fifty per cent. This same principle holds good in the case of the cat track: by correct following the animal moves more easily. But there is still a more important reason. A hunting cat sneaking through the woods after prey must keep its eyes on the woods ahead or on the prey itself. At the very most it may pick out a smooth, safe, silent place for its front feet to tread on. Especially at the climax of the hunt all its senses are focused on the intended victim; it cannot select a safe spot for each hind foot in turn, even though the faintest crunch of a dry leaf will surely spoil the stalk. But there is no danger of that; the cat can see the spots selected for the front feet, and the hind feet are so perfectly trained that they seek unerringly the very same spots—the safe places that the front feet have just left. Thus perfect stepping is silent stepping, and is essential to all creatures that stalk their prey.

The next track likely to be seen is that of the dog (Illustration 2). In this the harder, less pliant foot and the claws which cannot be drawn in, are clearly seen. But the trail shows the dog is not a correct walker. His tracks are "out of register" as a printer would say. He has a glaring defect

—the result no doubt of living on pavements and in houses—he drags his toes. All these things contribute to make the dog a noisy walker in the woods.

FIG. 3. DOG AND WOLF

WOLF

It is well at this time to compare the track of the dog with that of the wolf. I have made dozens of drawings, casts, prints, photographs, and studies of wolf and dog

tracks; and have not found a single reliable feature that will distinguish them. One hunter says the wolf has the smaller outer toes. Yes, sometimes; but not when compared with a collie's. Another says that the wolf's foot is longer; but not when compared with that of a greyhound, staghound, or lurcher. Another, the wolf's foot is larger; yet it will not rank in size with that of a St. Bernard or a Great Dane. The wolf lifts his feet neatly without dragging his toes; so also do many dogs, especially country dogs. Thus all these signs fail. On the whole a wolf is a better walker than a dog. His tracks do usually register, but not always.

If a wolf-track in the snow be followed for a mile or two, it will be found to go cautiously up to an unusual or promising object (Illustration 3). It is obviously the trail of a suspicious, shy creature while the dog-trail is direct, and usually unafraid. But this does not apply to the dogs which poach or kill sheep. There is therefore no sure means of distinguishing them, even in the wilderness. One can only judge by probabilities.

I have often heard inexperienced hunters boast that they could "tell them every time"; but old hunters usually say, "No man can tell for sure."

RABBITS AND HARES

As the cottontail bounds, the hind feet track ahead of the front feet, and the faster he goes the farther ahead his hind feet get. This is true of all quadrupeds that bound, but is more obvious in the rabbits, because the fore and hind feet differ so much in size (Illustration 4).

The jack-rabbit of Kansas is the best known of the long-eared jacks. His trail is unlike that of the cottontail. The greater size of the marks and the double length of the bounds

FIG. 4.
COTTONTAIL

FIG. 5.
JACK-RABBIT

FIG. 6

FIG. 7

are the obvious but not important differences, because a young jack would come down to the cottontail standard (Illustrations 5 and 6). The two reliable differences I found are: First, the jack's feet are rarely paired when he is bounding at full speed, while the cottontail pairs his hind feet but not his front ones. Second, the stroke that is shown (x in Illustration 5) is a mark of the southern jack-rabbit, made by the long hanging tail.

Each of the four types of hare common in the temperate parts of America has its own style of tail and fashion of wearing it. The northern or white-tailed jack carries its snowy-white tail out straight behind, so that its general pure-white is visible. The southern or black-tailed jack has his tail jet-black on the upper part, and he carries it straight down. The cottontail has his tail brown above, but he keeps it curled up tight on his back, so as to show nothing but the gleaming white puff of cotton on a helpful background of rich brown. The cottontail's tail never touches the ground except when he sits down on it.

The most variable features of any animal are always the features which help us most in recognizing the animal. The jack-rabbit's tail-piece is much subject to variation, and the length and depth of the little dash that it makes in the snow is a better guide to the individual that made it than would be the tracks of all four feet together.

THE NEWTON JACK-RABBIT

During February of 1902, I found myself with a day to spare in the hotel office at Newton, Kan. I walked down the street four blocks from the hotel, and found a jack-rabbit trail in the snow. Later, I found some cottontail tracks, though still in town. I walked a mile into the coun-

try, met an old farmer who said that "No rabbits were ever found around here." A quarter of a mile away was an orchard, and beside it a fence half buried in snow drifts that were yellow with tall dead grass sticking through. This was promising. I went thither, and on the edge of the drift found a jack-rabbit form or den, with fresh tracks leading out and away at full speed. There were no tracks leading in; he must have gone in there before the last snow came, and that was the night before.

When a jack runs without fear of an enemy at hand, he goes much like a fox or an antelope, leaving a trail, as in No. 5. But when an enemy is close at hand he runs with long, low hops, from six to seven in succession, then gives an upright leap to take an observation, leaving a trail thus (Illustration 7).

A silly young jack will lose time by taking one hop in three for observation, but a clever old fellow is content with one in ten. Here was the trail of this jack straight away, but taking about one observation in twelve hops. He had made a fence a quarter-mile off, and there had sat for some time observing, had then taken alarm and run toward a farmyard, a quarter-mile farther, taking occasional observations. A dog was lying on a doorstep by the road, and past this dog he had run, doing twenty-foot leaps. Two hundred yards down this road he had turned abruptly, as though a human still in sight had scared him. I now began to think the jack was near at hand, although so far I had not seen him. The trail led through several barbed-wire fences and some hedges, then made for another barnyard half a mile off. I was now satisfied that he was only a little ahead of me; therefore I ceased watching the track so closely, watching rather the open plain ahead; and far on, under a barbed-wire

fence, sitting up watching me, I soon saw my jack. He ran at once, and the line of his hops, was so—(Illustration 8) —the high ones being for observation.

FIG. 8

He never let me get too close, and he wasted but little time in observation. He had taken me on a two-mile circuit and brought me back to the starting point (Illustration 9). So he had taught me this—a cunning old jack-

FIG. 9. WHERE THE JACK-RABBIT'S TRACK WAS DOUBLED

rabbit lived in the region around which I had traveled. All his ways of running and observing, and of using barbed-wire

fences, barnyards, and hedges, showed that he was very clever; but the best proof of that was in the fact that he could live and

FIG. 10. A FOX-TRAIL

flourish on the edge of a town that was swarming with dogs and traveled over daily by men with guns.

FOX

Of more general interest perhaps is the track of the fox (Illustration 10). I have spent many days—yes, and nights—on the trail, following, following patiently, reading the

life of this beast, using note-book at every important march and change. Many an odd new sign has turned up to be put on record and explained by later experience.

One day, soon after the snow had come, I set out on one of my long trips to study tracks. The day before I had followed a fox-trail for three or four miles, to learn only that he tacked up wind and smelt at every log, bump, and tree that stuck through the snow; that he had followed a white hare at full speed, but was easily left behind when the hare got into his ancient safety—the scrubby, brushy woods.

This morning I took up another fox-trail. The frost was intense, the snow was dry and powdery, and as each foot was raised it fell back; the track consisted merely of shapeless dimples in the whiteness. No tell-tale details of toes and claws were there, but still I knew it for a fox-trail.

THE FOX'S HUNT

For a mile or two I followed my fox. Nothing happened. I got only the thought that his life was largely made up of nose investigation. Then we came to a long, sloping hollow. The fox trotted down this, and near its lower end he got a nose report of importance for he had swung to the right and gone slowly—so said the short steps—zigzagging up the wind. Within fifteen feet, the tracks in the course shortened from four or five feet to nothing, and ended in a small hole in a bank. From this the fox had pulled out a common, harmless garter-snake, curled up there doubtless to sleep away the winter. The fox chopped the snake across the spine with his powerful meat-cutters, killed it thus, dropped it on the snow, and then, without eating a morsel of it as far as I could see, he went on with his hunt (A in Illustration 11).

The dotted guide led me now, with many halts and turns,

across a great marsh that had doubtless furnished many a fattened mouse in other days, but now the snow and ice forbade the hunt. On the far end the country was open in

FIG. 11. THE RECORD OF THE FOX'S HUNT

places, with clumps of timber, and into this, from the open marsh, had blown a great bank of soft and drifted snow.

Coming near the woodland edge, the fox's shortened steps showed that he knew it for a Land of Promise (B in Illustration 11). At C he came to a sudden stop. Some wireless message on the wind had warned him of game at hand. He

paused here with foot upraised. There was his record of the act. The little mark was but the paw-tip's mark, showing that the fox had held the foot poised in a pointer-dog pose, as his nose was harkening to the tell-tale wind.

Then from C to D he went slowly, because the steps were so short, and now he paused: the promising scent was lost. He stood in doubt, so said the tell-tale snow in the only universal tongue. Then the hunter turned and slowly worked toward E. Frequent broad touches in the snow continued the guarantee that the maker of these tracks was a fox.

From E to F the shortened steps, with frequent marks of pause and pose, showed how the scent was warming—how well the fox knew some good thing was near.

At F he stood still for some time with both feet set down in the snow. Now was the critical time, and straight up the scented wind he went, following his nose cautiously, realizing that now a single heedless step might spoil the hunt.

CLOSING IN

At G were the deeply imprinted marks of both hind feet, showing where the fox sprang just at the moment when, from the spotless snowdrift just ahead, there broke out two grouse. Away they went with a whirr, fast as wing could bear them; but one was just a foot too slow; the springing fox secured him in the air. At H he landed with him, and had a meal that is a fox's ideal in time of plenty; and now, in deep hard winter, it must have been a banquet of delight.

Thus I got a long, autobiographical chapter of fox-life by simply following his tracks through the snow. I never once saw the fox himself that made it, and yet I know—and you know—that the story is true as I have told it.

Abridged.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

CLASS DISCUSSION

1. Ask each other the questions you raised during your reading.
2. Of what value does the author consider animal trails? Do you think that he is right? Why?
3. Tell the differences between cat tracks and dog tracks; between dog tracks and fox tracks.
4. Why is it hard to tell a dog track from a wolf track? Explain, using descriptions given in this article.
5. Name the four common types of hare found in the temperate parts of America. How can you recognize the tracks of each?
6. Point out the parts of the selection which tell that the tracks showed (1) how fast an animal traveled, (2) the way the animal traveled, (3) that the animal was seeking food.
7. List other facts about animals which may be learned through a study of tracks.
8. Why does the author call the story of the Fox's Hunt an autobiographical chapter of fox-life?
9. Explain the meaning of "critical time," "continued the guarantee."

DISCOVERIES

You may be able to make some observations of tracks in the snow this winter. If so, tell your discoveries to your class. If possible, take pictures of the tracks you find and bring them to the classroom to show your classmates.

ORAL COMPOSITION

Choose one part of this article which tells about trailing one particular animal. Prepare to tell it to another class. Draw illustrations to help you make your story interesting.

Additional Readings

TRAILING

On the Trail, L. Beard and A. B. Beard. Scribners.
Trail to the Woods, C. Hawkes. American.
"Tracks in the Snow," E. T. Seton, *Saint Nicholas*, 15 : 338–341.
"Animal Trails and Trailing," L. W. Brownell, *Nature Magazine*, 3 : 11–16.
Wilderness Adventures, W. L. Underwood. Ginn.

PHOTOGRAPHING ANIMALS

"Wild Life Through the Camera," by D. Franklin, in E. M. Tappan, *Children's Hour*, 11 : 198–202. Houghton.
"Bird Photography," D. Zukerman, *ibid.*, 203–207.
"Using the Camera Out-of-Doors," *Book of Knowledge*, 13: 4617.

ANIMAL HABITS

"Quaint Antics of the Gnu in the Presence of the Hunter," *Book of Knowledge*, 4: 144–146.
"Panthers as Playmates," by W. L. Finley and I. Finley, in *Wild Animal Pets*, 21–29. Scribners.
"Mrs. and Mr. Bear," *ibid.*, 3–17.
"Chipmunks on Mount Rainier," *ibid.*, 69–79.
"The Wit of a Red Squirrel," *ibid.*, 119–127.
"Getting Our Goat," *ibid.*, 299–311.
"Silverspot," by E. T. Seton, in *Wild Animals I Have Known*, 59–89. Scribners.
"A Question of Taste," Arthur N. Pack, *Nature Magazine*, 13 : 147–151.
"The Saga of a Donkey," Mrs. John K. Bangs, *Nature Magazine*, 13 : 247–250.
"New England's Bird Guests," Edward H. Forbush, *Nature Magazine*, 13 : 299–301.

11. A BOY'S HUNT FOR BIG GAME

RUPERT S. HOLLAND

Many boys and girls enjoy making collections. As you read the account of Holland's "hunt," select the "big game" with whom you are acquainted. Be ready to tell one fact you already knew about each person you select.

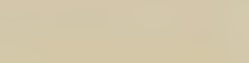
It all began on account of Sherlock Holmes.

When I heard that the famous author, Conan Doyle, was coming to our city to give a public reading I hurried downtown to buy a ticket. The next best thing to meeting Sherlock Holmes in the flesh would be to see the man who had invented him.

Conan Doyle read a story about the great detective, and I listened spellbound to the deep voice of the big Englishman with the twinkling eyes. But when I went home I felt that I wanted some memento of the author, and so next morning I wrote to him, asking if he would send me his autograph. With my note I enclosed a stamped, addressed envelope and a card on which he might write his signature.

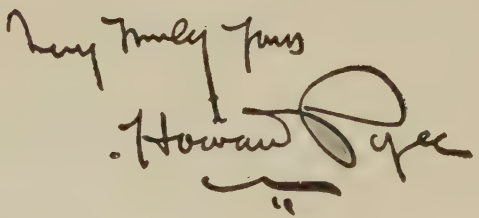
I waited several days, and then the envelope I had addressed to myself arrived in the mail. Eagerly I opened it —but there was nothing in it! Neither the card I had sent nor any scrap of paper! Naturally, I was surprised. Why had Conan Doyle sent me back an empty envelope?

I imitated Sherlock Holmes and, taking that envelope to the window, I examined it inside and out. Then I discovered on the inside and close up under the flap the autograph I had asked for, written in very small letters. Here it is:



From that day to this I have never been able to decide whether Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was playing a joke on an American boy, or had put his name in that peculiar place so that his signature couldn't be used in an improper manner, as, for instance, by writing out a check above it. Perhaps it was for the latter reason, and very likely that is what *Sherlock* himself would have done.

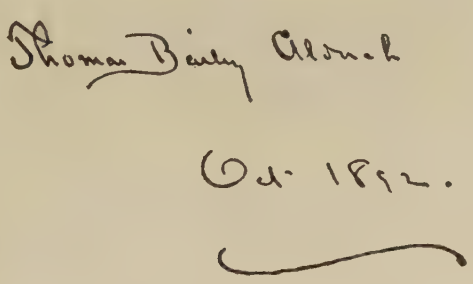
I had my first autograph, in any event, and the chase was on. The joy of collecting is close kin to the joy of hunting, both aim at bringing down big game. I had Sherlock Holmes; now for Robin Hood. The man who had written of him and drawn such wonderful pictures of Robin and his mates was Howard Pyle; so to him I wrote. And back came his signature, bold and free as you please, with a scroll and two dots below it, such an autograph as the dashing outlaw of Sherwood Forest himself might have penned.



Good hunting! I bought a scrap-book and mounted my first two trophies, fastening Conan Doyle's envelope and Howard Pyle's card to the pages with long strips of gummed paper, which kept the autographs in place without defacing them. On the page opposite each autograph I pasted a picture of the writer. My appetite was whetted, and I thought over the stories I liked best.

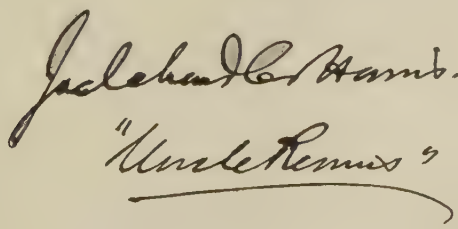
The Story of a Bad Boy was one of my favorite books.

If any boy hasn't read that book, I advise him to get hold of a copy as soon as he can. There never was a better yarn of real live Yankee boys, and the author of that story was the third lion I hunted. From Portsmouth, New Hampshire, the "Rivermouth" of the story, came the autograph of one



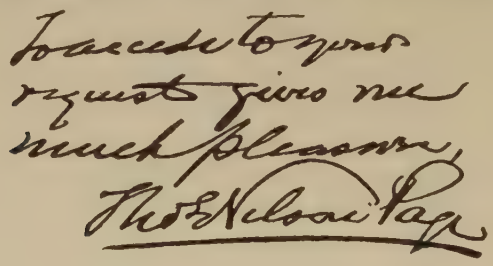
of the most delightful of American writers, Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

My father had been brought up in the South by a black "mammy," and he read us children the stories of Uncle Remus until Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox and Brer Wolf were our old familiar friends. We loved those stories and we loved their author. I wonder if you know his name. Here it is as he sent it to me for my collection:

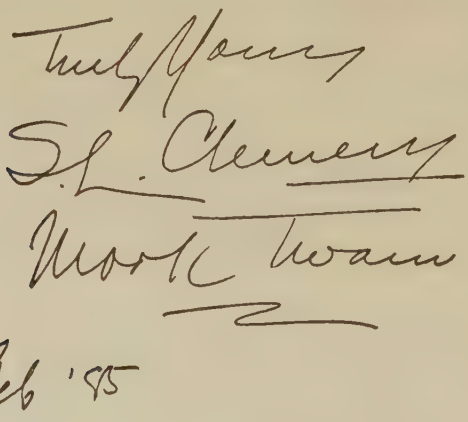


There's another Southern story I hope you all have read

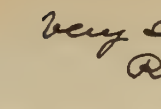
—*Two Little Confederates,* by Thomas Nelson Page. He was one of my early captures and this is what he wrote:



Who are your favorite authors? Well, I know that if any one asked me that question, I would answer unhesitatingly that one of them was the man who wrote *Huckleberry Finn* and *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer.*

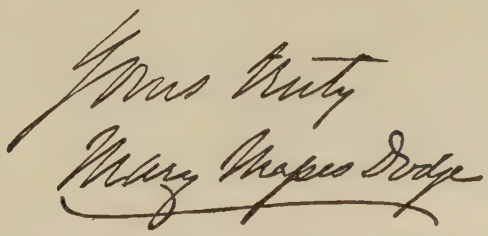


Next is a letter from the author of *The Jungle Books, Captains Courageous,* and *Kim.* It is a fine, friendly letter, ending with the words, "I get a good many letters from the children," and signed as you see on the next page.



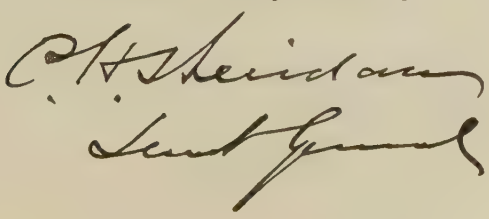
Of course every reader of *St. Nicholas* knows *Hans Brinker,* that wonderful story of the land of dikes and windmills by Mary Mapes Dodge, the first editor of the magazine. How many boys and girls got their first ideas of the picturesque country of the Netherlands from that book, and when they went there later on their travels enjoyed it especially because they remembered the story of the race for the silver skates!

Do read *Hans Brinker.* Among the most valued autographs in the collection is the one of the beloved writer for young folks:

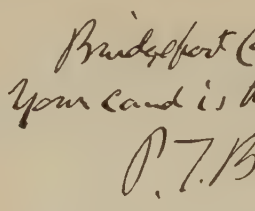


Next is the autograph of a general in the Civil War, well known to every boy who has recited the stirring lines of *Sheridan's Ride:*

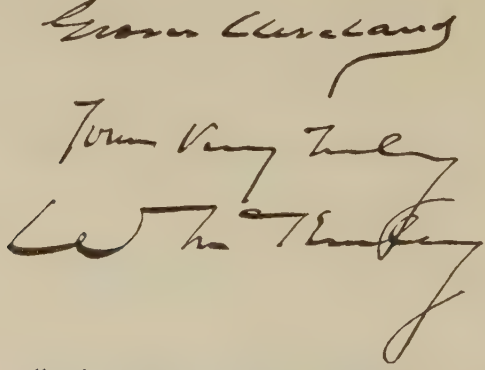
> Telling the battle was on once more
> And Sheridan twenty miles away!



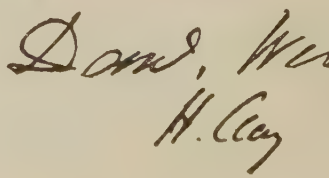
Here is the greatest of all showmen, the father of the circus, and hero of the popular ditty, "P. T. Barnum had the right idea."



I wrote to two presidents, Cleveland and McKinley. Both answered from the White House. I doubt whether presidents have time to sign their autographs for every boy that asks them nowadays. How different these two hands are!



As the collection grew, friends sent me old letters, and from them I got the autographs of two giants of debate,



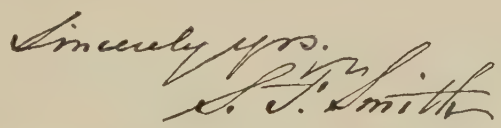
among the greatest of American statesmen, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay.

Here is one that frequently raises a test question. You know who wrote *The Star-Spangled Banner;* but do you know who wrote our national anthem *America?*

Well, here is the verse his classmate at Harvard, Oliver Wendell Holmes, read concerning him at a class reunion in 1859:

> And there 's a nice youngster of excellent pith,—
> Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith;
> But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
> Just read on his medal, "My country, of thee!"

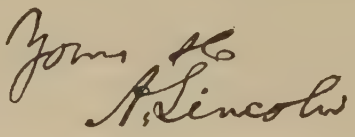
The Reverend Samuel F. Smith, author of *America,* sent his modest signature:



The volumes increased to eight. I had many presidents, three or four kings, and most of the outstanding figures of the Civil War era. The autographs of the Union statesmen and generals are as clear to-day as when they were written; those of the men of the Confederacy, written in purple ink, the best the South afforded at that time, are so faded as to be scarcely readable.

Which trophy do I prize the most? A letter on a faded blue paper written to my grandfather in Kentucky by a young lawyer in Springfield, Illinois. The writer was making a bare living at the time, a tall, lank young fellow who had struggled up from a log cabin. On the page opposite

that letter is mounted a picture of that man when he became president of the United States. My chief treasure has this signature:



There are more ways than one of hunting big game, and a boy can have lots of fun—and learn a great deal into the bargain—by stalking his heroes with paper, pen, and postage-stamps.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Which of Holland's "big game" do you know? Tell something about each.
2. What methods did Holland use in securing the autographs?
3. Tell how Holland put his autographs away. Do you think his plans were good? Why?
4. Which replies or signatures suggested book characters of the writers? Tell how in each case.
5. What proves to you that Holland found this a fascinating pastime?
6. Why do you think Holland selected A. Lincoln's signature as his choicest treasure?

TOPICS FOR FLOOR TALKS

1. An unusual collection I have seen.
2. Making a collection of stamps, coins, or kodak pictures.
3. Caring for a collection of leaves or flowers.

VOCABULARY GAME

Fill the blanks in the following sentences with the proper words from the list given below.

1. One's own signature is called an .....
2. Anything treasured up as proof of victory is called a .....
3. One skilled in uncovering hidden facts may be called a .....
4. A country which has much beautiful scenery is described as .....
5. To argue about a question is to .....

trophy	autograph	picturesque
detective	debate	

VOLUNTEER PROJECTS

1. Bring for exhibit collections of stamps, coins, flowers, or leaves, which you have made.
2. Bring in other stories which tell of the fun of making collections.
3. Write paragraphs on "How I Made My Collection."

ADDITIONAL READINGS

The Wonderland of Stamps, W. D. Burroughs. Stokes.
"How to Find Indian Relics," by W. McMillen, in *The Young Collector*, 1–10. Appleton.
"A Wild-Flower Collection," *ibid.*, 89–104
"Scrapbooks," *ibid.*, 149–153.
"Invent Your Own Collecting Hobby," *ibid.*, 160–166.
"Snowflakes Under a Microscope," by E. G. Chapin, in Tappan, *Children's Hour*, 11 : 445–448. Houghton.
"A Collection of Stamps," *Book of Knowledge*, 14: 5111.
"Recent Stamps for Your Collection," *ibid.*, 16 : 5887–5888.

12. THE HUNGER FOR HAPPINESS

GEORGE H. PALMER

As you read, decide whether the three rules for finding happiness are good rules and why.

Almost every week through the hot summer Alice Freeman Palmer used to leave her peaceful, calm retreat in the country and go to Boston to talk to children of a vacation school. These schools are kept up through the summer in the poorest localities. The children are given a morning's session of music, reading, and pretty water-color sketches to look at. They bring the babies with them; many indeed could not have come without the little ones, for there was no one at home to care for them.

One morning as Mrs. Palmer stepped into the front room, she found many young girls each holding a baby. She asked, "What shall I talk to you about this morning?"

Up spoke a small, pale-faced, heavy-eyed child, with a great fat baby on her knee. "Tell us how to be happy!"

It was hard then for this loving woman to meet the eyes of these over-burdened little children, almost in babyhood, bearing the heavy burdens of life. But the quick sympathy and wisdom that made her a trusted and beloved president of a college did not fail her here. She saw all the possibilities open to them. She was ready with these three rules for finding happiness. But first she required of them the promise that they would not skip a single day, for skipping would be fatal.

"The first rule is that you will commit something to memory every day, something good. It needn't be much, three

or four words will do; just a pretty bit of poetry, or a Bible verse." She was afraid they would not understand, but one little girl, with flashing black eyes, cried from a corner of the room, "I know; you want us to learn something we'd be glad to remember if we went blind!"

Then she gave them her second rule: "Look for something pretty every day; and don't skip a day, or it won't work—a leaf, a flower, a cloud. You can find something." A leaf or a flower in the stifling city slums? Yes, there might be here and there a beauty-loving soul that would keep itself alive upon the ministry of God's green leaf or a flower. But the clouds, whose glowing tints and wondrous forms thrill us with their beauty! It has been discovered that there are little children whose eyes are never lifted up to the skyline so far above their heads. The teacher added this instruction: "Stop long enough before the pretty thing you have spied to say, 'Isn't it beautiful!' Drink in every detail, and see the loveliness of it." They promised, to a girl.

The third rule, Mrs. Palmer feared, would seem very hard to such tiny children. She said: "My third rule is—now mind, don't skip a single day—do something for somebody every single day." But their response was, "Oh, that's easy!" That was their life. They were trained, these little creatures, to make the baby their first thought; and errands for the tired mother must be their play.

It may be that fate was kinder to them than we know, making it the very alphabet of their lives, that the hunger for happiness finds its satisfaction in what we do for others.

Mrs. Palmer tells us the following week, in hotter weather, if possible, as she was making her way along a very narrow street, she was suddenly caught by the arm, and heard the exclamation, "I did it!" "Did what?" she asked of the tiny

girl beside her, with the big baby asleep in her arms. "What you told us to do; and I never skipped a day," she replied. The sleeping baby was put down on the sidewalk while the sympathetic teacher heard the little pupil's report. "Well," she said, "I never skipped a day, but it was awful hard. It was all right when I could go to the park, but one day it rained and rained, and I couldn't go out without leaving the baby, and I was standing at the window 'most crying, and I saw—" here her little face brightened up with a radiant smile—"I saw a sparrow taking a bath in the gutter that goes around the top of the house, and he had on a black necktie, and he was so handsome! Then there was another day," she went on, "and I thought I would have to skip it sure. There wasn't another thing to look at in the house . . . I was feeling terrible when"—here the most radiant look came into her face—"I saw the baby's hair! Yes, a little bit of sun came in at the window and I saw his hair, and I'll never be lonesome any more."

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Do you think these are good rules for finding happiness? Why? Is there anything in the story which proves that they were good rules? What?
2. Which of the rules would be the hardest for these children? Give reasons. Which would be the hardest for you? Why?
3. Think over other stories you have read in this book. Which of them suggest committing to memory some bit of poetry? Which suggest looking for something pretty? Which suggest helping others as a way to find happiness?
4. Do you think this selection belongs under the heading "Enjoying Life"? Give reasons. Would it fit as well under "Good Will"? Explain.

5. Is the title "The Hunger for Happiness" a good one for this story? Why?
6. Make up other rules for finding happiness that children can follow.
7. *For a Volunteer:* Find a story of the life of Alice Freeman Palmer to tell the class.

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF ENJOYING LIFE

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Does enjoying life help make one a good citizen? Explain.
2. Is learning to enjoy worthwhile leisure activities essential to success? Explain.
3. Name your favorite ways of finding enjoyment. Have you ever *learned* to enjoy something you once did not enjoy—listening to good music, reading books, reading poetry, or exploring in the woods or fields? If so, tell how you learned.
4. Give examples of older people whom you know who have special hobbies or favorite pastimes. If possible, find out and report how some of them became interested in their special hobbies.

THINGS TO DO

1. Reread the Foreword of this unit (page 146). List the statements which you have found to be true as you have studied this unit. Be ready to tell just what selections or activities helped you "enlarge your cup."
2. Choose a committee to tabulate the votes of the class on the selections in "Enjoying Life" as follows:
   a. The funniest selection.
   b. The selection I liked most.
   c. The selection which suggested the best new ideas for enjoying.
   d. The selection which led to the most discoveries by the class.
   e. The selection which led to the most interesting class discussion.

3. Make an outline of the ways of enjoying discussed in the selections in this unit. Arrange your report in the following form:

INDOORS		OUT-OF-DOORS	
Form of enjoyment	Selection and page	Form of enjoyment	Selection and page
1. Reading poetry	Just-for-Fun poems, p. 149	1. Observing the birds	"The Warblers" p. 174
2. Making a collection by letter writing	"A Boy's Hunt for Big Game," p. 205	2. Listening to the bird songs	"How to Know the Bird Songs," p. 169

COMMITTEE PROJECTS

Divide into committees, each committee taking one of the following problems, and reporting upon it at a later time. Assembly programs may be selected from these reports.

a. A Bird Program.—Plan and present a bird program. The following suggestions may help. Secure as many pictures as possible of birds of your region for the bulletin-board. Select three or four bird poems to read or recite. Plan short talks on interesting discoveries about bird habits. Play phonograph records of birds' songs. Display and explain diagrams of songs of birds most common in your community. Display kodak pictures of birds collected by the class.

b. A Poetry Program.—Have a poetry contest. Plan and report rules for the contest a week in advance of the program. These suggestions may help: Have the contest in two parts (*a*) Just-for-fun poems, (*b*) Nature poems. Let contestants select and recite poems for either part. Select winners for each part by voting on the following points: *a*. The best choice, *b*. The best reading.

c. Exhibition of Collections.—Secure exhibits, and plan the order of the program. Allow each exhibitor from two to

four minutes to speak on his exhibit, telling (*a*) Why he made the collection, (*b*) How he got his specimens, (*c*) How he cared for his specimens, (*d*) Interesting experiences in making the collection.

d. Book Program.—Let each member of the committee choose one book from the "Read a book" list and try to rouse interest in it among those who did not read it. Use one of the following plans: (1) tell something about finding enjoyment you got from the book, (2) choose helpers and dramatize a short scene from the book, (3) act a part as for a movie, (4) give a character sketch of one character in the book, (5) relate something funny you learned by reading the book, (6) impersonate a character in the book, or (7) summarize briefly the helps to enjoyment suggested by the book.

e. Radio Program.—Choose one of the following topics for the broadcasting: (1) Interesting places to visit; (2) Ways of having fun; (3) New games you will enjoy. Choose speakers to make one minute speeches from the broadcasting station selected by the committee.

WRITTEN COMPOSITIONS

Select committees to make booklets for your library table from written work of members of the class on topics suggested in this unit.

a. Original fun poems
b. A stamp book
c. Interesting places to visit
d. Our collections
e. What to do on a summer vacation
f. Funny cartoons
g. Queer-looking buildings
h. Our pets

HE PUT SO MUCH DUTCH ENERGY INTO THE CLEANING OF THE WINDOW THAT THE BAKER ARRANGED WITH HIM TO CLEAN IT EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY AFTERNOON AFTER SCHOOL

[*See p.* 234]

SAVING

Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can.

—JOHN WESLEY.

SAVING

Saving is making the most of what we have. To be saving does not mean to be stingy and close-fisted. Saving means setting aside part of our earnings for use at a later time or when a rainy day may come. Saving means spending so as to receive our money's worth. It includes the wise use of our time and strength as well as the wise use of our money.

Saving applies especially to our use of Nature's gifts. To the early settlers America was a land of unlimited riches. The woods were so vast, the game so abundant, and the mines so rich, that it seemed as if our resources could never give out. For many years, therefore, Americans cut down the forests, killed the game, and wasted the minerals with little thought for the needs of the future.

Twenty-five years ago, however, the people discovered that our trees were being cut down four times as fast as they were growing, that our coal supply was decreasing at an alarming rate, and that many of our birds, wild flowers, and game animals either had been destroyed entirely or were rapidly disappearing. As a result came the conservation, or saving, movement, to prevent further waste so that our natural resources might be used for "the greatest good of the largest number for the longest time." Saving is necessary for the welfare both of ourselves and of our country.

READ A BOOK

Find a book you think you would enjoy and read it while the class is reading this unit.

1. *Wilderness Adventures*, by William Underwood. Ginn.
   Adventures in hunting birds, animals, and fish with a camera.
2. *This Earth of Ours*, by Jean Henri Fabre. Century.
   Seas, mountains, great rivers, glaciers, volcanoes, and earthquakes described and explained.
3. *Conservation Reader*, by Harold W. Fairbanks. World.
   Nature's gifts, the use of water, the fate of the wild flowers, animals, and the birds, and the need for conservation. Many pictures.
4. *Stories of Thrift for Young Americans*, by Myron T. Pritchard and Grace A. Turkington. Scribners.
   The meaning of thrift, wise spending, the use of spare time, right giving, saving money, keeping accounts, the cost of carelessness and neglect.
5. *Arbor Day*, by Robert H. Schauffler. Moffat.
   Poems, stories, and essays relating to trees and wild flowers.
6. *The Story of the Forest*, by John G. Dorrance. American.
   Trees and forests and their services to man.
7. *Wild Life in the Rockies*, by Enos A. Mills. Houghton.
   Stories of the wild animals which live in the mountains in the West.
8. *A Year in the Wonderland of Trees*, by Hallam Hawksworth. Scribners.
   How to know the trees in winter, the lives of the trees, and the summer woods.
9. *Stories in Trees*, by Mary I. Curtis. Lyons and Carnahan.
   Twenty-eight prose selections and a number of poems about trees. Both legends and true stories. Colored illustrations.
10. *Elements of Conservation*, by Garrard Harris. Johnson.
    Birds, game, fish, wild flowers, forestry, harmful insects and their enemies.
11. *Our Trees and How They Serve Us*, by Rufus S. Maddox and Almon E. Perkins. Scribners.
    Our dependence on wood, friends and enemies of trees, natural and artificial forests, reclamation of waste lands, school planting, Arbor Day.

CLASS LIBRARY READINGS

1. "Uncle Sam's Buffaloes," M. F. Fox, *Uncle Sam's Animals*, 45–51.
2. "Bureau of Animal Industry," *ibid.*, 110–115.
3. "Principles of Woodcraft," E. T. Seton, *The Book of Woodcraft*, 3–8.
4. "Health and Woodland Medicine," *ibid.*, 240–249.
5. "Sunlight—the Master Artist," F. L. Darrow, *Doers and Thinkers*, 171–182.
6. "Tapping the Rubber Tree," *ibid.*, 183–195.
7. "Marvels of Modern Science," *ibid.*, 271–291.
8. "Cyrus Hall McCormick, Who Made America the World's Granary," Walter Lefferts, *Our Country's Leaders*, 192–201.
9. "Theodore Roosevelt, the President of Action," *ibid.*, 340–352.
10. "How the Farmer Feeds the World," *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 1 : 43–49.
11. "The Pays and Profits of the Home Garden," *ibid.*, 3 : 1394–1397.
12. "The Value of Time," *ibid.*, 8 : 3503.
13. "Our Charming Neighbors in Feathers," *ibid.*, 1 : 400–420.
14. "Bird Songs and Houses," *ibid.*, 1 : 421–426.
15. "How Red Fox Made Fun of Stubby Whitetail," Arthur C. Parker, *Rumbling Wings*, 23–27.
16. "The Maize Maiden," *ibid.*, 179–191.
17. "Spending and Saving," *Book of Knowledge*, 17 : 6359–6362.

IV. SAVING

1. IF YOU HAD A HUNDRED DOLLARS

MYRON T. PRITCHARD AND GRACE A. TURKINGTON

If you had a hundred dollars, what would you do with it? Before reaching a decision, ask yourself two questions:

1. How can I make a hundred dollars go the farthest?

2. How can I spend a hundred dollars so that some one besides myself will be benefited?

Write out your decision before reading this selection.

If one hundred dollars were given to you, what would you do with it? This was the question that Miss Murray asked her pupils one afternoon. Every one was eager to answer the question at once, but Miss Murray shook her head.

"No, not now. I want each of you to think about the matter to-night. Talk it over with your friends and your family, and to-morrow I shall ask you to write a short composition answering the question. Then we shall have as many of the compositions read as time will permit.

"Before you decide on any purchase please ask yourself two questions:

"How can I make a hundred dollars go the farthest?

"How can I spend it so that some one besides myself will be benefited?

"Remember that only a selfish person thinks of himself alone when he has money to spend."

The next day Miss Murray gave her pupils an hour in which to write the compositions, and at noon she looked over the

papers. She smiled over some of them and sighed over others. Several she selected to read to the class. Here is a quotation from one of them:

> If I had a hundred dollars, I should buy a phonograph and some good music records. Everybody ought to love music, and I know that it would give our family lots of pleasure. I would keep the phonograph in the parlor and after supper father would read his paper, mother would sew, I would do the dishes, and we would all be listening to the music at the same time. This would make the time pass pleasantly and before I knew it the dishes would be done. I like lively music because it is so cheerful.

"You did not tell us, Ella, why you would buy a phonograph. Do you think that you and your family would get more pleasure and benefit from this than from anything else? Is there nothing that you really need?"

"No, Miss Murray," answered the girl.

One of the boys raised his hand and, at a nod from the teacher, said: "Wouldn't it be a waste of money to spend all of the hundred dollars that way? I know a man who paid only ten dollars for a phonograph, and it is fine."

Miss Murray said she thought that if a person intended to buy a phonograph it was wise not to get a cheap one. "If you are going to have music in your home, you want it to be as beautiful as possible. A cheap phonograph really makes dreadful music. I always think of a good phonograph as a luxury, however, and I shouldn't want to buy one for my home unless I were sure that it would give more pleasure than anything else."

"When mother was a girl she used to play the violin," said Ella. "She and father both love music, but we can't afford a piano, and mother says her fingers aren't limber

enough to play on the violin, even if she had time to practise. Once father said it would be almost as good as going to the real grand opera to have a sweet-toned phonograph."

"Ella seems to have made a wise choice, after all," said Miss Murray, "but probably it would be foolish for the rest of us to spend our money that way. I hope none of you are like a woman whom I once knew, who had to buy whatever her neighbors bought, whether she needed it or really wanted it. She even bought a piano, although she had no children, and neither she nor her husband could play. I think it would be very stupid for anybody to buy any kind of musical instrument just to entertain his friends, for many people do not like music."

Miss Murray then read this paragraph from another composition:

If I had a hundred dollars that I could spend as I liked, I should buy a two-year-old Jersey cow. This would be better than putting the money in the bank. The bank would pay me only four dollars a year, but I could make thirty dollars a year by turning the cow's milk into butter and selling that. I could take care of her myself.

This composition was written by a boy who lived several miles from town. He drove in every morning with his father, who brought milk to the railroad for shipment. The boys were eager to ask Phil questions, so Miss Murray gave them permission.

"What should you do with the thirty dollars?" one boy asked.

"I should put it into the bank, and keep it until I had saved enough to buy another cow. With two cows I could make sixty dollars a year."

"What should you do with the money you saved then?" asked another boy.

"Father wants me to go to the agricultural college some day. He says he never had a chance to learn to farm scientifically, and he wants me to be a better farmer than he has been."

"I should think you would want to save your money," said one boy, "so that you could go to the city to live. Farmers are always poor, and they don't have any fun."

Here Miss Murray interrupted.

"I'm afraid you are mistaken, Albert. Farming is as much of a science as medicine or law, and Phil has the right idea. Some of the happiest and most prosperous people whom I know are farmers. We shall talk about farming some other time, but now I want you to listen to this composition." Miss Murray read:

If I had a hundred dollars, I should take my sister Mary to the city to see a famous doctor, who could cure her. While we were there we would go to the museum and see the stuffed animals and the glass flowers. We would go to a big restaurant and have some ice-cream and chocolate layer-cake. What money was left I should put into the bank.

"Poor Jack," Miss Murray had said to herself, when she first read this composition, "he certainly thinks a great deal of his sister, but I'm afraid he wouldn't be a wise spender."

After she had read Jack's composition to the class, Miss Murray said: "Please tell us, Jack, why you would take your sister to a city doctor? Don't you know that good old Doctor Stevens is one of the best doctors in this part of the country?"

"I like Doctor Stevens," said Jack quietly, "but he doesn't

cure Mary. He only tells her to drink milk, eat eggs, and stay out-of-doors."

"Even a city doctor might say the same, Jack. Does Mary stay out in the air most of the time?"

"She says there is nothing to do outdoors. She gets tired and would rather stay in the house," replied the boy.

Miss Murray explained that when people have lung trouble they need all the fresh air they can get. Medicines and city doctors can not help them. "If I were in Jack's place and had a hundred dollars, I should build a little piazza out of Mary's room, where she could sit during the day and sleep at night. Some people call these sleeping-porches. Even perfectly well persons often sleep out-of-doors, because the fresh air makes them feel so much better."

The last composition that Miss Murray read was written by Elsie Rider.

I have never seen the ocean, and I haven't seen my grandmother since I was five years old. I should spend my money in going with my mother to visit her. She lives near the ocean, and from the bedroom that my mother slept in when she was a girl, you can see the ships sailing. Sometimes mother says that it would rest her five years' worth if she could sleep in her old room once more. The journey would take eight hours, and we should have to eat our supper in the dining-car. I should pay for the supper out of the hundred dollars.

One of the boys said that he thought it was a needless expense for people to go on visits, but Miss Murray agreed with Elsie that the trip would give so much pleasure to both the grandmother and the mother that Elsie would feel well paid for her effort.

"Grandmothers are the nicest persons in the world," said

Miss Murray. "I wouldn't exchange the visits that I made my grandmother when I was a girl for a good many hundreds of dollars. But that trip probably would not take all of your money, Elsie. What would you do with the rest of it?"

Elsie showed what a sympathetic heart she had by her answer: "I'd buy father an overcoat and a set of Dickens. He needs an overcoat, and he wants the books. He is always buying lovely things for mother and me."

"Miss Murray," asked a boy, "don't you think it is all right to spend money on yourself?"

"Certainly; but to spend all of a hundred dollars on yourself when the other members of your family had none to spend would certainly be selfish. The least that anybody can do is to share his pleasure with some one else. Otherwise, money isn't being made to accomplish as much as it might."

Just before school closed Miss Murray said that, while none of them had a hundred dollars, they could all begin to save and plan so that some day they could do what they wanted to do now.

That night Frank Parsons went into the kitchen, where his mother was making jelly.

"Mother, if some rich man died and left you a hundred dollars, what should you buy?"

"It's hard to say, Frank. We need so many things."

Frank looked surprised. He had supposed that he was the only person in the family who had many wants. When he mentioned the composition that he had had to write at school, his mother asked what he had said.

"Why, I said I should build a shed for a workshop, and buy a kit of tools."

"That was sensible, I am sure," his mother replied.

For a long time the two talked about the many possible

ways of spending a hundred dollars. When Mr. Parsons heard the discussion, he said: "I think it wouldn't be a bad plan for us to make a list of the things we should really buy if we had that much extra money, and from time to time, as we save a little, we can get some of them."

They took nearly a week to make out a list that had the approval of the whole family. Many items that were put down first were finally crossed out altogether. Perhaps you will be interested in part of the list. Remember that the plan was to get first what was most needed.

1. $30.00 for a new kitchen stove. (The one they had was old and almost worn out. It burned twice as much fuel as a stove should. The family estimated that in two years the new stove would pay for itself.)

2. $10.00 for a kit of tools. (At first the family thought that many other things ought to be bought before these, but Mr. Parsons said that Frank would be learning something useful, and therefore the money would be well spent. But the understanding was that if Frank lost interest in the tools and did not use them regularly, they should be sold and the money turned into the household account. A part of the basement was to be used for a workshop.)

3. $20.00 for an easy, upholstered chair for the living-room. (The family had plenty of chairs, but only two that anybody really enjoyed sitting in. They decided that it would be sensible to get a well-made chair with good springs, and covered with simple, durable tapestry. Frank was surprised that one chair should cost so much. "It will last us twenty years," his father explained.)

4. $6.00 for replating a dozen knives and forks. (This was much cheaper than buying new ones.)

5. $4.00 for the best quality cotton cloth to make sheets and pillow-cases.

6. $4.00 for a pair of rubber boots for Frank.

7. $4.00 for material for a raincoat for Frank's sister.

8. $8.00 for a large dictionary. (Frank knew where they could buy a large, second-hand dictionary in excellent condition at that price; and every member of the family felt the need of such a book.)

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Read aloud your plan of using a hundred dollars. Which of the plans in the selection is most like yours?
2. Tell why wise spending is an important feature of saving.
3. Capital is wealth used so as to make more wealth. Give examples of capital. Which of the pupils mentioned in the selection proposed to use the hundred dollars as capital?
4. Which plan described in the selection seems to fit Miss Murray's questions best? Which seems to fit them least?
5. Did the Parsons family do well to set aside $8.00 for a dictionary? Give reasons.

VOCABULARY GAME

Fill the blanks with the proper words from the list below.

1. A ..... adds to one's comfort or pleasure but is not necessary to life.
2. Anything which brings about useful results is a .....
3. One who follows the rules of the science of his particular kind of work is working .....
4. People who attain the objects they desire are called .....

scientifically luxury benefit prosperous

2. MAKING TIME COUNT

EDWARD W. BOK

Shortly after the Civil War a family named Bok came to the United States from Holland and made their home in Brooklyn. The story of their early struggles and hardships is told by the oldest son, Edward, who was only six years old when the family moved to America.

As you read the selection, note the different ways in which Edward Bok made time count. Compare his opportunities with the opportunities of boys and girls whom you know.

Mr. Bok did not find his "lines cast in pleasant places" in the United States. He found himself unable to adjust the methods of his own land and of a lifetime to those of a new country. As a result, the fortunes of the family did not flourish, and Edward soon saw his mother failing physically under burdens to which her nature was not accustomed nor her hands trained.

Edward and his brother decided to relieve their mother in the housework by rising early in the morning, building the fire, preparing breakfast, and washing the dishes before they went to school. After school they gave up their play hours, swept and scrubbed the house, and helped their mother prepare the evening meal and wash the dishes.

The parents did not find it easy to see their boys forced to do work which only a short while before had been done by servants. Their deepest humiliation came when Edward and his brother, after having for several mornings found no kindling wood or coal to build the fire, decided to go out evenings with a basket and pick up any wood they could find in neighboring lots, and the bits of coal spilled from the coal-bin of

the grocery-store or left on the curbs before houses where coal had been delivered. The mother pleaded with the boys, although in her heart she knew that the necessity was upon them. But Edward, already started upon his Americanization career, answered: "This is America, mother, where one may do anything if it is honest. So long as we don't steal the wood or coal, why shouldn't we get it?" And, turning away, she said nothing.

Although these homely chores relieved the tired mother, they added little to the family income. Edward looked about and decided that the time had come for him, young as he was, to begin some sort of wage-earning. But how and where? He found the answer one afternoon when standing before the shop-window of a baker in the neighborhood. The owner of the bakery, who had just placed in the window a series of trays filled with buns, tarts, and pies, came outside to look at the display. He found the hungry boy wistfully regarding the tempting-looking wares.

"Look pretty good, don't they?" asked the baker.

"They would," answered the Dutch boy with his national passion for cleanliness, "if your window was clean."

"That's so, too," mused the baker. "Perhaps you'll clean it."

"I will," was the reply. Edward Bok, there and then, got his first job. He went in, found a stepladder, and put so much Dutch energy into the cleaning of the large show-window that the baker immediately arranged with him to clean it every Tuesday and Friday afternoon after school. The salary was to be fifty cents a week!

One day, when he had finished cleaning the window, and the baker was busy in the rear of the store, a customer came in, and Edward ventured to wait on her. Skilfully he wrapped up the fragrant currant-buns for which his young soul—and

stomach—so hungered! The baker watched him, saw how quickly and smilingly he served the customer, and offered Edward an extra dollar a week if he would come in afternoons and sell behind the counter. He immediately entered into the bargain with the understanding that, in addition to his salary of a dollar and a half a week, he might each afternoon carry home from the good things unsold a small gift for his mother. The baker agreed, and Edward promised to come each afternoon except Saturday.

"Want to play ball, hey?" said the baker.

"Yes, I want to play ball," replied the boy, but he was not reserving his Saturday afternoons for games, although, boy-like, that might be his preference.

Edward now took for each Saturday morning—when, of course, there was no school—the delivery route of a weekly paper called the *South Brooklyn Advocate*. He had offered to deliver the entire neighborhood edition of the paper for one dollar, thus increasing his earnings to two dollars and a half a week.

Transportation, in those days in Brooklyn, was by horse-cars, and the car-line on Smith Street nearest Edward's home ran to Coney Island. Just around the corner where Edward lived the cars stopped to water the horses on their long haul. The boy noticed that the drivers jumped from the open cars in summer, ran into the store before which the watering-trough was placed, and got a drink of water from the ice-cooler near the door. But that was not so easily possible for the women and children, who were forced to take the long ride without a drink.

Here was an opening which Edward decided to fill. He bought a shining new pail, screwed three hooks on the edge from which he hung bright, clean glasses, and one Saturday

afternoon when a car stopped the boy leaped on, tactfully asked the conductor if he did not want a drink, and then proceeded to sell his water, cooled with ice, at a cent a glass to the passengers. A little experience showed that he needed a pail for every two cars, and that each pail netted him thirty cents.

But the profit of six dollars which Edward was now reaping in his newly found work became apparent to other boys, and one Saturday the young ice-water boy found that he had a competitor; then two and soon three. Edward immediately met the challenge; he squeezed half a dozen lemons into each pail of water, added some sugar, tripled his charge, and began to sell "Lemonade, three cents a glass." Soon more passengers were asking for lemonade than for plain drinking-water!

One evening Edward went to a party of young people. His journalistic sense whispered to him that the young hostess might like to see her social affair in print. He went home, wrote up the party, including the name of every boy and girl present, and next morning took the account to the city editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*. He remarked that every name mentioned in the paragraph represented a buyer of the paper, who would like to see his name in print, and that if the editor had enough of these reports he might enlarge the circulation of *The Eagle*. Not slow to see the point, the editor offered Edward three dollars a column for such reports.

On the way home, Edward estimated how many parties he would have to attend each week to furnish a column, and decided that he himself would organize a corps of private reporters. Forthwith, he saw every girl and boy he knew, got each to promise to write for him an account of every party he or she attended or gave, and laid great stress on a full list of the persons present. Within a few weeks, Edward was

turning in to *The Eagle* from two to three columns a week; his pay was raised to four dollars a column; the editor was pleased in having started a department that no other paper carried, and the "among those present" all bought the paper and were immensely gratified to see their names.

So everybody was happy, and Edward Bok, as a full-fledged reporter, had begun his journalistic career.

With helping his mother, tending the baker's shop in after-school hours, serving his paper route, plying his street-car trade, and acting as social reporter, Edward soon found that he did not have enough time to prepare his lessons thoroughly. By a hard effort, he managed to hold his own in class, but no more. He felt that he was not getting all that he might from his school life; yet the need for him to add to the family income was, if anything, becoming greater.

Edward suggested to his mother that he leave school, but she objected. She told him that he was earning something now and helping much. Perhaps the tide would turn for their father and he would find the place to which his talents entitled him. Finally the father succeeded in securing a position with the Western Union Telegraph Company as translator, a position for which his easy command of languages admirably fitted him. Thus, for a time, the strain upon the family purse was lessened, and Edward was able to apply himself to his school work as never before.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. Mention in order the different ways in which Edward Bok made time count.
2. Compare Edward's jobs with those of boys and girls you know.

3. Find passages which indicate that the Bok family had been fairly prosperous before coming to America.
4. Did one of Edward's jobs lead to another, or did something in Edward lead him from one job to another? Read lines to support your reply.
5. Explain Edward's words: "This is America, Mother, where one may do anything if it is honest."

VOLUNTEER WORK

1. Make slogans or mottoes to indicate the meaning of this story. Add three:
   a. Stick to it.
   b. Do each job well.
   c. Keep your eyes open.
   d.
   e.
   f.
2. Read Bok's *A Dutch Boy Fifty Years After* (Scribners). Then tell how Edward Bok first began his work as an editor.

3. THE ANT AND THE CRICKET

Does this poem belong under "Saving"?

A silly young cricket, accustomed to sing
Through the warm, sunny months of gay summer and spring,
Began to complain, when he found that at home
His cupboard was empty and winter was come.
Not a crumb to be found
On the snow-covered ground;
Not a flower could he see,
Not a leaf on a tree.
"Oh, what will become," said the cricket, "of me?"

At last by starvation and famine made bold,
All dripping with wet and all trembling with cold,
Away he set off to a miserly ant,
To see if, to keep him alive, he would grant
Him shelter from rain,
A mouthful of grain.
He wished only to borrow;
He'd repay it to-morrow;
If not, he must die of starvation and sorrow.
Said the ant to the cricket, "I'm your servant and friend,
But we ants never borrow, we ants never lend;
But tell me, dear sir, did you lay nothing by
When the weather was warm?" Said the cricket, "Not I.
My heart was so light
That I sang day and night,
For all nature looked gay."
"You sang, sir, you say?
Go then," said the ant, "and dance winter away."

Thus ending, he hastily lifted the wicket
And out of the door turned the poor little cricket.
Though this is a fable, the moral is good:
If you live without work, you must live without food.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Would it do to place this poem in the unit, "Good Will"? Where would you place it had you been making this book?
2. Did the cricket deserve the treatment he received? Or should the ant have lent the grain? Give reasons.
3. *Report for a volunteer.* In an American history find how Captain John Smith got the settlers to go to work at Jamestown.

4. HOW THE FORESTS ARE WASTED

HAROLD W. FAIRBANKS

Study this selection carefully. Try this plan:

1. Go through the selection rapidly to get a general idea of the contents.
2. Read the selection a second time slowly and thoughtfully to master the thought.
3. Glance over the selection a third time to fix the details in mind.

When our forefathers came to America, they found the country so covered with forests that they had to cut and burn the trees in order to clear the ground on which to raise their crops. The wilderness could not have been settled without clearing the land, and we cannot blame the pioneers for doing under those circumstances that which to-day would be very wrong.

We now have so much land that it is no longer necessary to destroy trees in order to raise our food supplies. The forests are one of the great natural resources of our country and men should not be allowed to waste them for private gain.

Although the need for more land has long passed, the habit of reckless tree cutting still continues. Firewood is expensive and many a farmer has to buy coal, who, if he and his ancestors had been careful, might have a woodlot to supply both fuel and lumber.

Many of the lands once cleared were found not suited to farming and have been left to grow up to brush. If the farmer were wise, he would replant some of these lands with spruce, hickory, walnut, or maple. Although his ancestors toiled early

and late to get such trees out of the way, a few acres of them now would be a small fortune.

In parts of our country, particularly in the South and West, the settlers are still cutting the trees to get them out of the way. In distant mountain valleys where no market for lumber exists, men are chopping down the great pines. Such trees make good lumber, for they are tall and straight, but instead of being put to some useful end, their fate is the bonfire.

In Germany and Switzerland the forest resources are carefully guarded. As fast as the grown trees are cut from a field, young trees are planted in their places. The keeping of a certain part of the land in forest is held to be of advantage to all the people. For this reason men are not allowed to cut trees upon their own land without permission from the forest officer.

Many years ago, when lumbering became an important industry and the mills began to turn out immense quantities of boards and beams of every sort for the growing population of our new country, people believed that the supply would never be used up. Only the best logs were sawed into lumber, and a large part of each tree was left on the ground to rot or to feed the first fire that occurred. Now lumber is scarce and expensive; even the poorer grades of trees are in much demand.

Have you ever seen the giant sugar pines on the slopes of the Western mountains? Next to the sequoias they are the largest of our American trees. A single sugar pine has furnished enough lumber for a house. Sugar pine has now become so valuable that it is used only for such purposes as window sash, doors, and similar articles. Until recently we have taken no care of these wonderful trees, but have allowed them to be cut and wasted in the most reckless fashion.

If you could go through the sugar-pine forests, you would find thousands of these mighty trees rotting on the ground. This is the work of the shingle maker. He has been as thoughtless in his cutting of these giants, which have been hundreds of years growing, as is the farmer of the stalks of grain that spring up and ripen in one season. The shingle maker must have material which splits well. He hunts for the straightest and cleanest trees. At most, he does not use over fifty feet of the trunk, and if it does not split to suit him, he leaves all, or nearly all, of the tree to rot.

The waste of the lumberman is not so great, but is enough to open our eyes to one of the reasons for the rapid disappearance of our forests. On the average only about one-third of the wood of every tree cut is actually used. The rest is lost during the various processes through which the lumber passes before it reaches our hands.

In addition to the waste of the trees actually cut, there is the loss of the young trees due to careless logging. Too often the lumbermen do not care in what condition the logs leave the forest. They want only the trees now fit for lumber, and they want to get them in the easiest way possible.

Instead of going through the forest and picking out only the ripe or mature trees and leaving the rest for a later cutting, the lumbermen usually take everything that has any present worth. Trees that are less valuable for lumber, such as the firs, are used for skidways and bridges, and when no longer needed for such purposes, are left on the ground to rot. Little care is taken to see that the great trees fall without damaging the young growth, and upon the preservation of the young trees rests our hope of a future forest.

When the work of lumbering in any particular region is finished, the sight is such as almost brings tears to one's eyes.

The young trees are broken and crushed to the ground, branches and fragments of the trunks lie scattered about, while above the ruin rise those trees not considered worth cutting. The once beautiful and majestic forest is now ready for fire, and some passer-by may drop a lighted match.

In the countries of Europe lumbermen are very careful; not a particle of the cut tree goes to waste. The logs are sawed without removing what we call "slabs." The sawdust is saved and used in the manufacture of wood alcohol. It is said that the saving of the present waste in the logging and milling of our pines would be sufficient to make all the turpentine we need. The wastage of the poplar and spruce alone is said to be large enough to make all the paper we use.

Large and valuable forests still remain in the Southern Appalachian Mountains, in the Rocky Mountains, in the Sierra Nevada-Cascade Range, and in the Coast Ranges. These regions were settled later than the Eastern states, and parts of them are yet remote from markets.

Our wise lumbermen are beginning to understand that it is better to cut over the forest carefully, so that by and by they will have another crop. Nature is doing all she can to keep up the supply of trees, and, if we give her a chance, there will be timber enough both for us and for those who come after us.

Every one should understand that he has an interest in saving the forests. Although he may not own a foot of land, yet his welfare depends in part on how the forests are managed. If the forests are not taken care of, a wood famine will sometimes occur. If the mountain slopes are stripped of trees, the streams will no longer run clear of soil and the low streams in summer will lead to a water famine, which in turn may easily cause a bread famine.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

A TRUE-FALSE TEST

Copy the following sentences. Test your reading by placing a T before the statements that are true and an F before the statements that are false. Then go through the selection again to see if you have marked the sentences correctly.

1. Our ancestors cut down the trees to secure land on which to raise their crops.
2. Our forests are one of our great natural resources.
3. All the lands that have been cleared of trees are suitable for farming.
4. In some parts of the country settlers still cut down trees to get them out of the way.
5. In Germany the forests have all been destroyed.
6. Our largest trees are the sequoias.
7. Shingle-makers have been careful to prevent waste of the trees.
8. Only about one-third of every tree cut by lumbermen is used.
9. Young trees are always protected by lumbermen.
10. In Europe the slabs of the trees are burned.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. How did the pioneers treat the forest? Why can they not be blamed for doing what would be very wrong to-day?
2. Does your county contain any forests? If so, what is being done with them? Does your county contain any forest preserves? If so, tell about a picnic you once enjoyed in one of them.
3. Name four uses of trees not mentioned in this selection.
4. Explain the following quotation: "If the mountain slopes are stripped of trees, the streams will no longer run clear of soil and the low streams in summer will lead to a water famine."

RESEARCH PROBLEMS FOR VOLUNTEERS

(See references in the Read-a-Book list, p. 223)

1. How the destruction of forests causes floods.
2. The giant sequoias of California.
3. Uses of wood in our community.
4. How the national forests are managed.

5. PLANT A TREE

LUCY LARCOM

What reasons for planting trees are given in the two poems that follow?

He who plants a tree
  Plants a hope.
  Rootlets up through fibers blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free.
  So man's life must climb
  From the clods of time
  Unto heavens sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree,
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?

He who plants a tree
  Plants a joy;
  Plants a comfort that will never cloy;
Every day a fresh reality,
  Beautiful and strong,
  To whose shelter throng
  Creatures blithe with song.
If thou couldst but know, thou happy tree,
Of the bliss that shall inhabit thee!

He who plants a tree,—
He plants peace.
Under its green curtains jargons cease.
Leaf and zephyr murmur soothingly;
Shadows soft with sleep
Down tired eyelids creep,
Balm of slumber deep.
Never hast thou dreamed, thou blessèd tree,
Of the benediction thou shalt be.

He who plants a tree,—
He plants youth;
Vigor won for centuries in sooth;
Life of time, that hints eternity!
Boughs their strength uprear;
New shoots, every year,
On old growths appear;
Thou shalt teach the ages, sturdy tree,
Youth of soul is immortality.

He who plants a tree,—
He plants love,
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest;
Plant! life does the rest!
Heaven and earth help him who plants a tree,
And his work its own reward shall be.

6. THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE

William Cullen Bryant

Come, let us plant the apple tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it over them tenderly,
As, round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet,
So plant we the apple tree.

What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;
We plant upon the summer lea
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. List the different reasons given in the two poems for planting trees. Which reasons are mentioned in both poems? Which reason appeals most to you? Why?
2. How does he who plants a tree plant youth?
3. Tell about some one you know whose work is its own reward.
4. Learn the stanza which you like best in the two poems and recite it before the class.
5. *Volunteer work:* Write a composition about the different trees that grow in your neighborhood. Include a description and, if possible, a picture of each species, or kind, of tree.

7. ROBIN REDBREAST

T. Gilbert Pearson

After a signal to begin is given, find as quickly as you can the part of this selection that relates to saving. When you find the passage, raise your hand. Then go back to the beginning and read the entire selection carefully.

One spring a pair of robins built their nest on the limb of a balsam standing beside a much-used walk near my home. In gathering the material for the nest the robins took the greatest care to work at those hours when there was the least chance of being observed; thus the greater part of their task was done in the early morning, when few people were astir. Only during the last few days of construction did I see the birds working in the afternoon.

On April 18 the nest appeared to be completed, for no more materials were brought. On the 22d the female began sitting. I could see her tail extending over one side of the nest, her bill pointing upward at a sharp angle. She flew off the first day when the crowd of boys who frequented the walk came along on their way to dinner, but she soon became accustomed to them, and would sit quietly, although numerous heads passed within five or six feet of her. No one disturbed the nest with its four blue eggs, and on May 6 I saw her feeding the young. Four days after this event I noticed the heads of the younglings bobbing over the rim of the nest. They were gaining strength rapidly.

The morning of May 17 was cool, and a drizzling rain had been falling for hours. This dreary morning happened to be the day when the young robins desired to leave the nest. Rain

could neither dampen their desire nor check their plans, and at seven o'clock three of them were found sitting motionless, a foot or more from the nest, on the limb that held it. Each had gathered itself into as small a space as possible, and with head drawn close seemed waiting for something to happen. Their eyes were bright as they looked about over the vast expanse of the lawn before them—that trackless region, to explore which they dared not yet trust their strength. The fourth nestling could not be found. During the next two days two others disappeared, after spending some hours of happy life on the grass and in the shrubbery. I suspected that the cat knew where they had gone.

Knowing that the family would never return to the nest, I removed it from the limb, for I wanted to see how the wonderful structure was put together. In its building a framework of slender twigs had first been used. There were sixty-three of these, some of which were as much as a foot in length. Intertwined with them were twenty fragments of weed-stalks and grass-stems. The yellow-clay cup, which came next inside, varied in thickness from a quarter of an inch at the rim to an inch at the bottom. Grass worked in with the clay while it was yet soft aided in holding the clay together. Last of all, came the smooth, dry carpet of fine grass. The whole structure measured eight inches across the top; inside it was three inches in width and one and a half in depth. The nest was made for a purpose, and it had served that purpose well.

It is interesting to watch the robins when a touch of autumn is in the air and the desire to wander is strong within them. On rapidly beating wings they drive swiftly across the fields, or pause on the topmost spray of a roadside tree, looking eagerly away to the southward. Their calls are sharp and

eager. Clearly they are filled with the excitement of starting on a long journey. In a little while they will go.

Later you may find them in their winter home, feeding on the black-gum-trees in a Carolina swamp, or on the berries of the China-tree in Georgia, or on the fruit of the cabbage-palmetto in Florida. But their whole nature seems to have changed. No cheerful notes of song await you, no gathering of food from the grass on the lawn, no drinking from the cup on the window-sill, none of the friendliness so dear to their admirers in the North. We see them in flocks, wild and suspicious.

They grow fat from much eating, and were formerly hunted for the table. As late as 1913 I found strings of them offered for sale, and was told that they were worth sixty cents a dozen, the highest price I had ever been asked for them.

In winter robins sometimes gathered by thousands to roost at a favorite spot. Here the hunters would come to take them in the ruthless way in which, Audubon tells us, men destroyed so many wild pigeons during the last century. The following account of the raiding of one such roost was given to the writer by Dr. P. P. Claxton, who was familiar with many of the details:

"The roost to which I refer was situated in what is known as a 'cedar glade,' near Fosterville, Tennessee. This is a great cedar country, and robins used to come in immense numbers during the winter months to feed on the berries. By the middle of a winter's afternoon the birds would begin coming by our house in enormous flocks, which would follow one another like great waves moving on in the direction of the roost. They would continue to pass until night. We lived fifteen miles from the roost, and we often observed that the birds came in this manner from all quarters.

"The spot which the roost occupied was not unlike numerous others that might have been selected. The trees grew to a height of from five to thirty feet, and for a mile square were literally loaded with robins at night. Hunting them while they roosted was a favorite sport. A man would climb a cedar tree with a torch, while his companions, with poles and clubs, disturbed the sleeping hundreds on the near-by trees. Blinded by the light, the suddenly awakened birds flew to the torch-bearer, who, as he seized each one, would quickly pull off its head, and drop the bird into a sack suspended from his shoulder.

"The capture of three or four hundred robins was an ordinary night's work for any hunter. Men and boys would come in wagons from all the adjoining counties and camp near the roost for the purpose of killing the birds. Often a hundred or more hunters with torches and clubs would be at work in a single night. For three years this tremendous slaughter continued in winter, and then the survivors deserted the roost."

These are almost the same methods employed in killing thousands of wild pigeons in the past; and they resulted in the utter destruction of those valuable birds.

That protection should be given to the robin because of its value as a destroyer of injurious insects is the opinion of many observers, in spite of the objection sometimes raised that the robin is too fond of small fruits. The United States Department of Agriculture, which looks so carefully into various subjects of importance to our country, sent Waldo L. McAtee, an expert naturalist, to Louisiana one winter, where he made many observations on the feeding-habits of robins. Under date of February 20, 1910, he reported:

"I collected twelve robins near here yesterday, and found from an examination that eight of them had eaten nothing

but insects; the other four had taken, respectively, 95, 80, 65 and 0 per cent of insects and other invertebrates. The insects eaten included grasshoppers, bugs, beetles, beetle-larvæ, and caterpillars, including cutworms. Another day I collected three other robins which had eaten insects, including larvæ of crane-flies, sometimes known as leather-jackets. The larvæ feed on the roots of grasses, including grain-crops and other plants, and as a result they are sometimes quite injurious.

"Each of the three birds had eaten one or more specimens of a leaf-beetle—an injurious plant-feeder. On a basis of the eighteen robins I have examined this month, I consider the robin to be essentially an insect-eating bird in Louisiana in February. I notice that great numbers of the robins feed in open, grassy fields, where their diet must consist largely of animal matter, as the birds do not eat either weed-seeds or grain."

The National Association of Audubon Societies has long been working to secure the passage of laws better fitted to protect the robin. Although robin shooting in some parts of the country has long been a favorite sport, and is still engaged in to some extent, the time has surely come when the hunters should be willing to give up the practice in view of the many useful qualities of the bird.

The Association's efforts were so far successful that the robin became protected in all the states of the Union except six, when in 1914, the Federal Migratory-Bird Law went into effect. This, of course, covered the robin; and the friends of the bird are now doing all they can to insure its safety under the terms of that act.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Point out the part of this selection that relates to saving. How much time did you need to find it?
2. Why is the robin our most popular bird? Would you prefer the robin to the eagle as our national symbol? Give reasons.
3. Mention dangers to robins and other birds in your community.
4. When do robins appear in your neighborhood in the spring? When do they leave in the autumn? Where do they go?
5. Tell three ways robins are of help to us.

VOCABULARY GAME

Rewrite the groups of words in the list given below, changing the descriptive words in italics to words which mean the same or nearly the same. Number 1 has been changed as an example.

1. *inquisitive calls.*	1. inquiring calls.
2. *suspicious* flocks.	2.
3. *immense* numbers.	3.
4. *injurious* insects.	4.
5. *favorite* sport.	5.
6. *numerous* heads.	6.
7. *trackless* regions.	7.

Find in the dictionary synonyms, or words with the same general meaning, for the words in italics. Use the synonyms to check your work and, if necessary, to complete the exercise.

REPORTS FOR VOLUNTEERS

(See references in the Class Library Readings on page 224

1. James Audubon, the naturalist.
2. The American wild pigeon.
3. Birds' nests I have examined.
4. How the birds help our community.

8. FRANKLIN AND TIME

ORISON S. MARDEN

Picture with your mind's eye what went on in this incident and then act out the story before the class.

"Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of." Thus wrote Benjamin Franklin, who, better than most men, understood the value of time.

One day a customer is said to have come into Franklin's bookstore in Philadelphia dissatisfied with the price asked for a book he desired to purchase. "Please call the proprietor," he said to the clerk. "I wish to ask him about this."

"Mr. Franklin is in the press room," answered the clerk; "he is very busy just now."

The man, who had already spent an hour in aimlessly turning over many books, insisted on seeing Franklin. In answer to the clerk's summons, Franklin hurried out from the printing office at the back of the store and came in to see what was wanted.

"What is the lowest price you can take for this book, sir?" asked the would-be customer, holding up the volume he had chosen.

"One dollar and a quarter," was the prompt reply.

"A dollar and a quarter! Why, your clerk offered it to me a little while ago for only a dollar," cried the astonished customer.

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have afforded to take a dollar rather than leave my work and get a dollar and a quarter."

The man hesitated and looked at the book again. He was

in doubt whether Mr. Franklin was in earnest or only joking. Then he said, coaxingly, "Come, now, Mr. Franklin, tell me really what is the lowest price for this book."

"One dollar and a half," was the grave reply.

"A dollar and a half! Why, it is not five minutes since you offered the book to me for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes, and I could better have taken that price then than a dollar and a half now."

The crestfallen customer laid the money on the counter and left the store with the book. Perhaps he had learned that he who squanders his own time is foolish and he who wastes the time of others is a thief.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Act out the story with two classmates to assist you. (Several committees of the class dramatize the incident.)
2. Explain the quotation at the beginning of the selection. How does the story illustrate Franklin's words?
3. Mention ways in which people sometimes squander their own time. Why is such an act foolish?
4. Mention ways in which people sometimes waste the time of others?
5. How is a person, who wastes the time of another, a thief?
6. Tell stories or anecdotes that will illustrate the following quotations:
   a. Lost: Somewhere between sunrise and sunset two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered for they are gone forever.
   b. He that waits upon fortune is never sure of a dinner.
   c. It is foolish to lay out money in the purchase of repentance.
   d. Beware of small expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.
   e. For age and want save while you may;
   No morning sun lasts a whole day.

9. THE WILD FLOWERS

HAROLD W. FAIRBANKS

Find two reasons for saving wild flowers.

How eagerly we look forward to the coming of spring! The sun shines brighter and warmer each day. The birds return from their winter homes in the South. The buds on the trees swell and, in the warm nooks, the wild flowers open their delicate petals. Who will find the first spring beauty in the Eastern woods? Who will find the first of the purple trilliums or the golden poppies on the hillsides of the West?

The spring air affects us as it does the plants and wild creatures. We long to take our lunches to the fields and woods. We feel like running and frisking as the young lambs do.

Can it be wrong to gather all that we wish of the flowers with which the earth is carpeted? Has not Nature grown them so abundantly in her garden that all we pick will make no difference to her? Does Nature take any account of raids on her treasures?

A party of children, running across the fields, is searching for the flowers that have bloomed since last they were out, each trying to get more than his companions. The children know that some kinds of flowers grow in the woods, others in the marshy places, and still others on the dry hillsides. They know where to go for each flower; not a spot escapes their search.

Here they find a patch of violets, and quickly pick them all. There they see some baby-blue-eyes, and yonder field is brilliant with the colors of many others. In gathering the flowers the children pull some of them up by the roots, without thinking of the harm. On and on they wander until many

have more flowers in their hands than they can carry. Some of the flowers picked first are already wilted. To make their burdens lighter, the children throw them away. At last a tired but happy band turns toward home.

We hunt far and wide for the beautiful "holly berries" with which to decorate our homes at Christmas. When we find a berry-laden bush, we eagerly break off the branches and bear them home in triumph. The bush, once gay with berries, is a sad-looking thing when we are through with it. The branches are broken so far back that next year they will bear few berries and we shall have to seek another bush.

What will the children do with all the flowers that they have picked? In each home they fill the vases and decorate the tables. Since there is no room for all of the flowers, some are thrown out. These flowers, once fresh and bright as they nodded in the breeze, now lie crushed and wilted on the ground.

Another spring returns and the children are out again looking in the familiar places for the flowers they know so well. But something seems to be wrong, for the flowers are fewer than last year. The children have to go farther and search more carefully to get their arms full.

Still a third spring comes and the children are just as ready for the happy excursions and just as eager to get the flowers. They hunt the fields over, but in the places where the flowers used to be so plentiful only a few scattering ones remain.

The children cannot understand what is wrong, but Nature could tell them, if they would ask her. The year before she was short of seed, and this year she had hardly any to plant in her garden. She is short of bulbs also, and of many other plants that were carelessly pulled up.

Unwilling to go home with only a few flowers, the children wander farther into the country than they have ever been before. Here they find the flowers as abundant as they used to be near home.

People do not stop to think that at the base of the fragrant blossoms grow the seed that will make the flowers of the next year. Nature can spare the seed of part of the blossoms, because she grows many more than she needs; but if we pick them all, what can she do for the coming year?

The wild flowers are living things struggling for a place in the world, just as are the animals and birds. We cannot destroy too many of them, if we would have them add to the beauty of our homes. Should we not have just as much pleasure in gathering the flowers, if we did not bring home more than we need? Would it not be better to be satisfied with smaller bouquets and leave enough plants in the fields to go to seed and make sure a crop next year? Do we not wish flowers to beautify the woods and the fields as well as our homes?

The reckless gathering of wild flowers has gone on so long and they have been picked so closely, near many of our towns and cities, that the plants are disappearing. When wild flowers are no longer within reach of the cities, people will have lost a great joy out of their lives.

We frequently treat the beautiful earth on which we live in a most thoughtless manner. Too often we think only of what we desire *now*, forgetting that another year is coming in which we shall also desire to enjoy some of the earth's treasures. If we take only the surplus which each year produces, nature will always furnish enough for us and for the people who live after us.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

COMPLETION TEST

Copy the following sentences. Fill the blanks with the expression in the parenthesis which best completes the thought.

1. We look forward to the coming of spring because ..... return at that time (ho weather and thunderstorms, birds and flowers, errands and chores).
2. Children throw away many of the wild flowers they pick because ..... (they tire of the colors, they don't want flowers in their homes, they gather more than they need).
3. We often destroy wild flowers by ..... (throwing them away after they wilt, stepping on them, dropping them in the road, pulling them up by the roots).
4. Wild flowers disappear because ..... (they are picked too closely, the forests catch fire, people have picnics in the woods).
5. To save the wild flowers from destruction we ought ..... (to plant them in our gardens, to pick none of them, to protect them from the wild animals, to leave enough of them for next year's growth).

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION

1. Why we should save the wild flowers.
2. How to save the fish in our lakes and streams.
3. Wild animals in our section of the country.
4. How we can help to keep the parks beautiful.
5. Ways of beautifying our school grounds.

QUESTION FOR DEBATE

Resolved, that the wild flowers and shrubs should be protected by law.

10. HOW WE CAN ALL SAVE

HOWARD C. HILL

As you read, jot down examples of savings that you have made, or might make, in each of the six respects explained in this selection.

Every one can help to save by preventing waste and by repairing losses. Every time you turn off a gas jet or an electric lamp which no one is using, you stop waste. Whenever you build a bird house or plant a tree, you help to repair loss.

During recent years Boy Scouts have played an important part in restoring and preserving our natural resources in many parts of the country. In a single year in New York the Scouts planted 85,000 trees. In Pennsylvania they set out almost 45,000 trees. In Utah they planted thousands of trees, flowers, vines, and shrubs. In several states they helped to patrol the woods, to destroy harmful insects, to build bird houses, and to fight forest fires.

Form the habit of saving. To be saving does not mean to be stingy, close-fisted, or small. Saving means merely to live below one's income, no matter how small the income may be. It means to put something aside regularly out of one's earnings or allowance, no matter how little the saving may be. It means to follow the practice of Edward Bok, one of the successful men of our times. He says: "When I earned fifty cents a week, I saved five cents of it. It was the principle that I respected. It was the habit that I formed."

Regular and systematic saving is a key to prosperity. A great railroad-builder, when asked how to succeed in life, replied:

"If you want to know whether you will be a success or a failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is easy and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will lose; the seed of success is not in you."

Spend wisely. Thrift is as much a matter of wise spending as of regular saving. Millions of dollars are thrown away every year in buying cheap shoes, shoddy clothing, and poorly made garments. Such articles wear out in a short time, and really cost more in the long run than goods of better quality whose original price is higher. To purchase clothing which will look shabby in a few weeks or which will lose its shape when rained upon is foolish, even though you may buy it "at a bargain."

When Benjamin Franklin was seven years old, he learned the one rule for spending. Given several pennies by his friends, he started for a shop, but on the way met another boy with a whistle. Charmed with the sound, Benjamin immediately offered his money for the plaything and returned home, blowing his whistle all over the house. When his brothers and sisters learned of his purchase, they told him that he had paid four times too much for the whistle and reminded him of the things he might have bought with his pennies. Saddened at the thought, he had no more fun with the toy.

The incident, however, helped Franklin in later life. "Often," he says, "when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, 'Don't give too much for the whistle."

Put your savings at work. If you let them lie idle or hide them away in a stocking or a toy bank, you not only run the risk of losing them, but you also do yourself and the community little or no good. On the other hand, if you put your money in a savings bank or invest it in a good bond, it will

bring you interest and at the same time will help to provide the funds necessary to carry on business.

Keep track of the money you receive and pay out. Have an account book in which you enter every cent you get and spend. If you take the trouble to list all items, you will find, as Franklin says, "how wonderfully, small, trifling expenses mount up to large sums, and you will discover what might have been and may, for the future, be saved without occasioning any great inconvenience."

In connection with your accounts you will find the making of a budget worth while. Estimate your receipts and expenses week by week, month by month, and year by year. A budget will help you to save regularly, to spend wisely, and to invest safely. It will also tell you whether you are making progress in forming habits of thrift.

Waste no time. "Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of," writes Franklin. People usually think of thrift as related only to money and natural resources. But thrift includes also the saving of time, health, and strength. To waste time is, indeed, to waste money, for time is money. To quote Franklin again:

"The way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market. It depends on two words, *Industry* and *Frugality;* that is, waste neither *time* nor *money,* but make the best use of both."

Does Franklin mean, then, that we ought to use all our time in work or study? Not at all. He means that we should not idle our time away, that we ought not to dawdle at anything we undertake. He means merely that we should play when we play, study when we study, work when we work. Waste no time!

Every one, then, can help to save: first, by preventing

waste; second, by repairing losses; and third, by habits of personal thrift. We can all save systematically, spend wisely, invest safely, keep account of our receipts and expenses, have a personal budget, and economize our time We can enrich our own lives and better the lives of others.

Abridged.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Mention savings that you have made, or might make, in each of the six respects explained in the selection.
2. Have you formed the habit of saving? If so, tell how you began. If not, tell how you intend to begin.
3. Tell how you invest your savings. Show how you keep account of the money you receive and the money you spend. Do you plan in advance? How do you make ends meet?

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF SAVING

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION

1. What does it mean to save? Mention three things every one ought to save. Name selections in this unit in which each of the three kinds of saving are explained or illustrated.
2. Our tools, buildings, machinery, and railroads all come from saving. Explain the preceding sentence. Give illustrations from your own community.
3. One of the greatest differences between primitive people like the Indians and civilized people like the English or the Americans, is a difference in savings. Mention facts that support the preceding statement.
4. Which selection in this unit best brings out the need for saving?
5. Here are two proverbs about saving:
   a. A penny saved is a penny earned.
   b. Penny wise, pound foolish.

   Tell what each proverb means. Which is true? Are both correct? Explain.

6. Reread the Foreword (page 222); then find selections in the unit that illustrate each paragraph.

THINGS TO DO

1. Prepare a Bird Book or a Wild Flower Book of the birds or wild flowers in your vicinity. Include drawings or kodak views of the birds or flowers. Write a descriptive paragraph beneath each picture; include such items as the name, colors, earliest appearance, and traits of the bird or flower.
2. Explain the following proverbs of Benjamin Franklin:
   a. One to-day is worth two to-morrows.
   b. Sloth makes all things difficult; industry, easy.
   c. Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.
   d. When prosperity was well-mounted, she let go the bridle, and soon came tumbling out of the saddle.
   e. Never spend your money before you have it.
   f. Waste not, want not.
   g. He shall never want more, who is thankful for, and thrifty with, a little.
3. Tell a story that illustrates one of Franklin's sayings given above.
4. One of the lines in a poem written by Longfellow is as follows: "Think of your woods and orchards without birds!" Explain the results of such a condition, or make up a story about a man who wished there were no birds.
5. Make a budget for the next month showing (1) the money you expect to receive and (2) the expenses and savings you plan.
6. Show how you expect to spend your time during the next week. Copy the form given below, indicating, hour by hour, what you expect to do. Compare with your classmates and if possible improve your plan.

HOURS	ACTIVITIES	TIME SPENT

7. Have a poster contest on thrift. Give your ideas on ways to encourage thrift in your school by preparing a drawing with appropriate slogans. Choose a committee of three teachers to act as judges. Display the best posters on your bulletin-board and in the windows of local banks.
8. If you do not have a savings bank in your school, plan to start one. Choose a member of the class to write for suggestions to the Educational Thrift Service, Woolworth Building, New York City.
9. Arrange a campaign to protect the birds and wild flowers in your community. Write a short composition for publication in your local newspapers. Give a program on birds and flowers before the parents and teachers association. Prepare posters and slogans for display in public places.
10. Have a contest making bird-houses. Erect several bird-houses on the school grounds and at least one near your own home.
11. Plan an Arbor Day program. Provide for the setting out of trees on the school premises and in the neighborhood. Have short speeches by members of the school board or by local officials. Display posters and bird-houses. Prepare songs, recitations, and a short play.

TOPICS FOR FLOOR TALKS OR COMPOSITIONS

1. How I saved an hour.
2. Ways to invest fifty dollars in our community.
3. Birds I like.
4. How I help to prevent waste at home.
5. What the trees do for us.
6. How to get the most out of a dollar.
7. What we do with rags and old paper.
8. Dollars in rubbish.
9. Water power in our community.
10. My favorite wild flower.

IT WAS THE PROUDEST AND HAPPIEST MOMENT OF HER LIFE

[*See p.* 306]

UNAFRAID

I have no fear. What is in store for me
Shall find me ready for it, undismayed.
God grant my only cowardice may be
Afraid—to be afraid.

—E. J. Appleton.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

When the army physician, Dr. Walter Reed, was trying to discover the cause of yellow fever, he was aided by two young soldiers, John Kissinger and John Moran. Kissinger willingly allowed himself to be stung by mosquitoes carrying the fever. Moran volunteered to sleep in the bed clothing of men who had died of the disease. Each exposed himself to death as bravely as any soldier on any battlefield. Both men scorned financial rewards. Do you wonder that Dr. Reed stood before them and said, "Gentlemen, I salute you"?

In this remark, Dr. Reed voiced the admiration we all have for the person who is willing to sacrifice life itself, if need be, for a worthy cause. Courage is often far more than physical daring. Courage is overcoming fear. A rash but foolish act is never a mark of true courage. Real courage avoids unnecessary danger. Real courage does not look for reward. Real heroes see duty to be done and, regardless of consequences, do that duty. Such men and women belong to the Roll of Honor.

READ A BOOK

1. *Wonder-Book of Horses*, by James Baldwin. Century.
   Eighteen tales of winged steeds and war horses.
2. *The Story of Roland*, by James Baldwin. Scribners.
   The deeds of one of the great heroes of France.
3. *Midshipman Farragut*, by James Barnes. Appleton.
   The story of a man who began his service in the United States navy as a midshipman when he was nine years old.
4. *Hero Stories from American History*, by Albert F. Blaisdell and F. H. Ball. Ginn.
   The capture of Fort Vincennes and many other heroic deeds in our national life.
5. *Skyward*, by Richard E. Byrd. Putnam.
   The life of the airman who has sought both the north and the south pole, written by himself.
6. *The Boy's Book of Airmen*, by Irving Crump. Dodd.
   Stories of the daring feats of aviators.
7. *The Book of Courage*, by Hermann Hagedorn. Winston.
   The life stories of thirty of the world's greatest heroes told for boys and girls.
8. *We*, by Charles A. Lindbergh. Putnam.
   The flier's story of his life, and of his flight across the Atlantic.
9. *Courage, a Story*, by Ruth Ogden. Stokes.
   The tale of a twelve-year-old girl and an old sailor who befriended her.
10. *Wonder of War in the Air*, by Frances W. Rolt-Wheeler. Lothrop.
    The heroism of aviators; their thrilling adventures; their danger and daring.
11. *Paul Jones*, by Mollie E. Seawell. Appleton.
    How the naval hero sailed around the British Isles and defied the entire enemy fleet.
12. *American Hero Stories*, by Eva M. Tappan. Houghton.
    The story of America told in the deeds of her greatest men.
13. *The Lone Scout of the Sky*, by James E. West. Winston.
    The true story of Charles A. Lindbergh, his boyhood, and his flight.

CLASS LIBRARY READINGS

1. "Flying Ponies," Margaret F. Fox, *Uncle Sam's Animals*, 18–30.
2. "The King of the Christmas Feast," Elaine Sterne, *Christmas in Storyland*, 163–180.
3. "Sandy's Christmas," Thomas Travis, *ibid.*, 228–238.
4. "Mahmood, the Image-Breaker," Grace H. Kupfer, *Lives and Stories Worth Remembering*, 56–64.
5. "King Hrothgar's Sorrow," *ibid.*, 65–72.
6. "An Arab Chief," *ibid.*, 88–91.
7. "Dr. Marigold," *ibid.*, 130–137.
8. "The Queen of the Indians," *ibid.*, 138–142.
9. "The Little Quaker in Gray," *ibid.*, 188–192.
10. "For Those Who Fail," Joaquin Miller, *This Singing World*, 415.
11. "Little Gulliver," Louisa M. Alcott, *The Treasury Chest of My Bookhouse*, 85–95.
12. "The Secret Door," Susan Coolidge, *ibid.*, 315–326.
13. "Young Midshipman David Farragut," *ibid.*, 354–362.
14. "Leader of Virginia," Walter Lefferts, *Our Country's Leaders and What They Did for America*, 32–37.
15. "The Sailor Who Terrified England," *ibid.*, 74–80.
16. "A Frontier Fighter," *ibid.*, 81–87.
17. "A Friend of Freedom," Floyd L. Darrow, *Thinkers and Doers*, 104–116.
18. "The Airplane in the World War, *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, 1 : 58–59.
19. "The Honor of the Playing Field," *ibid.*, 1 : 253.
20. "Chivalry," *ibid.*, 2 : 573–574.
21. "Courage," *ibid.*, 2 : 907–908.
22. "When Knights Were Bold," *ibid.*, 5 : 1956–1957.

V. *UNAFRAID*

1. THE LONE EAGLE

IRVING CRUMP

Were the dangers faced by the Lone Eagle worth risking? In order to answer this question find (*a*) what the risks were, (*b*) what good could result from meeting them successfully.

"I am Charles A. Lindbergh." As if Paris did not know who he was! Charles Lindbergh, the first man to fly from New York to Paris, thus modestly introduced himself on that memorable day of May 21, 1927. Paris was wild with delight. The cables between France and America, and between France and every other civilized country in the world, were crowded with messages telling of the brave youth's safety. Yet Lindbergh, ignorant of the fame into which he had flown, and without knowing that millions of persons during the preceding thirty-four hours had been praying for his safety, was reaching for his wallet, to present his letters of introduction.

Young Lindbergh, crowd-shy and tired, had captured the imagination of the globe. He was America's hero and the idol of every nation in the world. He had accomplished a feat which had brought to others suffering and death, and he had done it alone.

"It wasn't any picnic." This was his first comment on the perilous trip,—just that. He did not have time to say more at that minute. He was seized by the crowds at the Paris airdrome and carried about on the shoulders of the military men and citizens, until with great difficulty he was rescued.

"Doesn't any one here speak English?" he inquired. Yes, an American newspaper correspondent did, and Lindbergh, conqueror of the Atlantic, grasping the arm of his new-found friend, held closely to it until the American ambassador, Mr. Herrick, had begun his safe conduct to the American Embassy.

"Lindbergh the Lucky," "The Flying Fool," "Slim"—these were but a few of the many nick-names by which Charles Lindbergh became known on account of his perilous flight. Now Lindbergh was not a snob. As a lover of jokes himself, he even liked nicknames, but he did resent having the newspapers call him "Lucky Lindbergh" and "The Flying Fool." He denied that luck had made him victor in his flight; for months he had earnestly prepared for the trip, having superintended even the construction of his plane to the last detail.

Charles Lindbergh was destined to be a farmer. His father had been a member of the House of Representatives from the Little Falls district of Minnesota; but his father was a farmer, too, and after his death, young Lindbergh endeavored to carry on the work. As he guided the plough, his thoughts, however, were elsewhere. The youth's ambitions to become an airman would not down. He completed his course in the Little Falls High School and for a time was a student in the University of Wisconsin, where he entered a course in chemistry. At heart an engineer, his soul could not rest until he had helped to build an airplane and had learned to fly.

Too young to take part in the World War, soon after the armistice Lindbergh determined to enter the Army Air Corps. In his eighteenth year, he journeyed by motorcycle to Kelly Field, in San Antonio, Texas, and enrolled as a cadet for the air service. There he made swift progress, found out that he was naturally a flyer—that he possessed the "bird instinct"—and received his discharge a year later as First Lieutenant

of the Army Reserve Corps. The training he received at Kelly Field gave Lindbergh the groundwork without which success in any calling is impossible.

After receiving his discharge from Kelly Field, he rode his motorcycle to Lambert Field, St. Louis, and obtained employment with an aircraft company. The same year he received a commission as Captain in the Missouri National Guard, and was appointed Flight Commander of the Flying Corps of the State. Later, in the Air Mail Service he learned that he was an aviator. He learned what a plane could do, and what he himself could force the plane to accomplish. The confidence which he gained in himself made him a capable flyer.

While carrying the mails between St. Louis and Chicago, night after night, Captain Lindbergh dreamed of conquering the Atlantic. He had read of Commander Byrd, René Fonck, and Nungesser, and wished to conquer the air as they had done. He had flown in every condition known to man except over the ocean; and how many of the aces of the world knew anything of over-the-ocean flying? Without belittling the accomplishments of others, his supreme confidence told him that he was competent. Flying was his own profession.

Night after night, in clear weather and fog, through rain or snow, for a whole year before his dream became a reality, Lindbergh pondered over the Atlantic flight. How could he do it? He knew it would require money to make the effort. He knew that he would need a specially built plane, but he knew that if he conquered the Atlantic he would have the $25,000 prize to pay back the debts he had made in the enterprise. That illustrates the confidence this youthful aviator had in himself.

He did not speak of his ambitions to many, but went upon

his way, quietly trying to interest a few other men. While riding above the storms during the dark nights with the mails, he thought out the best way to accomplish his aims. He determined to go to the officers of the Robertson Aircraft Company, from whom he had obtained his first employment at Lambert Field, and by whom he had been given his position as Air Mail flyer. A former army man, Major William B. Robertson, president of the firm, was convinced by Lindbergh's belief that he could make the flight; Robertson was so confident of his employee's ability that he told several wealthy residents of St. Louis that it was their duty to provide Captain Lindbergh with the plane required for his trip; he presented Lindbergh's claims so well that he won his point.

In fact, after these men of St. Louis felt that Lindbergh could cross the Atlantic, the only conditions stated were that he should be his own manager, that no second person should be brought in to confuse matters. This was a compliment to his own rare judgment. From boyhood, he had been the "Lone Eagle." Everything that he had done in his life had been done alone; he had maintained his confidence in this ability by flying alone with the mail.

A youth by the name of Donald Hall, who came from Brooklyn, designed a plane for him; Lindbergh actively supervised every step of the construction. He and Hall planned just the craft that Lindbergh wanted. In all particulars it was like the plane regularly made by the Ryan Company, except that Lindbergh and Hall added ten feet to the wingspread, and placed the fuel tank under the wing. They placed the cockpit behind, making it necessary for the pilot to use periscopes to see ahead of him.

Experts said the Spirit of St. Louis was the oddest looking aircraft, from the cockpit, anyway, that they had ever seen.

When Lindbergh tested the plane and found that it met every requirement, he sent in his entry for the $25,000 Orteig prize. Accustomed to making his own decisions, he was not greatly interested in what others thought about his intended flight.

On May 9, 1927, he mounted his machine, which he had

From a photograph © Times Wide World.

COLONEL LINDBERGH AND THE SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS AT CURTIS FIELD BEFORE THE START OF THE ATLANTIC FLIGHT

named *The Spirit of St. Louis*, and set off from San Diego, California, where the plane was made, to New York. After fourteen hours and five minutes in the air, he made his first stop at St. Louis to let his backers see the ship.

Until that time no one outside of the Army and the Postal Service knew much about Lindbergh. As a matter of fact, he was not taken very seriously. Every one asked how such

an obscure person could attempt to compete with notables like Byrd, Chamberlin, Fonck, or with such men as Nungesser and Coli.

Yet aviators and the public in general began to stir themselves when they learned about Lindbergh's flight from San Diego to St. Louis in record time, and this by a mere mail pilot who knew little about navigation. They marvelled that he had reached St. Louis and had been only fifteen miles out of the true course.

On this flight his compass had been so faulty that he had not been able to place any faith in it. He had carried no instrument to indicate the drift of his machine, another important factor in both ships of the sea and ships of the air. Indeed, this wonderful accomplishment under difficulties made the youthful flyer respected by experienced flyers. While they did not believe he could cross the ocean as a "lone eagle," they conceded that he was a natural flyer. He rested overnight at St. Louis after his feat, and the next day, May 11, 1926, he sped away for Curtiss Field, New York, where he arrived after having been in the air but seven hours and eleven minutes.

Then New York and all of the contenders for the Orteig prize could see him, and seeing, realized that this youth they had heard about did actually exist. This boy who could fly by day or night, in all sorts of weather even with faulty compasses, could instinctively reach his goal.

When Friday, May 20, 1927, arrived, Lindbergh was ready to go; rain and chill weather did not change his determination; neither did the fact that he had had no sleep during the previous night. He clambered into the blind cockpit of his plane, where all of his seeing must be done by means of instruments, sat down in the little wicker seat, poked his head out and said, "So long."

That was Lindbergh, the confident. He acted as if he were starting to cross a lake in a motor boat, or going for a ride into the country. No cheering Godspeeds or yells for him; just "So long."

The Lone Eagle and *The Spirit of St. Louis* were on their way to France.

From that moment until he landed at the Paris airdrome, Lindbergh had the fervent prayers of all the world. Some said that the hum of his motor would hypnotize him, would lull him to sleep before he ever reached his goal. Others were certain that a single-motored plane would never have the endurance to make the flight of two thousand miles. Still others sincerely believed that a man who carried no sextant could never find his way from New York to Paris alone. Then, too, the weather experts served to spread gloom. They expected storms and believed that the pilot would not be able to weather them.

Lindbergh had barely left Newfoundland when a terrific sleet storm broke. The pilot was beset on all sides by the elements. Howling, wind-driven particles of ice were above him and below him. They meant peril, and, for all he knew, death, for nothing is more dangerous to aircraft than sleet. This is an element that is not shed readily, like rain; it sticks fast wherever it lands. The weight of sleet upon the wings of a plane causes them to curl downward, thus taking the craft out of the aviator's control. The weight of the sleet on Lindbergh's plane was tremendous. He has confessed that he really had a strong desire at this point to turn back. But he decided that to turn back would not necessarily mean safety because he would still be in the storm; he reasoned that perhaps to go on would be just as safe. He continued on his way.

First, he climbed to an altitude of more than ten thousand feet, but still he could not rise above the storm. Then he

almost skimmed the surface of the water, but still could find no escape from the peril. As night began to fall he approached fields of icebergs, which he could see plainly. Their nearness made him rise to a good height again, because he did not wish to end his flight by a collision. He climbed to about twelve thousand feet, and, to his relief, found that he had risen above the sleet. If he had been another hour in the storm, he might never have been heard from again.

The cold at twelve thousand feet is intense, but Captain Lindbergh was well equipped with clothing, and while the frost nipped at him, he did not mind it greatly. His long practice in flying the United States mail under similar conditions stood him in good stead.

His plane, not equipped with radio, could not signal to the ships at sea. People could do nothing but wait for the hour when he should be sighted. If he was seen, all would be well; if not, the world would have to wait for tidings or remain forever baffled by the same sort of mystery that enshrouded the French flyers who had been lost a few days before. Every ship at sea was under orders to watch for the plane, but as Lindbergh was flying out of the regular transatlantic lane, not much news was expected from that source.

In the early afternoon of the next day, May 21, a fleet of fishing boats far off the Irish coast received a thrill when a plane came down from the skies with a roar, flew so close to some of them that they feared disaster, and then flew away again with a deafening roar. If they only had known, the aviator in the plane was Lindbergh, who had yelled to them from his cockpit an inquiry as to the direction in which Ireland lay. He had forgotten, in his earnestness, that they would not hear his voice above the roar of his engine, and that if they could, he would not hear their response.

Nevertheless, Captain Lindbergh was on the correct route and flying in the true direction. About one hour later he was over Ireland. He was so joyous at seeing land again that he flew low to drink in all of the scenery his limited field of vision would permit. He knew where he was—he had the map of Ireland spread out before him—and from that point forward he had no need to worry about direction. The landmarks indicated in his charts were appearing beneath him regularly, and he had daylight for the rest of his trip. He had fought and won his battle in the dark over the broad Atlantic. Now the daylight was to be his until almost the end of his historic flight.

Over Ireland and England he flew rather low in order that he might be sighted, crossed the English Channel, and arrived over French territory for the first time near Cherbourg. Then he gave himself a great thrill by finding the Seine River, recognizing it, and following it all the way to Paris.

When about sixty miles away from the great city, he saw rockets and other signal lights, and realized that they were meant as guides for him. Finally, he found the Eiffel Tower, near Paris, and from that point looked around for a landing field.

He became confused, because in France both the flood lights and the beacon lights at the flying field are lighted, whereas in America, when a pilot is expected to land, the beacons are dimmed and only the flood lights show where the landing is to be made. Therefore, instead of descending, he sped away and encircled Paris, looking for another landing place. His search was unsuccessful and he concluded that the first field he had seen was his destination.

Two minutes later Lindbergh and *The Spirit of St. Louis* had descended into fame.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Make a list of the risks Lindbergh had to face.
2. What evidence in the account shows careful preparations to avoid dangers so far as possible? Explain why forethought is an important element in real courage.
3. What is the difference between Lindbergh and an aviator who flies across an ocean in order to secure movie contracts? What idea of real courage is illustrated in your answer?
4. Make a list of the services that air navigation can render.

DISCOVERIES

1. Find Charles A. Lindbergh's book called *We*. Find the parts in that book which tell of his preparation for the flight. Discover whether Lindbergh's account agrees with this.
2. In the bound volume of the magazines of June and July, 1927, in your city library, you may find accounts of Lindbergh's arrival and reception in Paris. Prepare to tell the class about his welcome in Paris.
3. Find in a bound magazine of October, 1928, an account of the journey of the *Graf Zeppelin*, made in that month. Prepare to tell the class about the courage of the mechanics who repaired the damaged ship while in full flight.
4. Find pictures of aviators and aviation; bring them to class and tell about them.

ADDITIONAL READINGS

"The Exploit of Captain Lindbergh," by T. C. Bridges and W. H. Tiltman, in *Heroes of Modern Adventure*, 268–277. Little.

"Captain E. R. G. Evans," *ibid.*, 71–87.

"The Man Who Walked Across Africa," by Eric Wood, in *The Young Folks Treasury*, 7: 223–227.

"Theodore Roosevelt, the Man Who Overcame," by Mary Wade in *Real Americans*, 1–11. Little.

2. A KNIGHT OF THE NORTH

FULLERTON F. WALDO

Sixth grade pupils should be able to read a selection like this silently in twelve minutes. But this time read more slowly than usual because of the request made in the next sentence.

Try to see very clearly all of the separate pictures or scenes in the order presented. Look especially for the saddest picture toward the end of the story.

"Oh, Doctor, Doctor!"

Doctor Grenfell turned to see who called him.

"Doctor," panted a small messenger, "I came to the hospital to fetch ye. There's a man with the dogs, from sixty miles away down to the south. He says they must have a doctor right away or the boy'll die."

The doctor put his hand on the little fellow's shoulder. "Who is sick?"

"I dunno, Doctor, but he's wonderful sick. He'll die unless ye come."

The doctor thought a moment; then he remembered. The sick person was a young man on whom he had operated two weeks before, for a bone disease eating away his thigh. Those who had tried to help him had closed up the wound, and poison had collected. Probably the leg would have to be taken off.

Knowing that every minute counted, the doctor went to his kennels and picked out his sturdiest dog-team. The dogs whined and pawed and jumped up and down, eager to be chosen. The real "husky" hates to loaf, except when he has come in from a long, hard run late at night and has had his meal of fish. He wants to be at work all the time. When

the sled is loaded, the dogs must be tied up tight or they will dart away at breakneck speed and perhaps upset everything.

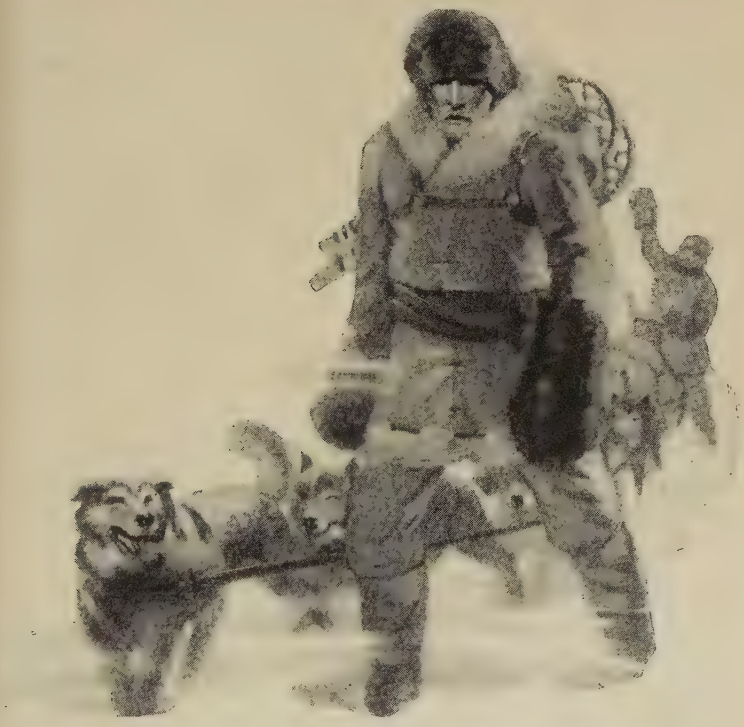
With a personal affection Dr. Grenfell loved every one of the beasts that would take him on the long haul to save the young man's life. First came "Brin," by common consent the surest leader anywhere on the coast. The strongest dog of the team, big and affectionate and playful, was "Doc." "Spy" was a black and white dog whose muscles were like small wire ropes, and "Moody," now three years old, was a black-and-tan named for Dr. Grenfell's friend, Will Moody. "Moody" had the reputation of never looking behind him; he was eager to go on to the bitter end. The youngest dog of the team, named "Watch," had beautiful soft eyes, a Gordon setter coat, and long legs capable of carrying him over the frozen crust at tremendous speed. Then came "Sue," the most wolf-like of the lot—black as jet; her pointed ears were standing question-marks for further orders. "Jerry" was a perfect lady, quick on her feet as a dancer, and so fond of play that she often tipped the doctor over when he had a boxing-bout with her, and sent him sprawling in the snow.

"Jack," a black dog with the appearance and the ways of a retriever, who had "Moody's" good habit of going straight on without turning to see who followed, was put in the position of trust, nearest the sled. He liked to run with his nose close to the ground. Nothing that the trail or the snow-crust could tell any wise "husky" was a secret to the keen scent of this gentle-natured fellow.

Do you wonder that Dr. Grenfell was proud of these four-legged helpers, and that he gave them the tender care one bestows on children? An accident to any of them grieved him to the heart.

Since it was late April, and the melting ice might mean a

soaking any moment, Grenfell carried a spare outfit,—a change of clothes, an oilskin suit, snowshoes, an axe, a rifle, and a compass. He knew that he could not stop and replace any of



HIS PICKED TEAM OF YOUNG, STRONG DOGS WERE HUSTLERS

these supplies, if he should lose them. The doctor, the most daring skipper of a boat or driver of a sled along the coast, took no chances with poor equipment.

Though the messenger who came for help had broken the trail on the up journey, he preferred to fall in behind the

doctor on the down trip. He knew that the physician would travel like the wind. He felt a certain security and comfort in letting him take the lead. People often travel in Grenfell's wake, willing to let him make the hard choices and take the daring chances. But a good reason for Grenfell's going first this time was that his picked team of young, strong dogs were hustlers, whom it would be impossible to hold back, while the other dogs were heavier and slower.

The rain began to fall. When Grenfell got under way, the going was so treacherous that he could not cut straight across the bay as he wished. He had to keep closer to the land. The sea had risen in its wrath and had tossed about the pans of ice, so that wide spaces appeared between them; half a mile out from the shore the water was open.

Far out from the shore lay an island. By a daring series of jumps across the cracks, the dogs, as bold as their master, hauling the sled as though it were a load of feathers, Grenfell reached the island. There he made the dogs rest, a hard thing to do, while he looked about him to study the next lap of the journey. He knew that a certain rocky headland was four miles away. Dare he venture out on that uncertain field of ice? That would save several miles over the more prudent course alongshore. So far as he could see, the ice looked as though it would hold up the sled. The surface was rough, but a hardened voyager with a dog-team is accustomed to a hummocky road. Apparently the sea had torn up the ice as men tear up the paving blocks in a city street, and then had thrown the bits together to make a hard mass that men and dogs could surely trust. The strong wind seemed to have packed the ice and the intense cold of the night, the doctor supposed, had frozen it solid. Man and team started for the waiting patient by the shorter route.

The wind died down, and Grenfell found that he was deep in what is known as "sish," soft ice as mushy as the name sounds. The sish was like oatmeal and it must have been many feet deep. On top was a thin coating of new ice, through which Grenfell's whip-handle easily pierced.

"Sish" ice is composed of the small fragments chipped off the floes after the pounding and grinding between the millstones of the great winds and the heavy seas. The changing wind now blew from offshore, and instead of packing the ice together, was driving it apart. The packed "slob" was "running abroad," as the fisherfolk say. The ice-pans were so small that hardly one was as large as a table-top.

While Grenfell was making these observations, the team had come to a halt on one of the tiny ice-pans, and with the other pans floating about as the entire sheet was breaking up, the peril was evident. To go back was not possible; the way was cut off by the widening spaces between the pans. Only about a quarter of a mile was left between their pan and the shore. Grenfell threw off his oilskins, knelt by the side of the sled, and ordered the dogs to make for the shore.

Only the greatest danger can frighten a husky. Grenfell's dogs, after about twenty yards of half-wading, half-swimming, became thoroughly frightened. They stopped, and the sled sank into the ice. With the sled in the freezing water, the dogs had to pull hard, and now they too began to sink.

Not long before, a man had been drowned by becoming tangled in the dogs' traces in just such a place as this. To avoid that danger, Grenfell drew out his knife, and cut the traces under the water. But he still kept hold of the leader's trace, which he wound about his wrist.

In the water not a piece of ice was to be seen in which dogs or driver could put their trust. The dogs were as eager as

their master to find something to which to cling. Care-free and jolly as they had been hitherto, they knew as well as he that death by drowning stared their little company in the face.

About twenty-five yards away was floating a big lump of snow, such as children put up when they mean to make a snow-man. The leading dog, "Brin," as he wallowed forward, managed to reach the lump of snow at the end of his long trace of sixty feet. "Brin" had black marks on his face, which made him look as though he were laughing all the time, like one who finds this world a grand, good joke. When he clambered out on the hummock he shook his coat and turned round and gazed at his master.

"He seemed to be grinning at me," said the doctor.

But the danger was no laughing matter for the other dogs, floundering about.

Grenfell hauled himself along toward "Brin" by means of the trace still attached to his wrist. But suddenly "Brin" stepped out of his harness, and then the doctor found himself sprawling in the water, with no means of reaching the place where "Brin" had found temporary safety.

Grenfell thought that he must surely die. He had looked death in the eyes before, but death had decided to go by. This time he did not see how he could possibly escape. He did not feel any great alarm. In fact, he became drowsy, and thought how easy it would be just to fall asleep and forget everything, as the icy water chilled and numbed his senses. He was like the weary traveler who drops into the snow-bank, over whom drowsiness steals by slow degrees.

Suddenly Grenfell caught sight of a big dog that had gone through the ice and was pulling the trace after him in a desperate effort to reach the hummock on which "Brin" was

sitting. Grenfell grabbed the trace, and hauled himself along after the animal. He calls this "using the dog as a bow anchor."

But the other dogs following this poor beast's example crowded and jostled the doctor so that he could scarcely hold on. One of the dogs, in fact, climbed on his shoulder, much as a drowning man in his desperation will throw his arms round the neck of a rescuer. This pushed Grenfell still deeper into the ice. Would his energy hold out in that frigid water?

As they say on the football field, Grenfell now had only three yards to gain. By a mighty effort he drew himself toward his living anchor and climbed up on the piece of slob ice. He rested a moment to draw breath, and then began to haul his beloved dogs one after another up to a place beside him. They swam and panted through the lane in the ice that he had broken, seeming to understand perfectly that their master was trying to save them, even though they had lost their heads and had almost drowned him.

They could not all remain on that small, treacherous lump of ice; it might break in pieces at any moment with the combined weight of dogs and driver. Moreover, the ice-pan was slowly drifting with the tide out to the open sea, where all hope would be lost. Grenfell knew that if he were to save his team and himself—they were always in his thoughts—he must act instantly.

Fortunately, when the doctor cut the dogs away from the sled, he had not lost his knife; he had tied it to the back of one of the dogs. There it was still. The work of a joyful moment untied it, and the doctor fell to work cutting from the dogs' harness the sealskin traces that remained. He strung them together to make two long lines. His overalls, coat, hat and gloves were gone, but he still had his sealskin hip-boots.

He took these off, shook them free from ice and water, and tied them on the backs of "Brin" and another dog. Then he fastened the lines to the two animals, tying the near ends round his wrists.

"Hist!" he shouted—the signal to go on; but the dogs refused to budge. They were setting their own wits against their master's. Such dogs believe they know their business. They saw no proper place to go. Why should they dash into the icy water for the sake of reaching another pan not much bigger than their own? If land were in reach, that would be another story. Thus they must have reasoned, in their dog fashion. They were devoted and obedient, but even their faith had limits.

Three times Grenfell threw the dogs off the pan. Each time they struggled back upon it; and their master could not blame them.

"This is really the end!" Grenfell told himself. "We never shall get out."

Just as a boy sometimes comes to the rescue when a man has failed, a small dog may play the hero when a big one quits. That was the case here. The smallest dog of the lot, "Jack," was the hero. He was so small, that he was not taken very seriously for his hauling power, but in hunting, he was the best in the lot; he carried the game when Dr. Grenfell went out with a gun. Here was a chance for Jack to show the stuff that was in his black, rough hide.

"Jack!" said the doctor. "Hist! Hist!" He pointed to the other pan, and threw a piece of ice in that direction.

"Jack" understood and instantly obeyed. In a moment, his paws carried his small body through and over the rotten mush. Since he was the lightest of the lot, he scarcely sank below the surface as he went.

When he arrived he turned about, wagging his tail as a flag-signal, his tongue lolling out, his whole attitude seeming to say, "Well, aren't you pleased with me?"

"Lie down!" shouted Grenfell, and the dog at once obeyed —a little black fuzz ball on the white setting.

"Jack's" trip was an object lesson to "Brin" and the other dogs. The next time Grenfell threw them off they made directly for the other pan. The fight to get there was hard, but they must have said to themselves: "What dog has done, dog can do. If that little fellow can turn the trick, so can we." They plashed and floundered through, their heads barely above the waves, and the salt spray in their eyes, till they had carried the lines across. The traces had been tied to them so securely that they could not come off when the doctor pulled with the weight of his body against the lines.

He took as much of a run as he could get in the few feet from side to side of the pan, and dived headlong into the "slob." During the long, hard pull, the lines held, and the dogs too, so that presently he found himself scrambling up beside them on the other pan where they were waiting with little "Jack."

To his disappointment, Dr. Grenfell found that the pan to which they now clung was, if anything, worse than the spot they had left. This one could not hold them all. There were eight dogs. Dr. Grenfell had to make the hardest of all decisions, a choice between his own life and the lives of some of the animals he loved so well. He looked at his dogs. They were his good friends, his faithful comrades. Yet he had no other chance. The load must be lightened; he must get skins to keep him warm. With a sad heart he killed three of the dogs.

With the three warm skins wrapped about him, he curled

up close to the biggest dog and slept. Thus Grenfell and his dogs spent the long, cold night.

Daybreak came at last. No more welcome sight, except that of men to the rescue, could there have been than the face of the rising sun. When he ran up his shirt as a flag, he found that the cold had lessened. His skeleton flagpole, as he tried to wave it, bent and buckled, but he found that with it he could raise his shirt-flag three or four feet over his head. The least additional height meant much to his slim chance of being seen from the shore.

He saw something that made his heart stand still an instant. Was it, could it be, the glitter of an oar blade rising and falling? As he raised his "flag" again, however, the glitter seemed to him more distinct. It seemed to be coming nearer.

To his delight, he could see that his rescuers by this time were waving back in answer to his signals. Presently he could hear them shouting: "Don't get excited! Keep on the pan where you are!"

They were far more excited than he, for to be saved now seemed as natural to Grenfell as, a little while before, it had seemed to perish, where so many good men had been swallowed up before him, as they went about their duty in great waters. Nearer and nearer the rescuers came until the nose of their boat was thrust into the soft edge of the pan, as a dog's muzzle is thrust into a man's hand.

The man in the bow jumped from the boat and took both of the doctor's hands. Neither said a word. At such moments men do not care much to speak. They are too deeply moved. But the tears rolled down the cheeks of the honest fisherman.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. What was Grenfell's purpose on this trip? Did his purpose have any influence on your feeling as to his courage? Suppose he had been hunting or fishing just for sport. What had he to gain by the trip?
2. Why did Dr. Grenfell choose "the shortest route to the waiting patient" rather than take "the prudent course"?
3. What mental pictures did you make; in what order? What is the saddest picture? What feelings were in Dr. Grenfell's heart at that time?
4. Explain the conditions of greatest danger. Some one read the paragraphs that describe them. Make rough drawings on the blackboard to show what Grenfell and the dogs had to do.
5. What actions of Grenfell show the greatest courage? Were the dogs cowardly? Explain.
6. Describe a picture an artist might draw to illustrate one scene in this story.

FLOOR TALKS

1. Tell about an act of bravery shown by a dog or some other animal.
2. Describe a picture you would draw to illustrate the heroism of "Jack."

VOLUNTEER WORK

1. Read *Grenfell: Knight Errant of the North*, by F. Waldo, to find out whether Dr. Grenfell reached the patient whom he set out to help.
2. The most famous dog team of recent years carried diphtheria serum to Nome in 1927. Reread the selection on page 324 in *Reading and Living, Book II*, and compare the

reliability and courage of the two dog teams. Notice particularly the taking of "the shortest route" in that story.

3. Write one short paragraph telling why you think Dr. Grenfell was a courageous man.
4. Make up the plan of a story of a brave dog, or of some other brave animal.
5. Read a dog story in one of the books named on page 320 to find one act of bravery.

LIBRARY READING: COURAGE AND SERVICE

Dr. Grenfell's Parish, N. Duncan. Revell.
Dr. Luke of the Labrador, N. Duncan. Revell.
Every Day Heroes, Retold from St. Nicholas, C. L. Barstow. Century.
Forest Runners, J. A. Altsheler. Appleton.
Heroes of Every Day Life, F. E. Coe. Ginn.
Johnny Appleseed, E. S. Atkinson. Harper.
Work-a-Day Heroes, C. C. Fraser. Crowell.

3. WHO WAS THE HERO?

DILLON WALLACE

Read the story quickly to determine your answer to the question asked in the title. Keep a record of the number of minutes you need to do the reading.

Skipper Ed and the two lads, Bobby and Jimmy, were off on a great adventure—hunting seals. The day was very cold; Skipper Ed judged that the temperature must have been at least fifty degrees below zero, and that the temperature of even the unfrozen sea water was well below the freezing point. Once or twice, indeed, in spite of their enthusiasm, the hunters retired to the *igloo*, where a lamp was kept burning, to warm themselves.

Late in the afternoon Jimmy wounded a seal which dove

deep into the water. He seized a harpoon, but the seal rose to the surface so far away that the line could not reach it.

"Here!" shouted Bobby, laying down his gun and grabbing a paddle which he had brought for such an emergency, "jump on this pan. I'll paddle you out to get him."

The two boys sprang upon a small pan, and, using it as a raft, Bobby paddled a few yards.

"There! There!" shouted Bobby. "There he is He's almost dead. You can get him!"

Jimmy jumped to the side of the pan upon which Bobby was kneeling with his paddle. Poising the harpoon, Jimmy was about to cast it, when the pan, too heavily weighted on that side, began slowly to turn. Bobby did not see this, but Jimmy did.

"Don't move!" shouted Jimmy. "Stay where you are!"

Without hesitation, Jimmy slipped from the pan into the icy sea, though he knew there was small chance for him to swim. Overcome by the shock of the cold, he sank beneath the waves.

Relieved of Jimmy's weight, the pan righted itself, and Bobby, realizing what Jimmy had done for his sake, stood bewildered and stunned, gazing blankly at the spot where Jimmy had sunk.

Bobby's bewilderment was for a moment only. After his manner in times of danger, he thought quickly, and acted instantly. Seizing the harpoon which Jimmy had dropped upon the ice, he gave a yell that brought Skipper Ed to the water's edge in a hurry. By this time, Bobby had thrown off his scarf and his mittens and was knotting the loose end of the harpoon line around his waist. Grasping the harpoon, he cast it upon the main ice, with the command to the Skipper:

"Grab it, and hold it!"

"What has happened? Where is Jimmy?" gasped Skipper Ed.

"In there! Stand by and help!" called Bobby, who had not looked away from the dark water in which Jimmy had disappeared, except for the instant when he threw his harpoon to Skipper Ed.

Presently Jimmy, hampered by his scarf, weakly struggled to the surface, already overcome by the bitter cold. Bobby instantly sprang after him, seized him about the waist, and held him with the desperation of one who fights with death. After a moment's struggle both lads went down.

Skipper Ed understanding Bobby's suddenly formed plan of rescue, pulled with all his strength upon the line. As he pulled, Bobby, still grasping Jimmy about the body, rose again to the surface. Skipper Ed immediately gave a heave to the line, hauled them to him, seized them, and drew them upon the ice.

Jimmy had already lost consciousness. Bobby was so overcome by the shock that he could scarcely speak. Skipper Ed, lifting Jimmy into his arms, ran with him to the *igloo*, calling to Bobby as he did so:

"Come! Run! Run, or you'll freeze!"

Bobby tried to run—tried very hard—but fell. The water froze like a coat of mail upon his body. He rose, but his legs refused to move, and again he fell. When Skipper Ed, who came running back after he had dragged Jimmy into the *igloo*, reached Bobby he found him on his hands and knees and nearly helpless.

"Come!" he shouted into Bobby's ear, putting his arm around Bobby's body and lifting him to his feet. "Come, lad! Don't give up!" he encouraged, half dragging the boy forward and pushing him into the *igloo*.

"Undress, Bobby! Get into your sleeping bag!" he commanded.

SKIPPER ED PULLED WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH UPON THE LINE

"Jimmy—Jimmy—" said Bobby, in a voice which he hardly recognized as his own.

"I'll take care of Jimmy," broke in Skipper Ed. "Get into your sleeping-bag! Quick!"

In a dazed manner Bobby obeyed.

Fortunately the stone lamp was burning. Skipper Ed

closed the door of the *igloo* with a block of snow, and working rapidly, stripped off Jimmy's clothing, wrapped him in a caribou skin, turned him upon his face, and began to work with artificial respiration to restore him to consciousness.

Jimmy responded quickly to the treatment, for he was suffering from shock rather than from the amount of water that had entered his lungs. In a little while Skipper Ed was gratified to observe that he was breathing naturally and making an effort to speak.

"Where's—Bobby?" he asked faintly.

"Bobby's safe," said Skipper Ed with a choke in his voice. "Bobby pulled you out, Partner."

Without delay Skipper Ed tucked Jimmy into his sleeping-bag, and wrapped an additional skin around each of the boys. Next he brewed some hot tea, which he forced them to drink. He told them to do no talking, but in spite of the order Bobby asked:

"Is Jimmy all right?"

"He's all right," reassured Skipper Ed, "as snug as can be, in his bag. Now don't say another word until I give you permission. Go to sleep."

He filled his pipe, and sat for two hours, smoking and thinking. He did not yet know the full story of the accident. He only knew that Jimmy had in some manner fallen into the water, and that Bobby by quick thought and quick action had saved his comrade.

"They're both as tough as nuts or they never would have come out of that dip so well," he said to himself. "Bobby's a hero, as unselfish as the day is long."

"Skipper!" Bobby was awake and Skipper Ed's musings were at an end.

"Yes, son." He called Bobby "son."

"I'm all right, Skipper," declared Bobby, "I'm going to get out of my bag right now. I'm so hungry I'll be eating it if I don't."

"Stay where you are!" commanded Skipper Ed. "I'll feed you right there. I have some fresh seal meat all cooked, and I'll make tea."

"Is Jimmy asleep, and is he all right?"

"Yes, he's sleeping, I've no doubt he'll be all right in a day or two."

"Skipper," said Bobby, as Skipper Ed threw a handful of tea into the tea-kettle, "do you know what Jimmy did?"

"Why, yes. He fell into the sea, and would have perished if you hadn't been so prompt in making yourself into a human fishhook."

"What I did any one would have done," declared Bobby. "But when that cake of ice began to turn over, Jimmy jumped into the water to save me. If we'd both gone in we'd both have drowned, for we couldn't have got out with our *netseks* on in that paralyzing cold. Jimmy knew it; he just jumped in to save me. I'm sure he did not expect to get out himself. That's the greatest deed anybody could have done."

"Jumped in to save you? My other partner a hero, too! I knew it was in him. You're a pair of the bravest chaps I ever knew, and I'm proud of you both," and Skipper Ed's voice sounded strange and choky.

"Oh, it was nothing for me to do! I was safe on the end of the line! I was sure of getting out, but Jimmy!"

"Here," said Skipper Ed, "is some tender seal meat and a hard biscuit. Drink this hot tea. It's good for you. Stop talking now. I know what you did, you young husky."

Bobby laughed, and sipped the steaming tea.

Jimmy always said that he would have gone into the water

anyhow when the ice turned over and that he deserved no credit for what he did, but that Bobby had done a very brave act. Bobby, however, insisted that Jimmy, who had risked his life to save his, was the bravest chap in the world. Skipper Ed believed that both lads were heroes.

READING TEST

Choose the correct ending for each of these statements:

1. The skipper and the two boys were
   a. on a fishing trip.
   b. hunting seal.
   c. hunting deer.
2. The temperature of the sea water was
   a. below the freezing point.
   b. fifty degrees below zero.
   c. above the freezing point.
3. Jimmie slipped from the ice pan into the water
   a. to harpoon a seal.
   b. by accident.
   c. to save Bobby's life.
4. Bobby jumped into the water
   a. without stopping to plan.
   b. after fastening the harpoon line around his waist.
   c. as the ice pan sank.
5. Bobby saved Jimmie
   a. by swimming with him to shore.
   b. with the help of the skipper.
   c. by tying the harpoon line around Jimmie's waist.
6. The skipper carried
   a. Jimmie into the *igloo* while Bobby walked by his side.
   b. Bobby into the *igloo* while Jimmie lay on the ice.
   c. Jimmie into the *igloo,* then returned after Bobby.

7. The skipper restored Jimmie to consciousness by
   a. putting him in a sleeping-bag.
   b. use of medicine.
   c. using artificial respiration.
8. Jimmie responded to treatment
   a. quickly.
   b. slowly.
   c. after many hours.
9. Jimmie suffered mostly from
   a. the large amount of water on his lungs.
   b. shock.
   c. a cut on his head.

Making Your Reading Record.—There are 1,388 words in the story. To find your reading rate divide 1,388 by the number of minutes you took to read the story. Check with your classmates to find how many of the statements you completed correctly. Record your findings in your note-book in the form given on page 136.

Compare this record with records made in previous tests.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

CLASS DISCUSSION

1. Who was the hero?
2. How does the purpose of the boys affect the bravery shown?
3. What actions in this story required the quickest thinking on the part of the boys?
4. Make another title for the story.
5. Suggest another ending for the story.

VOLUNTEER WORK

1. Make up a story about Indian or Eskimo children in which a girl shows heroism.
2. Find Eastman's *Indian Boyhood;* tell the class about the incident in that book which reveals the greatest courage.
3. Three boys dramatize the scene in the *igloo* after the rescue.

4. BETTY'S RIDE: A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION

HENRY S. CANBY

As you read make titles for the main parts into which the author has divided the story.

I

The sun was just rising and showering his first rays on the roof and stone walls of a house surrounded by a magnificent grove of walnut trees, and overlooking one of the beautiful valleys so common in southeastern Pennsylvania. Close by the house, and shaded by the same great trees, stood a low building, whose time-stained bricks and timbers green with moss told of its age without the aid of the inscription over the door, which read, "Built A. D. 1720." One familiar with the country would know the building to be a Quaker meeting-house, dating back almost to the time of William Penn.

When Ezra Dale had become the leader of the little band of Quakers which gathered here every First Day, he had built the house under the walnut trees, and had taken his wife, Ann, and his little daughter, Betty, to live there. That was in 1770, seven years earlier, and before war had wrought sorrow and desolation throughout the country.

The sun rose higher. Just as his beams touched the broad stone step in front of the house the door opened, Ann Dale, a sweet-faced woman in the plain Quaker garb, came out, followed by Betty, a little blue-eyed Quakeress of twelve years, with a gleam of spirit in her face which ill became her plain dress.

"Betty," said her mother, as they walked out toward the

great horse-block by the roadside, "thee must keep house to-day. Friend Robert has just sent thy father word that the redcoats have not crossed Brandywine since Third Day last, and thy father and I will ride to Chester to-day, that there may be other than corn-cakes and bacon for the Friends who come to us after monthly meeting. Mind thee keeps near the house and finishes thy sampler."

"Yes, mother," said Betty; "but will thee not come home early? I shall miss thee sadly."

Just then Ezra appeared, wearing his Quaker coat, and leading a horse saddled with a great blanket, upon which Ann climbed after her husband. With a final warning and "Farewell" to Betty, she clasped him tightly around the waist lest she should be jolted off as they jogged down the rough and winding lane into the broad Chester highway.

Friend Ann had many reasons for fearing to leave Betty alone for a whole day, and she looked back anxiously at her waving farewell with her little bonnet.

It was a troublous time.

The Revolutionary War was at its height, and the British, who a short time before had landed their army near Elkton, Maryland, were now encamped near White Clay Creek, while Washington occupied the country bordering on the Brandywine River. His force, however, was small compared to the extent of the country to be guarded, and bands of the British sometimes crossed the Brandywine and foraged in the fertile counties of Delaware and Chester. Betty's father, although a Quaker, was known to be a patriot, and he had to suffer the fortunes of war with his neighbors.

Thus it was with many fears that Betty's mother watched the slight figure under the spreading branches of a great chestnut, which seemed to rustle its leaves as if to promise

protection to the little maid. However, the sun shone brightly, the swallows chirped as they circled over head, and nothing seemed farther off than battle and bloodshed.

Betty skipped merrily into the house, and snatching up some broken corn-cake left from the morning meal, ran lightly out to the lot where Daisy was kept, her own horse, which she had helped to raise from a colt.

"Come thee here, Daisy," she said, as she seated herself on the top rail of the mossy snake fence. "Come thee here, and thee shall have some of thy mistress's corn-cake. Ah! I thought thee would like it. Now go and eat all thee can of this good grass, for if the wicked redcoats come again, thee will not have another chance, I can tell thee."

Daisy whinnied and trotted off, while Betty, feeding the few chickens—sadly reduced in numbers by the raids of the British soldiers—returned to the house, and getting her sampler, sat down under a walnut tree to sew on the task which her mother had given her.

II

All was quiet save the chattering of the squirrels overhead and the drowsy hum of the bees, when from around the curve in the road she heard a shot; then another nearer, and then a voice shouting commands, and the thud of hoof-beats farther down the valley. She jumped up with a cry:

"The redcoats! The redcoats! Oh, what shall I do?"

Just then the foremost of a scattered band of soldiers, their buff and blue uniforms showing them to be Americans, appeared in full flight around the curve in the road, and springing over the fence, dashed across the pasture straight for the meetinghouse. Through the broad gateway they poured, and

forcing open the door of the meetinghouse, rushed within and began to barricade the windows.

Their leader paused while his men passed in, and seeing Betty, came quickly toward her.

"What do you here, child?" he said hurriedly. "Go quickly, before the British reach us, and tell your father that, Quaker or no Quaker, he shall ride to Washington, on the Brandywine, and tell him that we, only one hundred men, are besieged by three hundred British cavalry in Chichester Meetinghouse, with but little powder left. Tell him to make all haste to us."

Turning, he hastened into the meetinghouse, now converted into a fort, and as the doors closed behind him Betty saw a black muzzle protruding from every window.

With trembling fingers the little maid picked up her sampler, and as the thud of horses' hoofs grew louder and louder, she ran fearfully into the house, locked and bolted the massive door, and then flying up the broad stairs, she seated herself in a little window overlooking the meetinghouse yard. She had gone into the house none too soon. Up the road, with their red coats gleaming and their harness jangling, swept a troop of British cavalry, never stopping until they reached the meetinghouse—and then it was too late.

A sheet of flame shot out from the wall before them, and half a dozen troopers fell lifeless to the ground, and half a dozen riderless horses galloped wildly down the road. The leader shouted a sharp command, and the whole troop retreated in confusion.

III

Betty drew back shuddering. When she brought herself to look again the troopers had dismounted, had surrounded

the meetinghouse, and were pouring volley after volley at its doors and windows. Then for the first time Betty thought of the officer's message, and remembered that the safety of the Americans depended upon her alone, for her father was away, no neighbor within reach, and she knew that without powder they could not resist long.

Could she save them? All her stern Quaker blood rose at the thought, and stealing softly to the horse-lot behind the barn, she saddled Daisy and led her through the bars into the wood road, which opened into the highway just around the bend. Could she but pass the pickets without discovery there would be little danger of pursuit; then there would be only the long ride of eight miles ahead of her.

Just before the narrow wood road joined the broader highway Betty mounted Daisy by means of a convenient stump. Starting off at a gallop, she had just turned the corner when a voice shouted "Halt!" and a shot whistled past her head. Betty screamed with terror, and bending over, brought down her riding-whip with all her strength upon Daisy, then turning for a moment, saw three troopers hurriedly mounting.

Her heart sank within her, but, beginning to feel the excitement of the chase, she leaned over and patting Daisy on the neck, encouraged her to do her best. Onward they sped. Betty, her curly hair streaming in the wind, the color now mounting to, now retreating from, her cheeks, led by five hundred yards.

But Daisy had not been ridden for weeks, and already felt the heavy strain. Now they thundered over Naaman's Creek, with the nearest pursuer only four hundred yards behind; and now they raced beside the clear waters of Beaver Brook. As Betty dashed through its shallow ford, the thud of horses' hoofs seemed just over her shoulder.

At first sure of success, Betty now knew that unless in some way she could throw her pursuers off her track she was surely lost. Just then she saw ahead of her a fork in the road, the lower branch leading to the Brandywine, the upper to

UNLESS SHE COULD THROW HER PURSUERS OFF HER TRACK SHE WAS SURELY LOST

the Birmingham meetinghouse. Could she but get the troopers on the upper road while she took the lower, she would be safe; and, as if in answer to her wish, there flashed across her mind the remembrance of the old crossroad which, with its entrance hidden by drooping boughs, led from a point in the upper road just out of sight of the fork, down across the lower road, and through the valley of the Brandywine. Could she gain this road unseen she might still reach Washington.

Urging Daisy forward, she broke just in time through the dense growth which hid the entrance, and sat trembling, hidden behind the tangled vines, while she heard the troopers

thunder by. Then, riding through the rustling woods, she came at last into the open, and saw spread out beneath her the beautiful valley of the Brandywine, dotted with the white tents of the American army.

IV

Starting off at a gallop, she dashed around a bend in the road into the midst of a group of officers riding slowly up from the valley.

"Stop, little maiden, before you run us down," said one, who seemed to be in command. "Where are you going in such hot haste?"

"Oh, sir," said Betty, reining in Daisy, "can thee tell me where I can find General Washington?"

"Yes, little Quakeress," said the officer who had first spoken to her; "I am he. What do you wish?"

Betty, too exhausted to be surprised, poured forth her story in a few broken sentences, and fell forward in her saddle; then, for the first time in her life, she fainted, worn out by her hard ride.

A few days later, when recovering from the shock of her adventure, Betty, awakening from a deep sleep, found her mother kneeling beside her little bed, while her father talked with General Washington himself beside the fireplace. It was the proudest and happiest moment of her life when Washington, coming forward and taking her by the hand, said, "You are the bravest little maid in America, and an honor to your country."

The peaceful meetinghouse and the old home still stand unchanged, save that their time-beaten timbers and crumbling bricks have taken on a duller tinge, and under the broad walnut tree another little Betty sits and sews.

If you ask her, she will take down the great key from its nail, and swinging back the new doors of the meetinghouse, will show you the old worm-eaten ones inside, which, pierced through and through with bullet-holes, once served as a rampart against the enemy. And she will tell you, in the quaint Friend's language, how her great-great-grandmother carried, over a hundred years ago, the news of the danger of her countrymen to Washington, on the Brandywine, and at the risk of her own life saved theirs. *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Why was Betty left alone? Who were the redcoats?
2. Do you know expressions used by the Quakers that differ from our way of speech?
3. Describe the queer way of travel suggested in the story.
4. Where did the Americans hide? Why did they retreat?
5. What message did Betty carry? How did she throw her pursuers off the track?

VOLUNTEER WORK

1. Write a paragraph or two telling what befell Betty between the time of her fainting and her safe arrival back home?
2. Make up an imaginary conversation between a little Betty of 1930 in that old house built in 1720, and yourself, as if you happened to be passing that way to-day.

LIBRARY READINGS: HEROISM IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

American Twins of the Revolution, L. F. Perkins. Houghton.

George Washington and the Revolutionary War, J. S. C. Abbott. Dodd.

Hero Tales from American History, H. C. Lodge and T. Roosevelt. Century.

5. THE RIDE OF JENNIE M'NEAL

WILL CARLETON

Compare Betty Dale's courage with that of Jennie M'Neal as told by Will Carleton. Put yourself in their places. Which girl faced the greater dangers? Which overcame the greater difficulties? Which rendered the greater service to others?

Paul Revere was a rider bold,—
Well has his valorous deed been told;
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one,—
Often it has been dwelt upon;
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds?
Harken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie M'Neal.

On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous length of the Neutral Ground,
In a cottage cozy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.
Safe were the two with their frugal store,
From all the many who passed their door;
For Jennie's mother was strange to fears,
And Jennie was large for fifteen years.
With vim her eyes were glistening,
Her hair was the hue of a blackbird's wing;
And, while her friends who knew her well
The sweetness of her heart could tell,
A gun that hung on the kitchen wall
Looked solemnly quick to heed her call;

And they who were evil-minded knew
Her nerve was strong, and her aim was true.
So all kind words and acts did deal
To generous, black-eyed Jennie M'Neal.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain clouds lingered overhead,
And sent their surly drops for proof
To drum a tune on the cottage roof,
Close after a knock at the outer door
There entered a dozen dragoons or more.
Their red coats, stained by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers showed.
The captain his hostess bent to greet,
Saying, "Madame, please give us a bite to eat;
We will pay you well, and, if may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a rebel colonel a-bed.
He is visiting home as doth appear;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear."
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Close watched the while by Jennie M'Neal.

For the gray-haired colonel they hovered near
Had been her true friend, kind and dear;
And oft in her younger days had he
Right proudly perched her upon his knee,
And told her stories many a one
Concerning the French war lately done.
And oft together the two friends were,
And many the arts he had taught to her;

She had hunted by his fatherly side,
He had shown her how to fence and ride;
And once had said, "The time may be,
Your skill and courage may stand by me."
So sorrow for him she could but feel,
Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

With never a thought or a moment more,
Bareheaded she slipped from the cottage door,
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitched and mounted the Captain's steed,
And down the hilly and rock-strewn way
She urged the fiery horse of gray.
Around her slender and cloakless form
Pattered and moaned the ceaseless storm;
Secure and tight a gloveless hand
Grasped the reins with stern command;
And full and black her long hair streamed,
Whenever the ragged lightning gleamed.
And on she rushed for the colonel's weal,
Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

Hark, from the hills, a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit;
And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
She heeded it not, and not in vain
She lashed the horse with the bridle rein;
So into the night the gray horse strode;
His shoes hewed fire from the rocky road;
And the high-born courage that never dies
Flashed from his rider's coal-black eyes:

The pebbles flew from the fearful race;
The rain-drops grasped at her glowing face.

"On, on, brave beast!" with loud appeal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie M'Neal.
"Halt!" once more came the voice of dread;
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
Then, no one answering to the calls,
Sped after her a volley of balls.
They passed her in her rapid flight,
They screamed to her left, they screamed to her right;
But, rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,
Except a silvery laughter peal,
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

So on she rushed at her own good will,
Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill.
The gray horse did his duty well,
Till all at once he stumbled and fell,
Himself escaping the nets of harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still undismayed by the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse's bridle rein,
And gently bidding him to stand,
Petted him with her able hand;
Then sprung again to the saddlebow,
And shouted, "One more trial now!"
As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gathered his strength once more for all,
And, galloping down a hillside steep,
Gained on the troopers at every leap;

No more the high-bred steed did reel,
But ran his best for Jennie M'Neal.

They were a furlong behind, or more,
When the girl burst through the colonel's door,—
Her poor arm helpless hanging with pain,
And she all drabbled and drenched with rain—
But her cheeks as red as fire-brands are,
And her eyes as bright as a blazing star,—
And shouted, "Quick! be quick, I say!
They come! They come! Away! Away!"
Then sunk on the rude white floor of deal,
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie M'Neal.

The startled colonel sprang, and pressed
The wife and children to his breast,
And turned away from his fireside bright,
And glided into the stormy night;
Then soon and safely made his way
To where the patriot army lay.
But first he bent, in the dim firelight,
And kissed the forehead broad and white,
And blessed the girl who had ridden so well
To keep him out of a prison cell.

The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers came rushing in,
And laughed, e'en in the midst of a moan,
Saying, "Good sirs, your bird has flown;
'Tis I who scared him from his nest;
So deal with me now as you think best."
But the grand young captain bowed and said,

"Never you hold a moment's dread.
Of womankind I must crown you queen;
So brave a girl I have never seen;
Wear this gold ring as your valor's due;
And when peace comes, I will come for you."

But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
As she said, "There's a lad in Putnam's corps,
Who told me the same, long time ago;
You two would never agree, I know;
I've promised my love to be true as steel,"
Said good, sure-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Talk over the questions asked at the beginning of the selection.
2. Why was Jennie especially eager to warn the colonel?
3. Whose horse did she take? Tell why she made her choice.
4. How quickly did the redcoats take up the pursuit? Read lines to support your reply.
5. How long is a *furlong?* Would the colonel have time to escape?
6. Tell how the enemy treated Jennie M'Neal at the end.

LIBRARY READING

Ben, the Battle Horse, Walter A. Dyer. Holt.
Black Beauty, A. Sewell. Jacobs.
Dapples of the Circus, C. Hawkes. Lothrop.
Greylight, Anna B. Greene. Century.
Horses Nine, S. Ford. Scribners.
Horses Now and Long Ago, Lucy S. Mitchell. Harcourt.
Smoky, the Cowhorse, Will James. Scribners.

6. THE STRAWBERRY MARE

RICHARD D. BLACKMORE

John Ridd, an English farmer lad who tells the following story, has just seen a man ride a beautiful mare across a dangerous river. As the story begins, John and his sister Annie stand gazing at the horse and his rider. While you read, imagine that you are John. Decide whether he was a courageous boy. What experiences of your own do any parts of this story make you recall?

"Well, young uns, what be staring at?"

"Your mare," said I, standing stoutly up, being a tall boy now; "I never saw such a beauty, sir. Will you let me ride her?"

"Think thou couldst ride her, lad? She will have no burden but mine. Thou couldst never ride her. Tut! I would be loath to kill thee."

"Ride her!" I cried with the bravest scorn, for she looked so kind and gentle; "there never was horse upon Exmoor foaled, but I could tackle in half an hour. Only I never ride upon saddle. Take the leathers off of her."

He looked at me with a dry little whistle, thrust his hands into his breeches pockets, and grinned so that I could not stand it. And Annie laid hold of me in such a way that I was almost mad with her.

"Get away, Annie, will you? Do you think I am a fool, sir? Only trust me with her, and I will not over-ride her."

"For that I will go bail, my son. She is more likely to over-ride thee. But the ground is soft to fall upon, after all this rain. Now come out into the yard, young man, for the sake of your mother's cabbages. And the mellow straw bed will be softer for thee, since pride must have its fall. I am thy

mother's cousin, boy, and am going up to house. Tom Faggus is my name, as everybody knows, and this is my young mare, Winnie."

What a fool I must have been not to know it at once! Tom Faggus, the great highwayman, and his young blood-mare, the strawberry! Already her fame was noised abroad, nearly as much as her master's; and my longing to ride her grew tenfold, but fear came at the back of it. Not that I had the smallest fear of what the mare could do to me, by fair play and horse trickery; but that the glory of sitting upon her seemed to be too great for me, especially as there were rumors that she was not a mare, but a witch. She was wonderfully beautiful, with her easy gait, and soft slope of shoulder, and glossy coat beaded with water and prominent eyes, full of fire.

Mr. Faggus gave his mare a wink, and she walked obediently after him, a bright young thing, flowing over with life. She trod lightly upon the straw, because it had soft earth under it, and her delicate feet came back again.

"Up for it still, boy, be ye?" Tom Faggus stopped, and the mare stopped there; and they looked at me provokingly.

"Is she able to leap, sir? There is good take-off on this side of the brook."

Mr. Faggus laughed very quietly, turning round to Winnie, so that she might enter into the joke. And she, for her part, seemed to know exactly where the joke was.

"Good tumble-off, you mean, my boy. Well, there can be small harm to thee. I am akin to thy family, and know their thick skulls."

"Let me get up," said I; "take off your saddle-bags. I will try not to squeeze her ribs in, unless she plays nonsense with me."

Then Mr. Faggus was up on his mettle, at this proud speech of mine; and John Fry was running up all the while, and half a dozen others. Tom Faggus gave one glance around and then dropped all regard for me. The good name of his mare was at stake, and what was my life compared to it? Through my defiance, and stupid ways, here was I in a duel, and my legs not come to their strength yet, and my arms as limp as a herring.

Some thought of this occurred to him, even in his wrath with me, for he spoke very softly to the filly, who now could scarce subdue herself; but she drew in her nostrils, and did all she could to answer.

"Not too hard, my dear," he said; "let him down gently. That will be quite enough." Then he took the saddle off, and I was up in a moment. Winnie began, at first, so easily and pricked her ears so lovingly, and danced about as if pleased to find so light a weight on her, that I thought she knew I could ride a little, and feared to show any capers. "Now!" cried I, for all the men were looking on, "Now, Polly; show what thou be'st made of." With that I plugged my heels into her and Billy Dadds flung up his hat.

Nevertheless, she did not tear about, though her eyes were frightening Annie, and John Fry took a pick to keep him safe; but she curbed to and fro, with her strong fore arms rising, waiting and quivering, and beginning to sweat about it. Then her master gave a shrill clear whistle, when her ears were bent towards him, and I felt her form beneath me gathering up like whalebone, and her hind legs coming under her, and I knew that I was in for it.

First she reared upright, and struck me full on the nose with her neck; then down with her fore feet deep in the straw, and her hind feet going to heaven. Finding me stick to her

AWAY SHE FLEW WITH ME, SWIFTER THAN EVER I WENT BEFORE OR SINCE

like wax, for my mettle was up as well as hers, away she flew with me, swifter than ever I went before or since. She drove full-head at a wall—"Jack, slip off," screamed Annie—then

she turned like light, when I thought to crush her, and ground my left knee against the wall.

Then she took the courtyard gate at a leap, and jumped right over a hedge and away for the water meadows, while I lay on her neck and wished I had never been born. All I knew of the speed we made was frightful flash of her shoulders, and her mane like trees in a tempest. I felt the earth under us rushing away; the air left far behind us; my breath came and went, and I prayed to God, and was sorry to be so late in doing it.

All the long swift journey I clung to her crest and shoulders, dug my toes into her flank, and was proud of holding on so long, though sure of being beaten. Then in her fury at feeling me still, she rushed at another device for throwing me, and leaped the wide water trough sideways across, to and fro, till no breath was left in me. The hazel boughs struck me hard in the face, and the tall dog briers got hold of me. The ache of my back was like crimping a fish; I longed to give up, thoroughly beaten, and lie there and die.

But there came a shrill whistle from up the home hill, where the people had hurried to watch us; and the mare stopped as if with a bullet, then set off for home with the speed of a swallow, and going as smoothly and silently. I never had dreamed of such delicate motion, graceful and soft as the breeze flitting over the flowers, but swift as the summer lightning. I sat up again, but my strength was all gone, and no time left to recover it; and when she rose like a bird at our gate, I tumbled off.

"Well done, lad," Mr. Faggus said, good-naturedly; for all were now gathered round me, as I rose from the ground somewhat tottering and muddy, but otherwise none the worse. "Not at all bad work, my boy; we may teach you

to ride by and by, I see; I thought not to see you stick on so long——"

"I should have stuck on much longer, sir, if her sides had not been wet. She was so slippery——"

"Boy, thou art right. She hath given many the slip. Ha, ha! Vex not, Jack, that I laugh at thee. She is like a sweetheart to me. It would have gone to my heart, if thou hadst conquered. None but I can ride my Winnie mare."

"Foul shame to thee, then, Tom Faggus," cried mother, coming up suddenly, and speaking so that all were amazed, having never seen her wrathful; "to put my boy, my boy, across her, as if his life were no more than thine! Oh, my boy, my boy! What could I do without thee?" All the time mother was scolding so, she was feeling me, and wiping me; while Faggus tried to look greatly ashamed.

"Only look at his jacket, mother!" cried Annie; "and a shilling's worth gone from his smallclothes!"

"What care I for his clothes, thou goose? Oh, fie upon thee, fie upon thee, Tom Faggus!" cried mother. "Never more shall horse of thine enter stable here."

Everybody looked at mother, to hear her talk like that, knowing how quiet she was, day by day, and how pleasant to be cheated. Winnie, too, was looking at her, and wondering if she had done amiss. And then she came to me, and trembled, and stooped her head, and asked my pardon.

"Winnie shall stop here to-night," said I, for Tom Faggus still said never a word all the while; but began to buckle his things on; "mother, I tell you, Winnie shall stop; else I will go away with her. I never knew what it was, till now, to ride a horse worth riding."

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Here is a good chance to decide how a person's *purpose* helps determine his courage. Compare the last three stories in this respect. To whom would you award the prize, to Betty, to Jennie, or to John. Explain.
2. In how many ways did the mare try to unseat John Ridd? Read parts to prove your reply.
3. Find evidence showing that John Ridd had a good opinion of himself. Find evidence also of modesty.
4. Describe the appearance of Winnie.
5. Give three adjectives that describe Annie. Give two adjectives that describe John's mother. Read lines to show what she thought of John and of Faggus.
6. Which of the horses in the three preceding selections would you prefer to own? Explain your choice.
7. Plan a picture for the part of the story in which Faggus whistles to Winnie.

LIBRARY READINGS

Baldy of Nome, E. B. Darling. Penn.
Bar Sinister, R. H. Davis. Scribners.
Beautiful Joe, M. Saunders. American Baptist.
Book of Noble Dogs, E. Ross. Century.
Dog of Flanders, L. de la Ramee. Lippincott.
Dog Heroes of Many Lands, S. N. Ives. Century.
Gulliver the Great, W. A. Dyer. Century.
Story of Scotch, E. A. Mills. Houghton.
Wild Animals I Have Known, E. T. Seton. Scribners.
Polaris, the Story of an Eskimo Dog, E. H. Baynes. Macmillan.
Wolf, the Storm Leader, F. Caldwell. Dodd.

7. AN INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

ROBERT BROWNING

Find the acts of courage in the following poem.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon;
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall."
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy.
You hardly could suspect—
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through)
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
Smiling the boy fell dead.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Name the acts of courage in the poem. Read aloud lines to show the acts you name.
2. Tell the story of the poem in your own words.
3. Read aloud lines that show musings of the leader; that show triumph; that show tenderness.
4. Choose a pupil to read the poem aloud showing the changing moods.

VOLUNTEER WORK

1. Find and read to the class another poem telling about courage in war time.
2. Two boys plan a dramatization of "An Incident of the French Camp," and present it to the class.

8. THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

ALFRED TENNYSON

During the Crimean War an English cavalry regiment was ordered to attack a Russian division strongly intrenched and protected by heavy artillery. Out of the entire regiment only one hundred and ninety-eight survived. As you read, see the pictures.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.
"Forward the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldier knew
  Some one had blundered!
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die.
Into the valley of Death
  Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,

Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of hell,
  Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
  All the world wondered.
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
  Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back,—but not—
  Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of Death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,—
  Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh, the wild charge they made!

All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

CLASS ACTIVITIES

QUESTIONS AND PROBLEMS

1. What acts of courage are shown in the poem? Read lines to show the acts you name.
2. Which of the two poems, "An Incident of the French Camp" and "The Charge of the Light Brigade," seems to you more heroic?
3. Some one read aloud the first stanza of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" with *spirit*. All shut your eyes. See the men and horses, their sabres out, the leader ahead, darting into a valley. Read it aloud again, with more *spirit*. See the picture.
4. What pictures would you make to tell the story of the charge in pictures?
5. What would you see if you could observe a charge in a present-day war? If you don't know, ask a man who served in France during the World War.
6. What does the poet mean in the lines:

"Then they rode back,—but not—
Not the six hundred"?

LIBRARY READINGS: BRAVERY IN BATTLE

Boys' Book of Famous Soldiers, J. W. McShadden. Crowell.
Heroic Deeds of American Sailors, A. F. Blaisdell and F. K. Ball. Little.
Master of the Strong Hearts, E. S. Brooks. Dutton.
On the Trail of Grant and Lee, F. T. Hill. Appleton.

9. HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY

Because of his wicked deeds Tarquin, the King of Rome, was driven out of the city. He persuaded Lars Porsena and the kings of other Latin tribes to raise an army and restore him to his throne. In the poem the invading army is ready to attack Rome. The scene is the banks of the River Tiber before the walls of the city.

Read the poem through twice, once rapidly and once slowly. Plan to tell the story in brief form.

Lars Porsena of Clusium,
  By the nine gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
  Should suffer wrong no more.
By the nine gods he swore it,
  And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
  To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
  The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
  Have heard the trumpet's blast.
The horsemen and the footmen
  Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
  From many a fruitful plain.

And now hath every city
  Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand,

The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array,
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright;
From all the spacious champagne
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

They held a council standing
Before the river-gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Outspake the Consul roundly:—
"The bridge must straight go down;
For since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:—
"To arms! to arms! Sir Consul;
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
"Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?"

Then outspake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:—
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then outspake Spurius Lartius,—
A Ramnian proud was he:—
"Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."

And outspake strong Herminius,—
Of Titian blood was he:—
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou sayest, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
Now, while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe;
And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent
And looked upon the foes,

And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that mighty mass;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow pass.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard amongst the foes.
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that mighty mass,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow pass.

But, hark! the cry is "Astur"!
And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.

Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans,
A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, "The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way?"

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh.
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth and skull and helmet
So fierce a thrust he sped,

The good sword stood a handbreadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Avernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
"And see," he cried, "the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?"

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all;
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back;

And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But, with a crash like thunder,
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee," cried Lars Porsena,
"Now yield thee to our grace!"

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;

And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome:

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain;
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows;
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

And now he feels the bottom;—
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands.
And, now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Tell the story briefly, under the following headings: first, the leading characters; second, their relations to each other; third, the battle; fourth, the outcome.
2. Why did Macaulay write this poem? What did he mean to have his readers think about battles?
3. Read aloud the stanza that best shows Macaulay's purpose in writing.
4. What surprise did the ending of the poem have for you?
5. Why was the army attacking Rome?
6. What made it possible for three men to withstand so large an army?

READING GAME: RECOGNIZING WHOLE LINES AS ONE WORD

Look at an *entire line* of "Horatius at the Bridge," or of any other poem, as if it were one word. Close your eyes; place your finger on the page; glance quickly at the line above your finger. Look away from the page; try to say the line. Whisper it. Then look back to see if you said the right words. The game is to make your *glance* at the line as *brief* as possible.

ADDITIONAL READINGS: FAIRY TALES AND HERO STORIES SHOWING COURAGE

"Archer of Schwitz," by A. G. Herbertson, in *Heroic Legends*. Dodge.

"Saint Christopher," by Lillian Gask, in *Tales from Many Lands*. Crowell.

The Story of Siegfried, Edward Brooks. Penn.

"Sir Gawain and the Green Knight," by George P. Krapp, in *Tales of True Knights*. Century.

"The Prince and the Eagle," by C. S. Armfield, in *Wonder Tales of the World*. Harcourt.

"How Oliver Fought for France," by A. C. Herbertson, in *Heroic Legends*. Dodge.

"The Giant Who Became a Saint," by Eunice Fuller, in *The Book of Friendly Giants*. Century.

The Girl Who Sat by the Ashes, Padraic Colum. Macmillan.

"The Princess Who Lived in a Kailyard," by Constance S. Armfield, in *Wonder Tales of the World*. Harcourt.

"The Emperor's New Clothes," by Hans C. Andersen, in *Fairy Tales and Other Stories*. Oxford.

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF THE ROLL OF HONOR

1. *Informal class discussion:* Answer the questions below. Support your opinions with examples from the stories in "The Roll of Honor," or from others.
   - *a.* What is the difference between true courage and mere disregard of physical dangers?
   - *b.* Does one who risks unnecessary danger show true courage? Do risks have to be *worth taking*, in order to insure true courage?
   - *c.* In judging the courage of any one do you need to estimate what he had to gain as well as what he had to lose?
   - *d.* Is a courageous person ever afraid?

e. Does a courageous person always win? Always succeed? Always receive a reward? If so, explain his success and his reward.

f. Must courage always be proved by *acts* that others can see? Explain.

2. "Gentlemen, I salute you."—Of all the men and women, boys and girls, told about in this unit, which one person would you most like to salute? Whose courage was the highest? Name your person, and explain your choice.

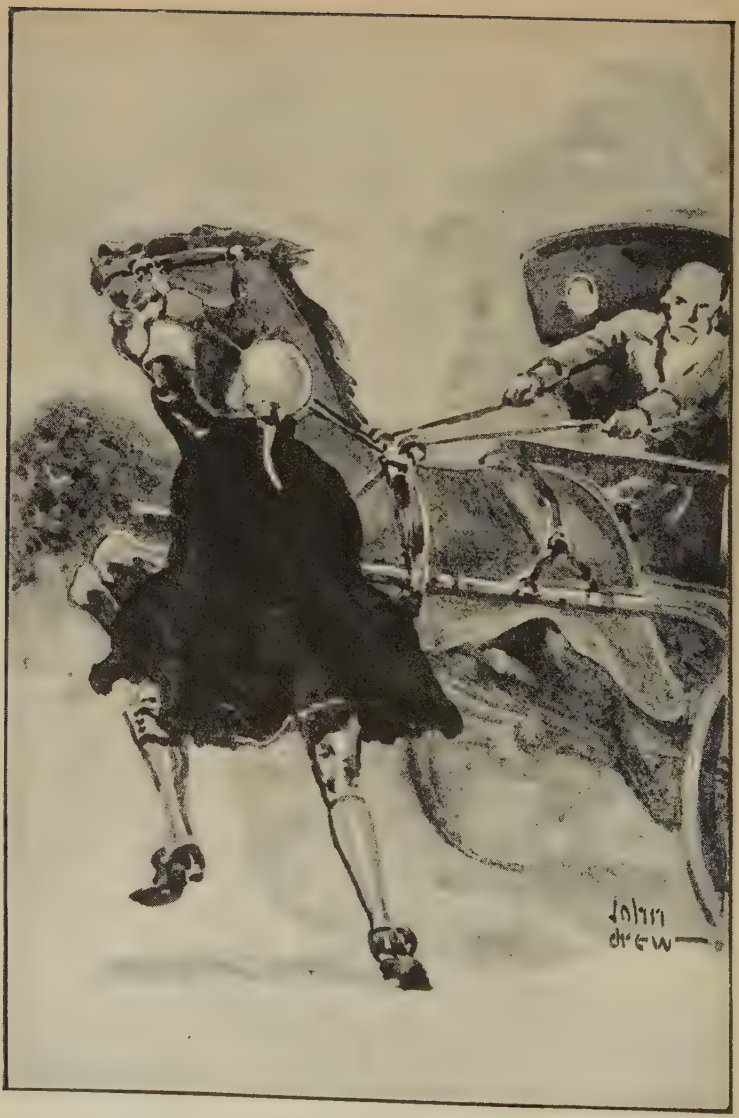
3. *Book Talks.*—Tell the class how courage is presented in the book you selected from the list on page 319. Tell about one dangerous or difficult situation in the book, and how the character faced his problems.

4. *Books older people liked when they were children.*—Ask your father or mother, or some person about their age, what books he liked when he was 11 or 12 years old. Ask him to tell you why he liked the books he names. If possible, bring to class a list of three or more such books and report the reasons given for his choice.

5. *Vivid pictures.*—Class discussion: Of all the scenes of courage in this unit, which stands out most clearly in your memory? Describe the scene: (*a*) the danger; (*b*) the characters; (*c*) the actions; (*d*) the outcomes.

6. Have you found examples of courage in reading for any of your other classes—botany, science, geography? If so, tell your English group about them.

7. *Committee report.*—Choose a committee to read the selections in Unit VI, "Bravery," *Reading and Living, Book II,* pages 283–351. The committee choose one selection from that unit which they think would be most fitting as a part of Unit V, *Reading and Living, **Book III.*** The chairman may report to the class the choice made by the committee. The committee may also report what difference, if any, they think there is between bravery and courage.



OTTAR RAN FORWARD AND GRABBED THE HORSE BY THE BRIDLE

[*See p.* 348]

THE MESSAGE OF THE FLAG

My Stars and my Stripes are your dreams and your labors. They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts. For you are the makers of the Flag.

—Franklin K. Lane.

CITIZENSHIP AND SERVICE

So long as the United States of America shall endure, two men will always be honored among our nation's heroes, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. We call one, The Father of his Country; we call the other, The Preserver of his Country. One, a rich man, lived in a mansion; the other, a poor man, lived in a modest home. One was handsome and aristocratic; the other was homely and democratic. One was a great soldier; the other was a man of peace.

Yet both Washington and Lincoln were alike in one respect: they served! In time of great danger each carried on his shoulders the burden of the nation. Better than anything else in our nation's history the lives of these two citizens prove the saying of the Bible, "He that would be first among you let him be the servant of all."

READ A BOOK

1. *What To Do For Uncle Sam*, by Carolyn S. Bailey. Flanagan.
   What boys and girls can do as good citizens.
2. *Chico, the Story of a Homing Pigeon*, by Lucy M. Blanchard. Houghton.
   The life, adventures, and service of a carrier pigeon in the World War.
3. *Children's Book of Patriotic Stories*, Asa Don and Helen W. Dickinson (Editors). Doubleday.
   Stirring stories of heroism during the American Revolution.
4. *Girls Who Did, Stories of Real Girls and Their Careers*, by Helen J. Ferris and Virginia Moore. Dutton.
   The life stories of nineteen girls of America who are to-day in the leading professions; their abilities, and why they made their choice of life work.
5. *On the Trail of Washington*, by Frederick T. Hill. Appleton.
   The story of Washington from his school days to the Presidency.
6. *Women in American History*, by Grace Humphry. Bobbs.
   Stories of the leading women citizens of our country.
7. *Heroines of Service*, by Mary R. Parkman. Century.
   Stories of women who became great public servants: Clara Barton, Anna Shaw, Jane Addams, and others.
8. *The Girl in White Armor*, by Albert B. Paine. Macmillan.
   The true story of Joan of Arc; she hears the voices, rides to the king, prepares for war, is captured, and becomes the Saint of France.
9. *The Story of King Arthur and His Knights*, by Howard Pyle. Scribners.
   Stories of the knights of the Round Table written for boys and girls.
11. *The Boy Scout's Life of Lincoln*, by Ida M. Tarbell. Macmillan.
    Lincoln's pioneer boyhood, the call of his country, his services.
12. *Stories of Grit*, by Arthur Wallace. Doubleday.
    Short accounts of men who have overcome difficulties and in the end have rendered great service to their fellow men.

CLASS LIBRARY READINGS

1. "Uncle Sam's Gray Hounds," M. F. Fox, *Uncle Sam's Animals*, 42–44.
2. "Reindeer That Saved Lives," *ibid.*, 58–60.
3. "Uncle Sam's Useful Little Animals," *ibid.*, 116–121.
4. "Last Run of the Fire Horses," *ibid.*, 148–157.
5. "How Cold Mr. Long-Tail Became a Santa Claus," Harrison Cody, in *Christmas in Story Land*, 41–48.
6. "When Christmas Came Again," Beulah Marie Dix, *ibid.*, 151–162.
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THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL AT WASHINGTON, D. C., DESIGNED BY HENRY BACON AND ERECTED IN 1919 IN HONOR OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

VI. CITIZENSHIP AND SERVICE

1. THE TRUE PRINCE

ANNA WAHLENBERG

Did the right boy become prince in this story? Read the story rapidly.

The Queen of Engalien, with her year-old son, Prince Balzar, had been visiting her father in his kingdom. On her homeward journey, she encountered a fearful storm. The ship's masts cracked, the lifeboats, which the sailors lowered, immediately filled with water, and the ship's crew as well as the passengers felt that their last hour had come.

The queen put the little prince in a seamen's chest and commanded the sailors to cast it into the water. As they were preparing to do so, the cook's wife came with her little boy, who was of the same age as the prince, and begged that he also be placed in the chest, since it was big enough for both children.

The queen did not refuse this request. She thought that her own son's safety might be insured if she showed mercy to another's child. The cook's son was put in the chest, which was immediately thrown into the water. Shortly afterwards the ship sank to the bottom.

The seaman's chest floated upon the waves and was borne to a foreign shore. There it was found by an old fisherman, who was greatly astonished when he heard a whimpering sound from the inside. Opening the chest he found the children alive. He carried them immediately to his wife, who took such good care of them that they soon grew vigorous in

spite of all that they had suffered from cold and hunger. Lively and full of fun, they crept about on the floor of the fisherman's hut.

The fisherman and his wife, who were childless, had great pleasure with the two boys. They could not learn where the strange lads had come from, and decided to keep them. It was quite true they did not have much to live upon, but they felt that they could manage somehow to fill the two small mouths. So both the prince and the cook's son remained in the fisherman's hut, where they grew into handsome boys.

Probably they would have been fishermen all their lives, even as their fosterfather, if, one fine day, two courtiers had not looked through the door of the hut, and thought that they discovered the two youths who, fifteen years before, had been cast upon the shore in a seaman's chest.

One of the sailors on the queen of Engalien's ship had been saved by pirates, who had kept him in slavery until he made his escape. He had told the king of Engalien the story of the chest and the two children. The king had immediately sent people to search his own and the neighboring land.

The fisherman and his wife, filled with respect and wonder, invited both strangers to come in. They brought the seaman's chest from the corner, and laid on the table the clothing the children wore when they came to land. The courtiers eagerly separated the garments which belonged to the little prince.

"It is true, perfectly true," said they, in great joy over the boys. "All that now remains is to discover which is Prince Balzar."

The fisherman and his wife stared with open mouths.

"Prince Balzar!" They did not know any Prince Balzar. They called the lads Arne and Ottar.

"Well, which of them had on the fine clothes?" asked the men impatiently.

"How can we be expected to remember that?" asked the woman.

"You may well say that," added her husband.

The courtiers were very much annoyed. How would they be able to tell which was the prince without the aid of the clothes? They could think of nothing better than to reward the fisherman for bringing up the prince, whichever one of the boys he was, and take both children back with them to Engalien.

When they arrived at the palace, the people were beside themselves with joy; they had their prince again. On the streets and highways along which the youths passed, all the people stood and cried:

"Ah, the charming little prince! How handsome he is!" But when any one questioned another as to which was the prince, the only answer he received was "Hm!" To seem ignorant by praising the wrong boy would be very embarrassing.

Yes, there was truly a great gathering of people.

The problem was very trying for the king. He would gladly have taken his son to his heart, but to treat the cook's son in such a fashion would never do. He must content himself with kind words and assurances to both lads.

Meanwhile Arne and Ottar were both treated as princes. A number of teachers were engaged to give them the best education. Every one hoped that a likeness to the king would in time show itself in one of the lads. After a space of four years, the minister of state came one day to the king and declared that he knew of a certainty which was the prince, for Arne without a question had the king's nose. But the very

next day the chief admiral reported to his majesty that he had discovered the heir to the throne. Ottar must be the Prince, for he had the king's eyes.

And so the king was but little the wiser.

Throughout the whole realm arose a dispute over Arne's nose and Ottar's eyes. Two parties sprang up, "The Nose Party" and "The Eyes Party." The best of friends became the deadliest of foes, all because of The Nose or The Eyes. Matters grew so unpleasant with all the discord, that the king at last ordered a council of state to decide which boy was to be regarded as the country's prince.

For six days the members of the council laid their wise heads together. They talked and puffed and perspired. But when they could not arrive at any decision the king made an end of the matter and dismissed the council. Then he called a very wise councillor to come to him, one who had formerly been a great power in the kingdom. Surely this man would be able to tell which was the prince.

The councillor did not come at once. He wished first to think over the problem a little, he said. He thought and thought for a whole evening and a whole night. Early the next morning he appeared at the palace. He brought with him two beautiful, gold-embroidered capes such as knights wear, exactly alike in cut, material, and color. He gave these to Arne and Ottar, with the direction that for a half year they should wear the capes every day and all day, both out of doors and in.

"After that I shall wish to see them again," said he, "and I shall then know how to tell which of you is the true prince."

Arne and Ottar thanked him courteously, and took the pretty capes with the intention of being very careful with them. Naturally each lad hoped to be chosen as the prince.

When they sat down, they did not dare lean against the back of their chairs. When they ate, they stretched their necks well over the plates that they might not spill anything on themselves. When they went to walk, they took opposite sides of the way so as not to rub the capes against each other and wear out the costly embroidery.

On one occasion, as they were walking along the highway, an unruly horse came galloping toward them. In the carriage sat the driver, deathly pale and unable to help himself. Arne immediately jumped to one side that he might not be spattered. But Ottar ran forward, grabbed the horse by the bridle, and had the good fortune to stop it, after being dragged for some distance.

Both the driver and the horse were saved, and to his joy Ottar saw the carriage go off safely. But his satisfaction did not last long; for Arne, who now had crawled out of the ditch, laughingly pointed at his cape.

"You certainly look fine now," said he.

Ottar looked at his cape and was horrified. Alas! he was sadly spattered by the horse, and a long ugly rent was torn in his soft velvet.

"Perhaps it can be mended so the rent will not show," said he to comfort himself.

He begged Arne not to speak of the rent to any one. At home he locked himself in his apartment and sewed and darned as well as he could. When he had finished, he thought the rent showed only a very little, and in certain lights, scarcely at all.

This adventure had the effect of making the two young men more cautious. Arne never went outside the castle walls. At the most he took a walk in the castle garden, and while there he required two lackeys to hold a huge parasol over

him, so that his cape might not fade. Most of the time he sat in his room and ordered away all people who came near him lest they should touch his fine cape.

Ottar also tried to exercise great care, remaining quietly in the castle for some days. But the castle grew wearisome for him; he felt he must again go out and look about the world. He would certainly guard against having to catch unruly horses.

All went well, until one day he saw a farmer's boy ploughing so stupidly that the furrows were both crooked and twisted. Ottar could not bear to see such a sight and ran up to the boy.

"Wait a moment; I will show you how a furrow looks when it is even," said he. Ottar took the boy aside and taught him how to plough a field. But when he brushed the dirt from himself, he saw to his sorrow that the plough had worn the nap from the fine cape in several places.

He went home, locked himself in, and moved the lace of the cape so that it almost covered the damaged places. Who would bother his head over just where the lace was placed? However, he would be more careful another time.

For a few months nothing unusual happened to Ottar. Then one day he saw two men beating a third. He could not stand the sight of so unequal a fight. Forgetting his fine cape, he threw himself into the midst of the struggle, and flung one of the men to the right and the other to the left. Both turned upon Ottar; the fight was not finished until both men lay upon the ground, so beaten that they could not move.

Then Ottar looked at his cape. It was spotted with blood in several places. Again he could do nothing but wash and sponge and rub. The cape looked a little better. Perhaps the wise councillor and the other people might not have very good eyes.

Ottar stayed at home for a long time, and was especially careful with his cape. When finally he felt he could not remain in the house any longer, he walked always along the main highway. He was determined not to mix up in other people's affairs any more, no matter what happened.

But one day, chancing to see a little girl who sat and cried by the wayside, he could not help asking her why she wept so bitterly.

"Ah," said the little girl, "I cannot find my home."

Ottar felt he must help her find her home. But she still sobbed as though her heart would break, and was so weary that she hung like a little sack upon his hand. He took her up and carried her. Flinging her arms around his neck, she sobbed with her face against his breast until she fell asleep.

Ottar had to go from house to house till he found her parents. Their joy over their little girl was so great that he could think of nothing except their happiness the whole way home.

When he arrived at the castle, the lackeys looked at him scornfully; they even giggled behind his back. His cape was covered with stains from the little girl's tears and from her dirty fingers.

Now it occurred to him that the next morning the wise councillor would examine the two capes, and afterward decide who was the prince. How could he face the day!

He sat up the whole night, washing and rubbing his cape. At last he thought that he had made it look almost as neat as ever.

But when the next day he walked into the hall where the king, the wise men, and the entire household were assembled, and saw Arne enter by the opposite door, he observed that his foster-brother's cape looked altogether different from his own.

Arne's cape was spick and span, but the one he himself wore,—he would not look at it again; it was so faded and soiled!

He blushed, and kept behind Arne when they went forward to face the king and the wise men. The old councillor took in the two youths with his keen glance, allowing his eyes to linger first upon Arne.

"How fine and glistening you appear," said he. "You have taken good care of your cape. It is just as handsome as new." Arne straightened himself up proudly, as if he were already prince; he believed that the choice would fall upon him.

Then the old councillor turned to Ottar.

"Your cape is not nearly so fine as your foster-brother's," said he. "Let me see, it has both holes and stains."

"Yes, many misfortunes have happened to me," answered Ottar, bowing his head. "But I have tried to fix it up a little."

The old man nodded and smiled:

"Yes, I see that! I see that; but life's stains and rents are not easy to wipe out."

He pointed again to the different blemishes, and wished to know where they came from. Ottar was forced to tell him about the unruly horse, the plough-boy, the men who fought, and the little girl who cried. Meanwhile the councillor nodded over every fresh tale he heard.

When Ottar had finished, the old man arose calmly.

"Your cape," said he, turning to Arne, "tells me that you thought more of yourself and the cape than of others."

"But your cape," and he turned toward Ottar, "tells me that you thought more of others than of yourself. And after that fashion must one think who is created to be king!"

Thereupon he bowed three times before Ottar.

"I greet you, my future king!" said he.

A wave of joy broke over the whole room. The king opened wide his arms to Ottar.

"Come, my son," said he, much moved.

Thus Ottar became the Prince of Engalien.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

1. Did the right boy become prince? Give reasons for your answer.
2. Were Ottar's feelings about his soiled clothing natural for a boy of his age? Explain.
3. Why is this tale included in this unit?
4. How old were the boys when they were found by the sailors in the fisherman's hut? Prove your answer.
5. Do you think that the councillor's plan for discovering the true prince was good? Explain. Can you suggest another plan he might have used?
6. Mention ways in which all rulers and public officials are servants.

2. ARISTON

JENNIE HALL

Ariston, the name of the hero of this story, is a Greek word meaning "the best." Read quickly to find how the name is suitable.

Ariston, the Greek slave, was busily painting. He stood in a little room with three smooth walls. The fourth side was open upon a court in which splashed a little fountain. Above stretched the brilliant sky of Italy. The hot August sun cut sharp shadows of the columns on the cement floor. The artist was painting the walls of his master's room.

Ariston had a great plan in his mind. Here he was, a slave

in this rich Roman's house, yet he was a free-born son of Athens, member of a family of painters. His artist's skill had helped him, even in this cruel land, for his master, Marcus, loved beauty. When the Roman found that his young Greek slave was a painter, he had said to his steward:

"Let this boy work at the mill no longer. He shall paint the walls of my private room."

He had talked to Ariston about what the pictures should be. The Greek had found that the solemn, frowning Roman was really a kind man, and hope had sprung up in his breast, singing of freedom.

"I will do my best to please him," he had thought. "When all the walls are beautiful, perhaps he will smile at my work. Then I shall clasp his knees and tell him of my father, of Athens, of how I was stolen. Perhaps he will send me home."

Now the painting was almost done. As Ariston worked, a thousand pictures flashed through his mind. He saw his home in Athens. He felt his father's hand on his, teaching him to paint. He saw himself playing on the fishing boat on that terrible holiday. He saw the pirate ship sail swiftly from behind a rocky point and pounce upon them. He saw himself and his friends dragged aboard. He felt the tight rope on his wrists as the pirates bound him and threw him under the deck. He saw himself standing in the market place of Pompeii and heard himself sold for a slave. At that thought he threw down his brush and groaned.

But soon he became calm. Perhaps the sweet drip of the fountain cooled his thoughts or the soft touch of the sun soothed his heart. He took up his brushes again and set to work.

"The last figure shall be the most beautiful of all," he said to himself. "It is my own god, Apollo."

He worked tenderly on the face, with a few little strokes giving the mouth a kindly smile. He made the blue eyes deep and gentle and lifted the golden curls with a little breeze from Olympus. The god's smile cheered him. The beautiful colors filled his mind. He forgot his sorrows, thinking only of the picture. Moment by moment it grew under his moving brush.

Meantime a great noise arose in the house,—cries of fear,—a running of feet.

"A great cloud!" "Earthquake!" "Fire and hail!" "The end of the world!" "Run! Run!"

Men and women, all slaves, ran screaming through the house and out of the front door. But Ariston only half heard the cries because his ears, his eyes, his thoughts were full of Apollo.

For a little the house was quiet. Only the fountain and the shadows and the artist's brush moved. Then came a great noise as though the sky had split open. The low, sturdy house trembled. Then a clattering rang on the cement floor as of a million arrows. Ariston ran into the court. From the heavens showered a hail of gray, soft, little pebbles like beans, burning his upturned face, stinging his bare arms. He gave a cry and ran back under the porch roof. Then, from the far end of the house, he heard a shrill call above all the clattering. Ariston ran back into the private court. There lay Caius, his master's little sick son, his couch under the open sky, the gray hail pelting down upon him, covering his head with his arms and wailing.

"Little master!" called Ariston. "What is it? What has happened to us?"

"Oh, take me!" cried the little boy.

"Where are the others?" asked Ariston.

"They ran away," answered Caius. "They were afraid. Look! O-o-h!"

He pointed to the sky in terror.

Ariston looked. Behind the city lay a beautiful hill, green with trees. But from the flat top towered a huge, black cloud, rising straight, like a pine tree, and spreading its black branches over the heavens. From that cloud showered the hot, pelting pebbles of pumice stone.

"It is the volcano," cried Ariston.

"I want my father," wailed the little boy.

Then Ariston remembered that his master had gone in a ship to Rome to get a great physician for his sick boy. He had left Caius in the charge of a nurse, for the boy's mother was dead. But now every slave had turned coward and had left the little master to die.

Ariston pulled the couch into one of the rooms where the roof kept off the hail of stones.

"Your father is expected home to-day, master Caius," said the Greek. "He will come. He never breaks his word. We shall wait for him here. This strange shower will soon be over."

Ariston sat on the edge of the couch, while the Roman boy laid his head on the slave's lap and sobbed. Ariston watched the falling pebbles, light and full of little holes. Now and then black rocks the size of a large ball whizzed through the air. Sometimes a rock fell into the open cistern, making the water hiss from its heat. The pebbles lay piled a foot deep over the courtyard floor.

"Will the shower never stop?" thought Ariston

Several times the ground swayed under them, like the moving of a ship in a storm. Once there was thunder and the house trembled. As Ariston looked at a little bronze statue

standing on a tall, slender column, it tottered to and fro in the earthquake; then it fell, crashing into the piled-up stones, and in a few minutes the falling shower covered it.

Ariston began to be more afraid. He thought of Death as he had painted him in the picture and imagined that he saw him hiding behind a column. He tried to look up toward the mountain, but the stones pelted him down. He felt terribly alone. Was the rest of the world dead? Or was every one else in a safe place?

"Come, Caius, we must get away," he cried. "We shall be buried here."

Ariston cast one last despairing look at the destruction in the courtyard. Again the earth trembled. Leaning down, he gently lifted the sick boy from the couch, clasped him firmly in his arms, and ran from the house. As he passed, he looked at his picture and thought he saw Death half rise from the ground. But Apollo seemed to smile.

At the front door Ariston stumbled upon the street piled deep with gray, soft pebbles. He had to scramble up on his hands and knees. From the house opposite ran a man wild with fear, clutching a little statue of gold. Ariston called to him, "Which way to the gate?"

But the man rushed madly on. It cheered the boy a little to see that somebody else was still alive. But he could not run. The pebbles crunched under his feet, and he stumbled. He leaned far forward over his heavy burden. The falling shower scorched his bare arms and legs. He looked around bewildered. His head was ringing. The air was hot and choking. The sun was gone. The shower was blinding. Whose house was this? The door stood open; the court was empty. Where was the city gate? Would he never get out?

A family fleeing for their lives rushed past him, their

WHERE WAS THE CITY GATE? WOULD HE NEVER GET OUT?

mouths open as though they were crying. But Ariston could not hear their voices. He was deaf with the roar of the mountain.

One old man was hugging a chest, the gold coins spilling out as he ran. Another was dragging a fainting woman. A young girl ran ahead of them with streaming hair. Ariston stumbled on after this company. A slave came swiftly around a corner and knocked him over, but fled on without looking back. As the Greek boy fell forward, the rough pebbles cut his face. He lay there moaning. Then he began to forget his troubles, and his aching body began to rest. He thought he would sleep. He saw Apollo smiling.

Then Caius struggled, trying in vain to free himself. This aroused Ariston, and he sat up. He felt the hot pebbles again. He heard the mountain roar. He dragged himself to his feet and started on. Suddenly the street led him out into a broad space. Ariston looked about him. All around stretched wide porches with their columns. Temple roofs rose above them. Statues stood high on their pedestals. He was in a great open square crowded with hurrying people. Under one of the porches Ariston saw the money changers locking their boxes. From a wide doorway ran several men carrying great bundles of woollen cloth, richly embroidered and dyed with precious purple. Down the steps of Jupiter's temple rushed a priest clutching two platters of gold. Men were running across the forum dragging bags behind them.

Every one, trying to save his most precious possessions, was hurrying to the gate. That must be the way out! Suddenly the earth swayed and he thought the mountain was falling. Then he prayed:

"O Lord Poseidon, shaker of the earth, save me! I am a Greek!"

He came out of the forum along a steep street sloping down to a gate out of which a river of people was pouring. The noise of the crowd made itself heard even in the noise of the volcano. The streets were full of lost treasures. Men pushed and fell and trod upon each other. But at last Ariston passed through the gateway and out of the city. He looked about.

"This is no better," he sobbed to himself.

The air was thicker now. The shower, changed to hot dust as fine as ashes, blurred his eyes, stopped his nostrils, and choked his lungs. He tore his scarf from top to bottom and wrapped it about his mouth and nose. He looked at Caius and pulled a piece of the scarf over his head. Behind him a huge cloud was reaching out long black arms from the mountain to catch him. Around him people were running off to hide under rocks or trees or in the country houses. Out of one courtyard dashed a chariot, the driver lashing his horses and pushing them ahead through the crowd. He knocked people over, but he did not stop to see what harm he had done. Curses flew after him as he drove on down the road.

Ariston remembered when he himself had been dragged up here two years ago from the pirate ship.

"This leads to the sea," he thought. "I will go there. Perhaps I shall meet my master. He will come by ship. Surely I shall find him. The gods will send him to me. O blessed gods!"

But what a sea! It roared and tossed and boiled. While Ariston looked, a ship was picked up and crushed and swallowed. The sea poured up the steep shore for hundreds of feet, then rushed back and left strange fish gasping on the dry land. The black cloud was coming on. Soon it would be dark. And then what? Ariston lay down where the last huge wave had cooled the ground.

"It is all over, Caius," he murmured. "I shall never see Athens again."

For a while there were no more earthquakes. The sea grew a little less wild. Then the half-fainting Ariston heard shouts and lifted his head. A small boat had come ashore. The rowers had leaped out.

"How strange!" thought Ariston. "They are not running away. They must be brave. We are all cowards."

"Wait for me here!" cried a lordly voice to the rowers.

When he heard that voice Ariston struggled to his feet and called.

"Marcus! Master!"

Ariston saw the man turn and run toward him. Then he toppled over and lay face down in the ashes.

When he came to himself he felt a shower of water in his face. He was lying in a boat which seemed to be falling to the bottom of the sea. Then it was flung up to the skies. Marcus was shouting orders to the rowers.

In some way or other they all reached the waiting ship. It always seemed to Ariston as though a wave had thrown him there, or that Poseidon had carried him. At any rate, the great oars of the galley were flying and every rower groaning as he pulled at his oar. The sails, too, were spread; and the master himself stood at the helm. The boat was flung up and down like a ball. Then fell darkness blacker than night.

"Who can steer without sun or stars?" thought the boy.

Then he remembered the look on his master's face as he stood at the tiller. Such a look Ariston had painted on Herakles' face as he strangled the lion.

"He will save us," thought the slave.

For an hour the swift ship fought with the waves, the oarsmen rowing for their lives. The master's arm was strong,

and his heart was not for a moment afraid. The wind was helping. At last they reached calm waters.

"Thanks be to the gods!" cried Marcus. "We are out of that boiling pot."

At his words the mountain, glowing red in the dusty air, flung great red arms across the sky after the ship. In its light every man and spar and oar on the vessel seemed burning. Then the fire died, and thick darkness swallowed everything. Ariston's heart seemed smothered in his breast. He heard the slaves on the rowers' benches scream with fear. Then he heard their leader crying to them. There was a crash as though the mountain had clapped its hands. A thick shower of ashes filled the air, but the rowers were tugging at their oars again making the ship fly.

So for two hours or more Marcus and his men fought for safety. Then they came out into fresher air and calmer water and Marcus left the rudder.

"Let the men rest and thank the gods," he said. "We have come out of the grave."

When Ariston heard that, he remembered the Death he had left painted on his master's wall. By that time the picture was surely buried under stones and ashes. The boy covered his face and wept, hardly knowing what he was crying for,—the slavery, the picture, the buried city, the fear of that horrid night, the sorrows of the people left behind, his father, or his home in Athens. At last he fell asleep. The night was horrible with dreams—fire, earthquake, ashes, cries, thunder, lightning, but his tired body held him asleep for several hours. When finally he awoke, he was lying on a soft mattress covered with a warm blanket. Clean air filled his lungs and the gentle light of dawn lay upon his eyes. A strange face bent over him.

"He is only weary," a voice was saying. "He needs food and rest more than medicine."

When Ariston saw Marcus, also, bending over him, he leaped to his feet, ashamed to be caught asleep in his master's presence.

"My picture is finished, master," he cried, still half asleep.

"And so is your slavery," said Marcus, his eyes shining.

"It was not a slave who carried my son out of hell. It was a hero."

He turned around and called, "Come hither, my friends."

Three Roman gentlemen stepped up, looking kindly upon Ariston.

"This is the lad who saved my son," said Marcus. "I call you to witness that he is no longer a slave. Ariston, I send you from my hand a free man."

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Is the name "Ariston," the best, appropriate for the hero of this tale? Explain.
2. Where in the story would you place the numerals, I, II, III, IV, to mark the parts into which it is divided.
3. What picture would you draw to represent the moment of greatest danger to Ariston and Caius?
4. What acts of selfishness and cruelty are placed in the story to contrast with Ariston's devotion to duty?

ADDITIONAL READINGS: FAITHFUL SERVICE

"Bob," by E. W. Frentz, in *Uncle Zeb and His Friends*. Atlantic.

"A Little Roman Shepherd," by Ada M. Skinner, in *Christmas Stories and Plays*. Rand.

"The Prophet-Engineer," by Mary R. Parkman, in *Heroes of To-day*. Century.

3. HARVEY BIRCH

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

In Cooper's novel, *The Spy*, a story which you may enjoy reading, Harvey Birch served General George Washington as one of his most faithful helpers. Birch was secretly in Washington's service, but was supposed by every one, including Washington's soldiers, to be a British spy. The part of the story given here tells of the last meeting between Washington and Birch.

As you read find (1) the dangers faced by Birch, (2) the supreme test of his loyal service, and (3) his reward.

General Washington entered an apartment fitted for his reception, took a seat, and buried himself in deep thought. During this silence an aide-de-camp stood waiting his orders. Finally, Washington raised his eyes, and said in quiet tones:

"Has the man whom I wished to see arrived?"

"He waits the pleasure of your Excellency."

"I will receive him here, and alone, if you please."

The aide bowed and withdrew. In a few minutes the door again opened, and a figure, gliding into the apartment, stood modestly at a distance from the General, without speaking. His entrance was unheard by the officer, who sat gazing at the fire, as if lost in thought. Several minutes passed; then he spoke to himself in an undertone.

"To-morrow we must raise the curtain and expose our plans. May Heaven prosper them!"

A slight movement made by the stranger caught Washington's ear. Turning his head, he saw that he was not alone. He pointed silently to the fire, toward which the figure advanced, although his garments, which seemed better fitted

for disguise than for comfort, rendered its warmth unnecessary. A second mild and courteous gesture motioned to a vacant chair, but the stranger refused it modestly. At length Washington arose, and opening a desk that was laid upon the table near which he sat, took from it a small. but apparently heavy bag.

"Harvey Birch," he said, turning to the stranger, "the time has arrived when our connection must cease; henceforth and forever we must be strangers."

Birch, who in the disguise of a peddler had long served Washington, dropped the folds of the great coat that concealed his features and gazed for a moment earnestly at the face of the speaker; then dropping his head he said, meekly, "If it be your Excellency's pleasure."

"It is necessary. Since I have filled the station which I now hold, it has been my duty to know many men, who, like yourself, have been my instruments in securing information about the enemy. I have trusted you most of all; I early saw in you a regard for truth and principle, that, I am pleased to say, has never deceived me. You alone know my secret agents in the city, and on your faith depend, not only their fortunes, but also their lives."

He paused, as if to reflect, in order that full justice might be done to the peddler, and then continued: "I believe you are one of the very few persons that I have employed who have acted faithfully to our cause. While you have passed as a spy of the enemy, you have never given intelligence that you were not permitted to give. To me, and to me only of all the world, you seem to have acted with a strong regard for the liberties of America."

During this address Birch gradually raised his head. A faint tinge of color came to his cheeks and, as Washington

concluded, it deepened to a glow, but his eyes modestly sought the feet of the speaker.

"It is now my duty to pay you for these services," went on the General. "Hitherto you have postponed receiving your reward and the debt has become a heavy one. I wish not to undervalue your dangers; here are a hundred doubloons; you will remember our poor country and understand the smallness of your pay."

The peddler raised his eyes to the face of the speaker; but, as the other held forth the money, he drew back, as if refusing the bag.

"It is not much for your services and risks, I know," continued the General, "but it is all that I have to offer. At the end of the campaign I may be able to increase it."

"Does your Excellency think that I have risked my life and blasted my character, for money?"

"If not for money, what then?"

"What has brought your Excellency into the field? For what do you daily and hourly risk your precious life in battle? What is there about me to mourn, when such men as you risk their all for our country? No, no, no—not a dollar of your gold will I touch; poor America has need of it all!"

The bag dropped from the hand of Washington, and fell at the feet of the peddler, where it lay neglected during the remainder of the interview. Looking steadily at the face of his companion Washington continued:

"There are many motives which might govern me, that to you are unknown. Our situations are different; I am known as the leader of armies—but you must descend into the grave with the reputation of a foe to your native land. Remember that the veil which conceals your true character cannot be raised in years—perhaps never."

Birch again lowered his face. but there was no shame in the movement.

"You will soon be old," said Washington. "The best of your days have already passed. What have you to live on?"

"These!" said the peddler, stretching forth his hands that were already browned with toil.

"But those may fail you; take enough to secure a support for your age. Remember your risks and cares. I have told you that the characters of men who are highly honored in life depend on your secrecy; what pledge can I give them of your good faith and loyalty?"

"Tell them," said Birch, advancing, and unconsciously resting one foot on the bag, "tell them that I would not take the gold!"

The composed features of the officer relaxed into a smile, and he grasped the hand of the peddler firmly.

"Now indeed I know you," he said. "Although the same reasons which up to this time have compelled me to expose your valuable life will still exist, and prevent my openly telling your true character, in private I can always be your friend; fail not to apply to me when in want or suffering, and so long as God gives to me, so long will I freely share with a man who feels so nobly and acts so well. If sickness or want should ever assail you, and peace once more smiles upon our country, seek the gate of him whom you have so often met in secret, as we are meeting to-day, and he will not blush to acknowledge you."

"It is little that I need in this life," said Birch. "So long as God gives me health and honest work, I can never want. But to know that your Excellency is my friend, is a blessing that I prize more than all the gold of England's treasury."

Washington stood for a moment in an attitude of intense

thought. He then wrote a few lines on a piece of paper, and gave it to the peddler.

"God must have some great and glorious future for our country. That I know when I witness patriotism like yours," he said. "It must be dreadful for one like you to be branded as a foe to liberty; but you already know the lives that would be sacrificed, should your real character be revealed. It is impossible to do you justice now, but I fearlessly give you this statement. Should we never meet again, it may be serviceable to your children."

"Children!" exclaimed the peddler. "Can I give to a family the shame of my name?"

Deeply moved, Washington made a slight gesture toward the gold. Birch saw the intention and shook his head as he continued more mildly, "It is indeed a treasure that your Excellency gives me; it is safe too. There are men living who could say that my life is nothing to me compared to your secrets. The paper that I told you was lost, I swallowed when taken last by the Virginians. It was the only time I ever deceived your Excellency, and it shall be the last. This paper is a treasure to me. Perhaps," he continued, with a sad smile, "it may be known after my death who was my friend."

"Remember," said the officer, "that in me you will always have a secret friend; but openly I cannot know you."

"I know it, I know it," said Birch; "I knew it when I took the service. This is probably the last time that I shall ever see your Excellency. May God pour down His choicest blessings on your head!" He paused; and then moved toward the door. Washington followed him with eyes that expressed deep emotion. Once more the peddler turned, and seemed to gaze on the quiet but commanding features of the General with regret and reverence. Then, bowing low, he withdrew.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Did Harvey Birch sacrifice his character? Explain.
2. Why did Birch need to be thought a foe of his country?
3. Why could Washington not "know" Birch?
4. Compare the service rendered by Birch with that given by Nathan Hale and by other patriots in American history, of whom you have heard or read.
5. In what other units of this book might the story of Harvey Birch be placed? Justify your choices.

VOLUNTEER WORK

1. In the novel, James Fenimore Cooper's, *The Spy*, find out what you can about Birch to tell the class.
2. *Study of word grouping:* Break up the first few paragraphs of this selection into thought groups. See page 163. Do you need pauses not already marked by punctuation? If so, where does the thought need those breaks, and why?

4. THE SHEPHERD DOG OF THE PYRENEES

ELLEN MURRAY

As you read, picture to yourself clearly what the shepherd dog did. Try to see the action.

Traveler. Begone, you, sir. Here, shepherd, call your dog.
Shepherd. Be not affrighted, madame. Poor Pierrot
Will do no harm. I know his voice is gruff,
But then, his heart is good.
Traveler. Well, call him, then.
I do not like his looks. He's growling now.

Shepherd. Madame had better drop that stick. Pierrot,
He is as good a Christian as myself.
And does not like a stick.
Traveler. Such a fierce look!
And such great teeth!
Shepherd. Ah, bless poor Pierrot's teeth!
Good cause have I and mine to bless those teeth.
Come here, my Pierrot. Would you like to hear,
Madame, what Pierrot's teeth have done for me?
Traveler. Torn a gaunt wolf, I'll warrant.
Shepherd. Do you see
On that high ledge a cross of wood that stands
Against the sky?
Traveler. Just where the cliff goes down
A hundred fathoms sheer, a wall of rock
To where the river foams along its bed?
I've often wondered who was brave to plant
A cross on such an edge.
Shepherd. Myself, madame.
That the good God might know I give Him thanks.
One night, it was November, black and thick,
The fog came down, when as I reached my house,
Marie came running out; our little one,
Our four-year Louis, so she cried, was lost.
I called Pierrot: "Go, seek him, find my boy,"
And off he went. Marie was crying loud
To call the neighbors. They and I, we searched
All that dark night. I called Pierrot in vain;
Whistled and called, and listened for his voice;
He always came or barked at my first word,
But now, he answered not.
When day at last

Broke, and the gray fog lifted, there I saw
On that high ledge, against the dawning light,
My little one asleep, sitting so near
That edge that as I looked his red barrette
Fell from his nodding head down the abyss.
And there, behind him, crouched Pierrot; his teeth,
His good, strong teeth, clenching the jacket brown,
Holding the child in safety. With wild bounds
Swift as the gray wolf's own, I climbed the steep,
And as I reached them, Pierrot beat his tail,
And looked at me, so utterly distressed,
With eyes that said: "Forgive, I could not speak,"
But never loosed his hold till my dear rogue
Was safe within my arms.
Ah, ha, Pierrot,
Madame forgives your barking and your teeth;
I knew she would.

Traveler. Come here, Pierrot, good dog,
Come here, poor fellow, faithful friend and true,
Come, come, be friends with me.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. What service did Pierrot render his master?
2. Find everything in the story which proves that Pierrot was honored for his service.
3. Why did the traveler change her mind about making friends with Pierrot? Tell why it is not wise to judge by looks alone. Use Pierrot and the traveler to illustrate your points. Should you like to have a friend like Pierrot? Why?
4. Should you like the shepherd for a friend? Why?
5. Tell about a dog you know that did a great service for its owner.

5. AN ANTELOPE MOTHER

William L. Finley and Irene Finley

This story of courage was told by Sam Bolkan, a trapper, who saw the mother antelope's devotion to her fawns. Read the story rapidly, but be sure that you get the thought. Keep a record of the time you take to do the reading.

One day late in May, when new blades of grass were sprouting and the desert flowers were beginning to show their colors, Sam Bolkan noticed a doe antelope nervously walking about. Her white rump and sides and the stripes on her neck showed clearly against the dark bunches of sage-brush. Apparently she did not care whether she was seen or not. Her eyes were keen. She was sure of her nose and legs. Her safety lay in the open.

The doe nibbled at some new wisps of grass. Suddenly her head went up. She paced along for a hundred yards, stopped to nibble again, then turned off to the left and came trotting back. No danger seemed to threaten, but she was restless. There was no wind, but various scents came through the air from all points of the compass. The feeling of uncertainty shown by the antelope was caused by the scent of coyote or bobcat.

For half an hour the doe browsed and watched on the wide, flat plateau. She nibbled along in apparent unconcern, yet with a set purpose in her movement. Feeling the fullness of her udders, she gave a signal. Two fawns hidden in the sage jumped up and ran to her. A third came from another direction.

For a mother antelope to have three fawns is unusual. The third little antelope was a trifle smaller than the other

two and limped badly in his left fore leg. Two days before, when the doe led her two kids away to a new hiding-place the lame fawn had joined her. How he had been hurt or where his own mother was, no one knew. His foster mother at first tried to drive him away, but her own two had accepted the playmate. He was now a part of the family, taking his portion of warm milk.

The care of her family challenged the doe's keenness to the utmost. Mother-like, her love was equally divided between her own and the wounded orphan. Her fawns were nearly two weeks old and speed was in their spindle-legs, a speed that was almost sufficient to escape danger.

When the mother had nursed the three fawns, she led them over to the sloping ground, where the surface was rough with loose boulders and scattering rabbit-brush. She was telling them plainly in antelope language to scatter and settle out of sight. After several moments the doe started to leave. She had gone about three hundred yards when suddenly ahead of her five sage-grouse flushed and scattered like bullets. Instantly she knew an enemy was near.

She flashed her white signal to the fawns and bounded straight toward the danger, coming face to face with three coyotes that were racing toward her at full speed. Away she sprang to lure them off, but their eyes were not on her at all. They were taking a direct course to the place where the three little antelopes had disappeared. Whirling with a whistling snort, the doe was soon in the lead, and the race was on.

At the whistle of the mother the three young antelopes sprang up and bounded away from the coyotes in a race for their lives. In a few moments the two elder fawns left the third behind. They bore to the right straight out across the wide flat. The distance rapidly closed between the leading

THE DOE WAS SOON IN THE LEAD, AND THE RACE WAS ON

coyote and the youngest antelope. In an effort to hold him back the doe checked her speed in front of the wild-dog leader. The other coyotes dropped to the rear, swinging out more to the right to hold themselves in reserve for the running fight that would be likely to swing around in a big circle.

The lame antelope was rapidly losing ground. As the distance shortened between him and his persistent pursuer, the mother skilfully crowded the coyote over and took a middle position between the two. The three were now racing neck and neck, the mother covering her young and the wild dog keen for an opening. He loped ahead a moment, looking for a chance to leap, then dropped back and with a lightning dodge flew at the little fawn. At the same instant the mother twisted in mid-air, and as he struck the hip of the fawn she raked down the coyote's ribs with all four sharp hoofs in a blow that knocked him sprawling. The kid staggered, but caught himself and ran on. Quick to regain his feet, the coyote was soon tearing along looking for another chance.

The bloodthirsty beast had fairly tasted his prey. Now he was trying for a neck-hold. Again he took a flying leap, but again the doe caught him with all four sharp feet, this time full on the back. The terror-stricken bleat of the fawn changed the mother to a fighting demon. Before the coyote could regain his feet she had struck him a second time. Her rebound was like a steel spring. With nearly one hundred pounds of weight and muscle she struck viciously to drive home four piercing prods. His hide was ripped in three places. As he landed against a sage-brush, he slunk back on his haunches with bared fangs. He was now on the defensive. Twelve feet away the doe snorted shrilly and pawed the ground. The little fawn was quick to dart away under cover of the sage before the other two coyotes were near enough to finish the fight. The two larger fawns had gained safety and were out of sight.

In the excitement of the race neither antelope nor coyotes had sensed the nearness of the man. Steadied against the trunk of a dwarf juniper-tree, Bolkan took careful aim and pressed the trigger. The coyote with his back against the bush

stiffened in a death-struggle. The trapper whirled to get a running shot at the other two coyotes.

"Guess the doe of the desert can hold her own with you varmints from now on!" said the trapper.

READING TEST

Choose the correct ending for each of the following statements:

1. When Sam first saw the doe she was
   a. walking about and nervously nibbling at the grass.
   b. grazing peacefully on the slope.
   c. lying in the shade.

2. When the doe gave the signal
   a. the coyotes ran away.
   b. the hunter shot.
   c. three little fawns ran to her.

3. The lame fawn with the mother doe was
   a. her own.
   b. a stray antelope that had joined her two days before.
   c. a stranger to her.

4. When the mother doe saw the coyotes, she
   a. ran away alone.
   b. signalled for the young fawns to run to safety.
   c. leaped upon them.

5. The coyotes followed
   a. the young fawns.
   b. the mother doe.
   c. the bobcat.

6. The coyotes rapidly gained ground on
   a. the mother doe.
   b. the lame fawn.
   c. the other two fawns.

7. The mother doe
   a. followed the coyotes.
   b. ran between the coyotes and the lame fawn.
   c. ran off in another direction.
8. As the coyote leaped upon the young fawn, the mother antelope
   a. ran off in another direction.
   b. leaped upon the coyote with all four feet.
   c. stood still with fear.
9. The coyote
   a. was driven away by the blows of the mother doe.
   b. was shot by the hunter.
   c. ran away in fear.
10. The little lame fawn
   a. died from the fight.
   b. ran to safety.
   c. was killed by the hunter.

Make your reading record as you have done in previous tests. See page 101 for directions.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Retell briefly the story of the mother doe's fight.
2. Exactly how did she attack the coyote?
3. Tell a true story of a cat defending her kittens, or a dog's defense of her puppies; or of a mother bird's protection of her children. You have seen such actions, or have read about them.

VOLUNTEER READING

Find and read a story about a mother animal protecting her young. Perhaps you can find *Wild Animals at Home*, by E. T. Seton (Doubleday), or *Wilderness Babies*, by J. A. Schwartz (Little).

6. HEROES OF THE RAILWAY

CHARLES DE LANO HINE

This is a story of the heroism of five enginemen. *Stop* after you have read about each man. Close your eyes, and do two things: first, *see* the picture of the heroic deed; second, *think* what the deed would have meant to you, if you had been the person in danger.

What the ship is to the captain, the locomotive is to the engine-driver. A touch of the master's hand, and its muscles of steel strain forward. A clear track, and all is well. The locomotive hums along to the song of the road, to the cadence of a thousand rails. When danger is ahead, there comes a sudden shriek, and an answering blast. Safety lies neither to the right nor left. Down brakes and straight on, with crash and wreckage ahead. At this moment an engine-driver has only one alternative—to be a coward and jump, or be a hero and stay at the throttle.

Most engine-drivers do stay and meet their death, in the desperate hope of being able to slow down the train and lessen the fatality of the collision to the passengers. This is shown by a railway official's remark that instances of devotion to duty are regarded as matters of course in the railway service and are not considered subjects for special record.

Collision is only one of many perils to which railway employees are exposed. To enter the service at all requires courage. Life-insurance experts regard the railway service as a very dangerous occupation. As a brakeman said, in language which conveys a very clear idea of his meaning: "A job on a railroad is just, 'Whose turn next?' You go out, and you don't know whether you'll ever come back."

I. MILLIGAN

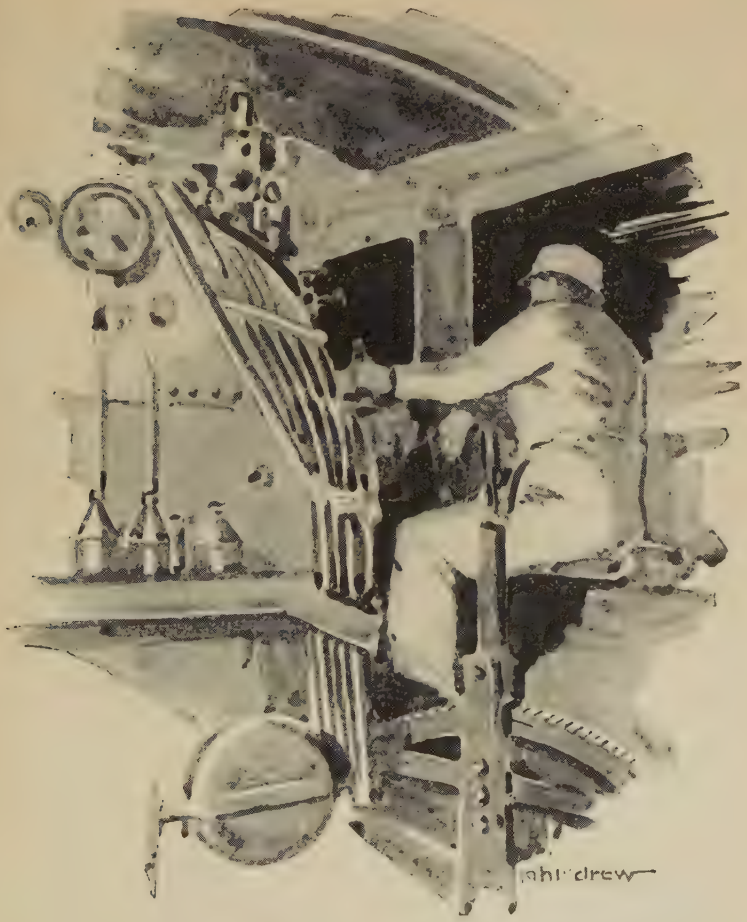
Veteran railroad men who have stories to tell of heroism in the railway service usually begin with "Hank" Milligan, an engine-driver on the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. During a riot in New York, the rioters, fearing that troops would be brought into the city, gathered about the station, armed with muskets, pistols, and stones, and threatened death to any engine-driver who dared take out a train. This threat was told to Milligan shortly before the time at which his train was scheduled to start.

Milligan waited quietly. When he received the train-starter's signal he opened the throttle of his locomotive and steamed through the lines of rioters, who were so daunted by his courage that they allowed him to pass without a shot or a stone. Those who remember Milligan describe him as a typical New-Englander, tall and angular, who would fight anything, adding that he "wouldn't have feared the devil himself."

II. JOHNSON

On a side hill in Ohio stands the station of a large town. Here one evening a train stood discharging passengers and changing engines. Suddenly a freight-train was heard tearing down the grade past the yard where it should have stopped. The almost human whistles for brakes indicated clearly that the crew had lost control of the train. In vain the stationmen thought of turning the runaway upon another track. The only available siding which the helpless and partly filled train did not block led into the station itself. To throw open that switch meant death to the people in the waiting-room.

While this was happening, Engineer Johnson was oiling his



A TOUCH OF THE MASTER'S HAND, AND ITS MUSCLES OF STEEL STRAIN FORWARD

engine on the station spur. When he saw the danger, he shot his engine out on the main track to meet the coming train. His comrades supposed that he would jump off and trust his

engine to repel the assault, but he knew the grade was so steep that the recoil from the collision might still work mischief to the unsuspecting passengers; so he "stayed with her." With skill and courage he caught that freight-train and brought it under control, with no more damage than smashing the fronts of the engines. There was only one chance in a hundred of doing this, but heroes take the hundredth chance. For such deeds Napoleon made officers of privates.

III. McTAMANY

Patrick McTamany was a switchman at one of the Pennsylvania Railroad crossings in Jersey City, where trains and drilling-engines are almost constantly passing over a network of tracks. Early one morning McTamany saw a boy playing on one of the tracks, unaware of a train bearing down upon him. The switchman shouted, but the boy failed to hear. McTamany jumped in front of the locomotive. With one hand he thrust the boy off the track; with the other he tried to swing himself onto the pilot. He missed his hold, fell, and was crushed to death under the locomotive wheels as the boy scampered off.

IV. ROOT

Among the most extraordinary calamities that ever befell any section of this country were the forest fires in northern Minnesota. No forest fire, perhaps, has had greater horrors. It might be supposed that when fire burns a tract twenty-six miles long and from one to fifteen miles broad, there would be ample warning of the approaching flames to enable every human being in their path to escape. But in this catastrophe, in which whole towns and settlements were destroyed, the raging fire advanced with the rapidity of a tidal wave. It was as if a dam of stored-up flames had burst and let loose a flood

of fire upon the country. A haze, a cloud of smoke, a tongue of flame, and, before people could flee, a fiery sea would be raging around and over the doomed settlements.

At four o'clock of the fatal day a train reached the town of Hinckley on the St. Paul and Duluth Railroad. A terror-stricken mob surging about the station made a rush for the cars. As the train started forward, crowded to its utmost capacity, flames burst out of the cloud of smoke ahead and set fire to the engine-cab and baggage-car.

In the cab was Engineer James Root; in the train were fully two hundred people, their lives dependent upon this one man. Root remembered that six miles back a shallow lake beside the railroad-bed made a clearing where a place of safety might be found. He reversed the engine, and began his race with the flames.

At times the forest on each side of the track, set on fire by sparks blown by the fierce wind, was a roaring mass; the train rushed through an aisle of flames. Here and there a fiery tongue shot out from the cloud of smoke rolling on behind as if to lick up the train from the road-bed; car-windows were cracking; the woodwork of the train was burning. The passengers, frantic with terror, were leaping from the platform, only to lie helpless in the very track of the pursuing demon.

At his post stood James Root. His fireman was at the water-tank ducking his head when the heat became too intense, and between times throwing water over the engineer. At last the race with death was won, but only by two minutes; for within two minutes after the train stopped, the fire was upon it. But the passengers who had trusted their lives to Root were safe. Some rushed into the lake; others, who had become unconscious from the heat, were borne into the

mud and water; and Root—who, as he pulled the lever, had sunk exhausted to the floor of the engine-cab, his clothing on fire, his face and hands scorched and bleeding from broken glass, was carried to the mud, laid in it and covered with it.

Those who carried Root from the cab had supposed that he was dying; but when people began leaving the lake, he rose and, as if guided by instinct, staggered back to the locomotive, clambered on to it, and sank down upon the cab-seat. The train itself had been burned to the tracks. After a long time Root fully recovered from his wounds and burns.

V. KENNAR

In the meeting-room of Division 46 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers at Albany, N. Y., is a simple yet touching memento of as brave an engine-driver as ever put hand to throttle.

This engineman, Edward Kennar, ran Engine 238 on the Western Division of the New York Central Railroad. One April night, as Kennar's train was speeding along toward Batavia, the locomotive headlight suddenly flashed upon a mass of moving earth and rock on the track. The train was rushing toward a landslide, of which there had not been the slightest warning. There was the shriek of the whistle, "Down brakes!" Too late. No. 238 plunged into the heaping rock and earth and a moment later lay wrecked at the foot of the embankment.

Pinned down by tons of steel, and writhing in agony, lay Kennar. Suddenly he seemed to pull together all of life that was left in him. Raising his head, he cried, it seemed almost in anger, at those who had gathered about, "Flag No. 5!" With those words on his lips he died.

"No. 5" was a west-bound train which met Kennar's

near this point. The warning which, forgetting his own agony, he had given with his dying breath, recalled No. 5's peril to the train-hands. Hurrying back to the track, they were in time to flag it.

That "Flag No. 5" of "Ed" Kennar's is worthy to be placed alongside of Lawrence's "Don't give up the ship!" or of the last words of heroes dying on the battlefield which history has recorded. Kennar saved No. 5.

The throttle of Engine 238 was taken from the wreck. Silver-plated, framed, and bearing a suitable inscription, it hangs in the room of the Brotherhood Division to which Kennar belonged. It is a memorial to this railroad hero, who, though he might have jumped, "just slapped on the brakes and stayed by his engine." Members of the division regard the throttle of No. 238 with feelings of sorrow and pride. They look upon that throttle as soldiers look upon a battle-flag that has been found under the dead bodies of its defenders.

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. What picture were you able to see most vividly?
2. Tell the story of one of the deeds, as if you had been present. For example, begin: "I was riding on Engineer Root's train, . . ." or "I was on train No. 5 when Kennar's signal stopped us. . . ." Then finish your story.
3. Which act of service is most worth remembering? Why?

STORY TELLING

1. Tell a story, real or imaginary, that begins with something like "Help! Help!"
2. Make up an answer to a cry of "Help! Help!" that is not an act of service.

"A BOY SCOUT IS HELPFUL."—*The Boy Scout Laws*

7. A CODE OF HONOR

ARTHUR A. CAREY

The United States has a Constitution which sets forth the principles for which our nation stands and to which it is steadfast. By observing that constitution our national life is held firm and steady. In a similar way organizations like the Boy Scouts and the Girl

Reserves have codes, or principles of conduct, which they honor and which hold their lives steady.

The following selection tells what codes of honorable conduct mean in athletic sports, in business, and in personal conduct. Study the selection carefully, and select the parts suitable for your class to adopt. Use twenty minutes to carry out these directions:

1. First notice the five main headings. See the parts in order.
2. Notice the title of Part V, The Major Law in all Codes of Honor, but do not read the paragraphs.
3. Read Part I carefully. Close your book and answer the question you find at the end of the part.
4. Read Part II carefully. Close your book and answer the questions at the end.
5. Read Parts III, IV, and V carefully. Stop at the end of each; carry out the directions you find there.
6. Then look over the entire selection, recalling the main parts.
7. Apply one or more of the parts to some school situation.

I

RULES OF FAIR PLAY IN GAMES

We all know how unpleasant a game becomes when it is not played according to the rules. If we cannot trust our opponents to play fair, the spirit of the whole game is lowered. We are forced to pay less attention to our own play because we feel obliged to watch our opponents and the umpire at every point. A game like this, filled with suspicion of foul play, either on one or both sides, ceases to be play, and has comparatively little enjoyment in it. If we have no confidence in the honor of our opponents, we can have no respect and no friendship for them. Foul play suspected on one side offers a temptation to the other side to behave in the same way, and a lack of self-respect takes the place of

the sure trust and loyal confidence that heightens the enjoyment of a game between friends.

The fact is that rules are the foundation of a game. When the rules are not kept, a game ceases to be play, and becomes a scramble or a swindling match. For this reason, men of our race have loved fair play because it makes a contest so much more enjoyable. True sportsmanship rests upon this foundation: that a man would rather lose a point, and indeed lose the game itself, than break the rules, just as a soldier prefers to be killed rather than to be a coward and neglect his duty.

The presence of an umpire, of course, does not mean that players are not to be trusted. The umpire's duty is not to be a policeman and is not to prevent foul play. The umpire's business in the game is to decide questions according to the rules, when the judgment of one player may honestly differ from that of another, and so to save time and settle all questions as promptly as possible.

The rules of the game really form a solemn agreement according to which the players have decided beforehand to play. Therefore, a deliberate breach of the rules is just as much a violation of honor as the breaking of a business agreement or as violating a treaty between nations would be.

In a game of ball, a man may at some time be tempted to claim a run, without having touched second base; but even in the excitement of such a moment, we must compel ourselves to stand up for the truth and exactly honorable conduct at all costs. As American Scouts we have taken Abraham Lincoln as our standard bearer; and strict observance of honor is just what he meant when he said: "I may fail, but I am bound to be true."

Question: *Why are rules necessary in a game?*

II

UNWRITTEN LAWS OF HONOR IN BUSINESS

This same principle is recognized in all professions and employments, wherever men work together and depend upon one another to carry on their work. Many business agreements are unwritten laws and depend upon the general sense of honor which grows finer and finer in a man as he is faithful to his obligations.

We can easily see, for instance, that the cashier of a bank cannot steal the bank's funds without a breach of honor. But it is not so clear to young people that, if a committee of men are working together for some common end, it is dishonorable for a few to work for their own selfish ends, without consulting their associates. In business, in politics, in war, and in every other line of action, there is the obligation to "respect the rules of the game," whether they are the laws of the land, or written agreements between men, or unwritten and even unspoken agreements which are taken for granted.

Questions: *What is an unwritten law?*
What example of it in business shall I remember?

III

LAWS OF GENTLEMANLY CONDUCT

The people who settled this country brought with them a tradition, or custom, which had been handed down from one generation to another,—which was against all underhanded attempts, in any line, to take a mean advantage of any one else. The same tradition exists among true men of all

nations, but a particular emphasis was put upon it by the old Anglo-Saxons. To read other people's letters without their knowledge or consent; to listen to, or try to overhear private conversations between other people; to accept favors and then talk meanly about those who have benefited us,—all are disgraceful acts.

Such actions are breaking the rules of the game. Among all decent people such acts are considered shameful; the unwritten law requires that every one should, in his secret heart, close his eyes to what he is not meant to see; stop his ears to what he is not meant to hear; and keep his mouth sealed to protect another's secret. Although little, mean, treacherous acts can sometimes be done without being found out, they are often betrayed by the very manner of the people who practise them. Men and women, whether old or young, who love to be straightforward just as they love fresh air, have a bearing very different from that of a sneak. The bearing of straightforward men can not be successfully imitated.

Write out a question. Answer it.

IV

FAITHFULNESS TO THE LAWS OF DUTY

The spirit of faithfulness to all written or unwritten obligations results in confidence and happiness, because faithfulness makes possible decent and happy human lives. That which gives life its special enjoyment and arouses in us on certain occasions a thrill of enthusiasm, is the sacrifice of all that is mean and selfish. We like to think of Hobson sinking the *Merrimac* to block the harbor of Santiago, because his act proved that he was willing to throw his life away for his country. That same spirit may be working in the mind

of a very humble man who prefers to give up some keen pleasure or advantage for the sake of doing his plain, every-day duty.

The man who does his duty steadily and faithfully because he loves the law of duty, the one who is unhappy when he is not playing according to the rules, is the man who will be prepared for exceptional opportunities when they occur.

We know the story of Captain Craven, who went down with his ship at the battle of Mobile Bay. When his ship, struck by a torpedo, had begun to sink, Craven was in the turret with the pilot. The only way out was down a little iron ladder through a manhole. Only one of the two men could go down this ladder at a time. Captain Craven, remembering his responsibility for the lives of those on board, quietly stepped back and said: "After you, pilot," and went down with his ship. In this act there seems to have been a special charm and beauty; we admire his complete willingness to do the nearest duty at hand. He had been trained in the navy, where orders have to be obeyed. In addition, he had the spirit of devotion which gave to his act a peculiar grace and freedom.

Craven had shown the same spirit many times before, whenever, in fact, he had done a difficult duty against odds in the daily routine of his life. And now, when the odds meant the loss of his own life, according to the rules of the navy, he showed no hesitation.

Write out a question. Answer it.

V

THE MAJOR LAW IN ALL CODES OF HONOR

The rules of the game in the navy, in the army, and in every other public service are very much alike. They are all

derived from the central law that personal advantage must be sacrificed for the public welfare. Men express this principle in different ways, partly because they have to work with different weapons, or tools, or instruments, in different conditions of life. The lawyer in his office, the carpenter at the bench, the judge in court, the blacksmith at his anvil,—all of these have their rules of the game just as soldiers and sailors and frontiersmen have their rules. Only, when the rules are concerned with the foundations of life instead of with recreation and play,—when rules are so serious that we cannot lightly talk about them and they cannot be settled by an umpire,—we do not call them or think them rules, but *laws of life.*

When we speak of a number of laws which belong together for a common purpose, we call them a "code," such as the old Roman Code or the Code Napoleon; but, when principles of conduct are deeper than the law and apply to the inner thoughts and motives of men, and not merely to their outward acts, we call those principles of conduct a *Code of Honor.*

This is what the Law of the Scouts is. Therefore we must study and practise it. We must remember that we cannot understand a code of honor by reading, or studying, or even learning it by heart. We must try our best every day to obey it, carefully noting when we succeed and when we fail. Doing this will help us to understand better and better the laws of honorable conduct and to practise them with increasingly good results.

What "rules of the game" do you have in your English class?

What is a Code of Honor?

Adapted.

CLASS ACTIVITIES

DISCUSSION

1. Perhaps some boy scout in the class can recite or read The Scout Law.
2. You will find several "codes" on pages 406–407 of this book. Perhaps you may read them aloud here.
3. Boys name and explain five "rules" of baseball; girls explain five rules of hockey or basketball.
4. Recall examples of "close decisions" that you have seen made by umpires.
5. Can you think of an "unspoken" agreement that exists in any of these situations:
   (*a*) A disaster at sea, when children and women are aboard.
   (*b*) Treatment of old people on a crowded street car.
   (*c*) A railway man's treatment of an angry passenger.

STUDY EXERCISES

1. How did your readings of this selection differ from each other?
2. Why were you asked to read the parts separately during the second reading?
3. How does the making of questions to ask yourself, after carefully reading Parts III and IV, help you in your study? Discuss the questions you wrote out. Ask one in turn, and let classmates volunteer to answer.
4. Apply the study suggestions on page 385 to some lesson assigned in one of your other classes.
5. Turn to the selection on page 32, or on page 39 of this book. Suppose you were going to *study* it carefully, as you study a lesson in geography or community life. Talk over the best way to go about the job, in the light of the study suggestions given on page 385.

8. BORROWED MOTHERS

CAROLYN S. BAILEY

The boys will think at first that this is a story for girls, but before they have finished reading they will see that it is also a boys' story. Can you think of any reason why the happenings in this story might not have occurred?

"You'll surely come on Sunday, mother, won't you?" Edith Wainwright bent over her mother's chair and put her arms around the slender figure in black. "We are going to have a special address, and different music; everybody says our Mother's Day will be the best we ever had." Stopping for breath a moment, Edith placed one hand on the pile of white lawn that lay on Mrs. Wainwright's lap. "And there won't be anybody in the chorus with such a pretty dress as mine," she continued. "It was a good idea to have them all made in the same style, but mine is going to be handmade and hand-embroidered. You'll finish it in time, won't you, mother?"

Mrs. Wainwright looked up, a smile lighting her tired face. "Of course your dress will be ready, little girl. Haven't I every evening free for sewing? I like to think that the dress you wear on Mother's Day will have so much of your own mother's handwork in it." She leaned back a moment looking at the fine stitches she had just set, but in reality resting her eyes and flying fingers.

The room looked like Edith. She had blown in like a wayward breeze, as gay and careless. A rug that she had tripped over lay in a heap; dust from the street came in through the door that she had forgotten to close. Her books were scattered on the table and she had tipped over a scrap basket in

her haste. Edith was a loving, thoughtless girl. Her deep blue eyes were dark now with the affection she had for her all-alone mother, but her mind was busy with other thoughts.

"I'm going to basketball practice now," she said. "I promised Frances I'd stop for her. I know I ought to do the lunch dishes, mother. You haven't had time to finish them because of the sewing, and I should get dinner, but I'm afraid I can't get home in time. You're coming on Mother's Day, aren't you, dear? Frances wants us to find out how many mothers will be there so she can tell her father."

"I'll try," her mother looked down again at her work, the tired shadows in her face covering the smile. "But the house will need a thorough cleaning the last of the week, and Lonny's croup has kept me from sleeping very much lately, and——"

"Well, you'll try to come. I'll tell Frances that." Edith pulled her hat low over her curls and darted out through the door, looking like a bluebird in her blue linen dress and crimson tie.

Her clear call at the big white gate of the parsonage had to be repeated. Frances, the minister's daughter, appeared, her white sweater over her arm and her brown eyes full of laughter.

"I thought I'd never get started," she said. "I promised father that I'd dust the library for him some day this week and he wanted it done to-day. I just hate to do it—taking down all those musty books and getting my nose full of dust. I got off, though, by coaxing; father was so busy that he hadn't any time to scold. He's beginning his sermon for Mother's Day. It's a nice short text, not a bit hard to remember. 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.' Is your mother coming, Edith? I want to make out a list this afternoon."

"I don't know. She's been so busy since father died; we haven't any maid now, you know. Lonny has been sick and besides, mother is making me a dress, all by hand, to wear in the chorus. She said that she might be too tired to come," Edith answered, and the thoughts suggested by their conversation kept both girls silent for the rest of the way to the school gymnasium. At the door Edith put her arm around Frances and whispered earnestly in her ear.

Frances laughed. Then she hugged Edith and whispered something to her. Both girls giggled.

"We always do think of the same things at just the same time, don't we, Frances?" Edith said.

"Yes, and always the nicest things!" Frances replied. "Now we'll have to see how the other girls feel about it."

For once the basketball practice lagged. Rumor flew about the gymnasium that Edith Wainwright and Frances Giddings had a secret, that it was a secret with a plan attached and they might share it when the game was over. A few minutes before five a merry throng of girls, led by Edith, put Frances on a kind of throne made of parallel bars and a mattress, and shouted:

"Tell us about it, Frances! Please tell us!"

A flush rose to Frances's face, but she tossed her hair back from her forehead and faced her mates with clear eyes.

"Maybe you'll laugh at us, girls," she began, "but Edith and I had the same idea come to us all at once, and we'd like to see if it will come to you too. I told Edith about the text father is going to preach on Mother's Day—'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.'"

Frances hesitated a moment, and her voice faltered. Then she went bravely on. "You see I'd just run away from dusting father's library——"

"And I'd left all the luncheon dishes without washing them," Edith interrupted.

"So we decided to form a secret society," Frances went on. "It's to begin now, just as soon as we leave the gymnasium. We're going to have secret passwords, each one her own, and all different. They'll be very unusual passwords; they will make the society unusual, and very nice, we think. We'd love to have anybody join who likes. My password is 'dust cloth.'"

"Mine is 'dishpan,'" Edith added with a decided nod of her head.

For a short space there was silence in the gymnasium. A ripple of laughter was immediately hushed. Then the girls began to talk all at once.

"Splendid, we'll keep it up all the year."

"Nobody will ever find out about it and we can have hikes and sewing afternoons and picnics when we get through with the regular work of the club."

"My password is going to be 'flatiron.'"

"Mine is 'broom.'"

"Mine is 'thimble.'"

The enthusiasm was catching. Before ten minutes had passed every girl in the basketball team had joined the secret society. They parted at the door of the gymnasium to begin making use of their new passwords.

Frances and Edith went up the street arm in arm, in the glow of the yellow sunset.

"They wanted to do it, really; so did we, Edith," Frances said, "only none of us had thought of it before." The sound of an automobile interrupted her and the two girls saw a car coming down the tree-lined street toward them."

"There's Edward Judson," Edith said. "Doesn't he have

just everything! His father lets him have his car almost every day after school. Hello, Edward!" She waved her hand to him.

The boy stopped the car and took off his cap, a smile lighting his cheery, freckled face.

"I'm going over to the mill to get dad and take him home," he said. "Jump in, girls, and we'll stop at the tea room and have a sundae."

"Maple walnut for me," Frances said.

"Chocolate peppermint for me!" Edith added as they drove off. At the little round table in the tea room, over the ice cream, the girls told Edward about their new secret society, whispering so that no one else could hear.

"It's fine!" Edward said as they went out: "I'd like to belong to it myself." He said good-bye to the girls and started off in the direction of the mill.

Frances turned to Edith when they were alone.

"I almost told Edward that he couldn't possibly belong," she said.

"I'm glad you stopped yourself in time," Edith said. "It would have made him feel badly. Being rich doesn't make up for not having any mother."

The week before Mother's Day went by on wings. The newly formed secret society astonished the mothers by doing things at home cheerfully that had been grudged tasks before, or had been neglected altogether. Edith decided to wear her last year's white dress in the chorus so that her mother might have some evenings to rest; she amused fretting Lonny, and made good use of her password. Dr. Giddings found his library as neatly dusted as if elves had been at work in it. The other girls got up early without being called, and played seamstress, and waitress, and kitchen maid, and gardener,

with the result that the mothers of Greenlawn could hardly understand the change in their daughters. But it was a comfort to be able to rest weary feet and hands and get ready for Mother's Day.

The day was beautiful. The girls were bubbling over with happiness, for their work had been made merry by its secrecy. They had great fun giving the passwords in school and mystifying the boys, who could not understand their significance. The boys and girls in Greenlawn Grammar School were particularly good friends. The girls attended the baseball matches in a body and brought sandwiches and ice-cold lemonade of their own making. The boys, in return, were always ready to put up swings for a picnic or shift scenes for a school play.

"I believe the boys are a little hurt because we haven't let them come into our society," Frances said to her father as they walked toward the gray stone church on Mother's Day. "But what could they have done in it? We've never done anything before without Edward, but he hasn't any mother."

The minister put his hand on his daughter's shoulder.

"So many in the world have no mothers," he said, "but that is one reason why we have this day. We want to share our mothering; mother love, and mother care, and mother spirit." Then he suddenly stopped, putting on his eyeglasses as he looked up the street.

"What is that?" he asked. "Look, Frances; it seems to be a kind of procession."

It was a procession of boys, but they were not alone. Heading it was an automobile full of old ladies. Each had a bright nosegay pinned to her shabby black frock and all were rivalling the day in the sunshine of their smiles. Following were more old ladies carefully escorted by boys. All had bouquets, and the boys wore their best suits and their very best manners.

"It's our boys!" Frances exclaimed. "They're stopping at the church."

The two reached the churchyard just as Edward got out of the car and opened the door to let out his party of delighted guests. The other boys ushered their charges in the gate, pretending not to notice the girls, but addressing strange words to each other.

"Wood basket!"

"Grocery list!"

"Clothes line!"

Edward was the most mystifying of all. He said "Green tea," in an undertone to Edith as he helped a particularly old lady of his automobile party up the church steps. Moreover, the mothers of the boys, who had come earlier, seemed to be in the secret too, for they could be seen nodding and laughing to one another. Each mother wore a bouquet of flowers and a particularly happy expression.

Frances looked up laughingly to her father:

"Passwords!" she said. "The boys got even with us. You see, our secret society is to have a Mother's Day at home every day, but we didn't tell the boys about it, only just Edward. They always say they can do things just as well as we can. Edward must have told them; they've done all that we have done, and they've brought all the old ladies from the Poor Farm."

The minister stood beside the gate, his hat off as the last of the boys' borrowed mothers went inside. Their eyes were dim from many years of watching, their fingers were twisted and bent from the toil that had gone without its reward, leaving only the scars. But to-day they had shining faces, and not one was without a nosegay or a boy to escort her into the church.

THE BOYS WORE THEIR VERY BEST SUITS AND THEIR VERY BEST MANNERS

The music of the prelude poured out of the door. In a tree in the churchyard a mother bird sang above her nest.

"Wasn't it nice of the boys?" Frances said as she joined Edith.

"As one whom his mother comforteth!" her father said, going inside. "Every one of them comforted!" *Adapted.*

CLASS ACTIVITIES

CLASS DISCUSSION

1. Did the boys or the girls show the greater skill in creating a surprise?
2. Suggest other passwords indicating service about home or school that the Greenlawn children might have used. Try to think of enough passwords for twenty-five pupils.
3. The title "Borrowed Mothers" seems to apply only to the boys' part of the story. Think of titles that the author might have used to apply to both the boys' and the girls' parts.
4. Suggest other ways in which boys and girls may celebrate Mother's Day.

LIBRARY READINGS ABOUT HOME LIFE

Home Life Around the World, G. A. Mirick. Houghton.
Home Life in all Lands, C. Morris. Lippincott.
Home Life in Colonial Days, A. M. Earl. Macmillan.
Little Mother, R. B. MacArthur. Penn.
Mother's Away, M. Ashmun. Macmillan.
School Keeps Today, M. Ashmun. Macmillan.
Story of Pocahonias and Captain John Smith, E. B. Smith. Houghton.
Secret of the Clan, A. Brown. Macmillan.
Wigwam Stories, C. A. and E. G. Eastman. Little.
Yellow Star, E. G. Eastman. Little.

9. GATES AND DOORS

JOYCE KILMER

The poem tells of the welcome given Joseph and Mary at the inn, the night before the birth of Jesus.

Read the poem, thinking of its serious meaning. Then turn back to the nonsense poems on page 149. Notice that the poets had different *purposes* in their writing, and that you should read and think about the poems with different *purposes* in your own mind.

You may like the fun poems best. Indeed, they may be the better poems. But the point here is merely that they are different in purpose.

There was a gentle hostler
(And blessèd be his name!)
He opened up the stable
The night Our Lady came.
Our Lady and Saint Joseph,
He gave them food and bed,
And Jesus Christ has given him
A glory round his head.

So let the gate swing open
However poor the yard,
Lest weary people visit you
And find their passage barred;
Unlatch the door at midnight
And let your lantern's glow
Shine out to guide the traveller's feet
To you across the snow.

There was a courteous hostler
(He is in Heaven to-night)

He held Our Lady's bridle
  And helped her to alight;
He spread clean straw before her
  Whereon she might lie down,
And Jesus Christ has given him
  An everlasting crown.

Unlock the door this evening
  And let the gate swing wide,
Let all who ask for shelter
  Come speedily inside.
What if your yard be narrow?
  What if your house be small?
There is a Guest whose coming
  Will glorify it all.

There was a joyous hostler
  Who knelt on Christmas morn
Beside the radiant manger
  Wherein his Lord was born.
His heart was full of laughter,
  His soul was full of bliss,
When Jesus, on His mother's lap,
  Gave him His hand to kiss.

Unbar your heart this evening
  And keep no stranger out,
Take from your soul's great portal
  The barrier of doubt.
To humble folk and weary
  Give hearty welcoming,
Your breast shall be to-morrow
  The cradle of a King.

10. THE CUP BESIDE THE SPRING

DOUGLAS MALLOCH

This poem will help to sum up the meaning of Citizenship and Service. Read the poem slowly, stopping to think of the meaning of the lines, as illustrated by the preceding selections.

Read one verse and then read the suggestions in the right-hand column. Think of suggestions of your own, if you wish.

Read	*Recall*
Leave by the road a rose, A goblet by the spring, For every pilgrim knows That every path he goes Will other pilgrims bring— And some, perhaps, a rose will need, A cooling cup, a kindly deed.	The "rose" left by Ottar to the little girl in "The True Prince." The "cooling cups" Ottar left to others.
Leave by the spring a glass, A rose beside the road, For other pilgrims pass, Yes, many a lad and lass Grown weary with life's load, Who need the roses still to find, A cup to tell them men are kind	The "glass" that Ariston left. The "load" that Washington carried. The "rose" that Birch gave Washington.
Leave by the road of years Your roses all along, Some memory that cheers In some one's time of tears, For times when things go wrong— Yes, in your happier moments leave A cup, a rose, for those who grieve.	The "cups" and "roses" that were left in "Borrowed Mothers."

Some little rock remove,
  Some crooked path make straight—
Some little act to prove
That there are those who love
  As there are those who hate,
That some one thought to leave a cup,
A rose to cheer, a place to sup.

The "rocks" that "the hostler" in "Gates and Doors" removed.

Leave something day by day
  By every road you tread,
That other souls may say,
"A friend has passed this way,
  Yes, some one walks ahead
Who on the purple heights will stand
And give us hail, and give us hand."

A "friend" of yours that "has passed this way" in these stories.

How Pierrot "walked ahead."

Gather the gold you will,
  But leave the rose to gleam,
A staff below the hill,
A log across the rill,
  A goblet by the stream
For God will think your richest thing
The cup you left beside the spring.

The "cup beside the spring" that the gentle hostler left.

FAIRY TALES AND HERO STORIES SHOWING SERVICE

Wonderful Adventures of Nils, S. Lagerlof. Doubleday.
Further Adventures of Nils, S. Lagerlof. Grosset.
"The Bound Princess," by L. Housman, in *A Doorway in Fairy Land*. Harcourt.
"Everything for Nothing," by M. Bailey, in *The Little Man with One Shoe*. Little.
"The Happy Prince," by W. Harper, in *Story Hour Favorites*. Century.
The Kingdom of the Winding Road, C. Meigs. Macmillan.

ROUNDING OUT THE MEANING OF CITIZENSHIP AND SERVICE

1. *Explanation.*—Robert Louis Stevenson called a good book "a circular letter to the friends of him who writes it." Think of this unit on Citizenship and Service, or of this whole volume, as a long circular letter written by many men and women to you as their friends. What part of the "circular letter" deals most closely with your everyday life? What part deals with your life of fun and enjoyment? What part deals with your character? Explain.

2. *Find examples* of service in the history of our country. Garibaldi, the greatest Italian patriot, who served his country as ..... and ..... have served ours, said:

"I offer neither pay, nor quarters, nor provisions; I offer hunger, thirst, forced marches, battles, and death. Let him who loves his country in his heart and not with his lips only, follow me. . . ."

3. *Comparison.*—Borrow a copy of *Reading and Living, Book II.* Look over the selections in Unit VI, pages 353–410, Loyalty. Which of the selections under Loyalty would best fit into the unit, Citizenship and Service? Which of the selections under Citizenship and Service would be most suitable for Loyalty?

4. *Overcoming difficulties.*—Ask the school librarian, or the city librarian, to help you prepare one of the following reports. Tell about one or more difficulties that had to be overcome by one of the following men and women in rendering service to others:

George Washington	Jane Addams
Benjamin Franklin	Anna Howard Shaw
Abraham Lincoln	Florence Nightingale
Herbert Hoover	Louisa M. Alcott
Theodore Roosevelt	Helen Keller

5. *Prepare a program for Mother's Day.* (For a group of girls.)

A national organization of women collected from women all over the United States votes on the question:

What American women have contributed most to the betterment of the world? This was the result of the vote:

Child Welfare: Julia Lathrop
The Stage: Minnie Maddern Fiske
Education: M. Carey Thomas
Home Making: Martha Van Rensselaer
Literature: Edith Wharton
Politics: Carrie Chapman Catt
Philanthropy: Jane Addams
Natural History: Anna Botsford Comstock
Music: Louise Homer.

Go to *Who's Who in America* for your first information about these women. Then secure help from the public librarian. Find out about the public service of the women leaders. Make a program for Mother's Day. Rehearse the program first in your class.

6. *Project for the entire class:* Make a code for your school.

A code is a series of statements expressing the ideas of character and conduct that ought to govern our daily lives. Read "A Code of Honor," on page 384. Study these two codes carefully, and make up a simple code for your own room or for your school.

Senior High School Code, New York City

We desire ourselves to be:

1. Loyal and obedient to parents, teachers. and those in authority.
2. Clean and honest in speech, thoughts, habits, and athletics.
3. Cheerful and friendly to all.
4. Punctual in meeting our obligations.

5. Courageous to stand up for what is right and fair.
6. Thrifty in caring for public and private property.
7. Industrious in using our time and talents.
8. Helpful and courteous to others as we would have them be to us.
9. Faithful in serving our school, our country, and our God.

Junior High School Code, Lansing, Michigan

We desire to have:

1. Courtesy: Be courteous to all, young and old, and to strangers in the building. Give attention in class.
2. Thrift: Do not waste time or the time of others. Take care of books. Bank regularly and practice thrift.
3. Co-operation: At all times help best interests of the school. Work diligently wherever placed.
4. Leadership: Promote team-work. Recognize and accept responsibility.
5. Loyalty: Be true to the school. Discourage criticism. Promote school activities. Encourage proper conduct in and out of school.
6. Honesty: Play fair. Be truthful always.
7. Punctuality: Be on time at school, classes, and organizations.
8. Clean-mindedness: Be clean in body and thought. Stand for high ideals.
9. Civic Pride: Avoid running or crowding in halls or stairs. At all times have the first thought for the school.
10. Obedience: Be respectful to student and faculty officers.

Suggestions: Find the ideas expressed in the two codes.

(*a*) Perhaps you know of other codes. If so, copy them on the blackboard, and use them too. Use one word to indicate each statement in the code, for example, "Honesty."

(*b*) Select six statements that seem important for your room or school.

(*c*) Determine the best order for the points.

(*d*) Express each in the simplest words possible.

(*e*) Make an attractive copy, and show it to the principal of your school.

7. Here are ten proverbs or maxims about service. Write them on a sheet of paper, and write after each, the title of one of the selections in this book which best illustrates the meaning of the proverb.

a. A good deed is never lost.

b. One good turn deserves another.

c. A good tree bringeth forth good fruit.

d. Handsome is as handsome does.

e. Blessed are the merciful.

f. Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.

g. He who does nothing for others, does nothing for himself.

h. Be not simply good; be good for something.

i. He who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will never do any good.

j. He that does good to another, does good to himself.

k. The closed hand cannot receive.

8. *Discussion.*—The poet, John Keats, said about his reading:

> Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
> And many goodly states and kingdoms seen.

Keats does not mean "realms of gold," "goodly states," or "kingdoms" such as one can see with his eyes or handle with his hands. Prove that you know what he does mean by telling about one "realm of gold," one "goodly state," and one "kingdom" that you have found in reading this book.

GLOSSARY

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā as in māte	ä as in färm	ĭ as in ĭt	ū as in mūte
ă as in căt	ē as in ēve	ō as in mōte	ŭ as in cŭt
â as in câre	ĕ as in lĕt	ŏ as in nŏt	o͞o as in fo͞od
å as in åsk	ī as in mīnd	ô as in ôr	o͝o as in fo͝ot

abandon (å băn′dŏn): to give up; to quit
abyss (å bĭs′): a large space, too deep to be measured
adaptive (å dăp′tĭv): able to take up new ways easily
adherent (ăd hēr′ĕnt): a follower; a supporter
affright (ă frīt′): fear or fright
agency (ā′jĕn sĭ): something which has power or influence
aide-de-camp (ād′dē kămp″): an officer in the army who assists the general
aimlessly (ām′lĕs lĭ): without purpose
alert (å lert′): very watchful
allay (ă lā′): to quiet or calm
aloft (å lŏft′): on the higher rigging of a ship
alternative (ăl ter′nā tĭv): a choice between two possible courses of action
amain (å mān′): with force, violence, or speed
Americanization (å mĕr″ĭ kăn ĭ zā′-shŭn): the act of changing a foreigner's manners and customs to agree with American manners and customs
ancestor (ăn′sĕs ter): a forefather
ancestral (ăn sĕs′trăl): inherited from a forefather
anchor (ăng′kĕr): something used for holding fast an object
Anglo-Saxon (ăng″glō săk′sŭn): the mingled tribes of Angles and Saxons that inhabited England from the fifth century to the Norman Conquest
anon (å nŏn′): without delay
antagonist (ăn tăg′ō nĭst): an opponent; a rival
Apollo (å pŏl′ō): the Greek god of the sun
apparently (ă păr′ĕnt lĭ): seemingly; appearing to be
apprentice (ă prĕn′tĭs): one under the care of a master for instruction in a trade
armistice (är′mĭ stĭs): a brief pause in war by agreement of opposing forces; a truce
artificial (är tĭ fĭsh′ăl): produced by human skill; not natural
assault (å sôlt′): an attack
athwart (å thwôrt′): across
Audubon (ô′do͞o bŏn): James Audubon, a student of American birds
augur (ô′gŭr): one who officially foretold events by signs or omens in ancient Rome
autograph (ô′tō gråf): a person's own signature
automatic (ô tō măt′ĭk): self-operating

baffled (băf′ld): hindered or checked
bail (bāl): a pledge upon which another is released from prison; security
balsam (bôl′săm): a fir tree which yields an oily substance
barrette (băr′ĕt): a cap
beseech (bē sēch′): to beg
bevy (bĕv′ĭ): a flock of birds

brant (brănt): a dark-colored wild goose
brawny (brôn'ĭ): large and muscular; strong
breach (brēch): the breaking of a law, a rule, a contract, or any other obligation
brigade (brĭ gād'): a subdivision of an army
bronze (brŏnz): a dark-colored material, a mixture of copper and tin, out of which implements, weapons, statues, and so on are made
budget (bŭj'ĕt): the yearly estimate of the money needed for the coming year

cadence (kā'dĕns): rhythm; the rise and fall of a sound
canal (kȧ năl'): a channel of water
capers (kā'perz): pranks; frolics
carcass (kär'kȧs): the dead body of an animal
cargo (kär'gō): goods or merchandise shipped on a vessel
caribou (kăr'ĭ bōō): the native reindeer of northern North America and Greenland
catastrophe (kȧ tăs'trō fē): a great calamity or disaster; dreadful happening
cathedral (kȧ thē'drăl): a church
cavalry (kăv'ăl rĭ): mounted troops
Centennial of 1876 (sĕn tĕn'ĭ ăl): the 100th anniversary of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence
century (sĕn'chōō rĭ): a hundred years
challenge (chăl'ĕnj): a call or invitation to a contest
champagne (shăm pān'): wine
champion (chăm'pĭ ŭn): one who fights to defend the cause of a people; a brave warrior
charred (chärd): burned or scorched
chiding (chīd'ĭng): scolding; reprimanding
chinked (chĭnkt): having the cracks filled
christen (krĭs'n): to name a baby at baptism
circuit (ser'kĕt): the distance around anything
civilized (sĭv'ĭ līzd): a condition of being in a high state of social development
clamor (klăm'er): loud outcry
cleft (klĕft): cut open; split
clove (klōv): cut open; split (form rarely used, **cleft** is correct form)
code (kōd): 1. a system of symbols used for brief and secret messages; 2. a body of laws or regulations
collison (kŏl lĭzh'ŭn): the striking together of two bodies
comparatively (kŏm păr'ȧ tĭv lĭ): in comparison
competent (kŏm'pē tĕnt): fit; able to complete a task well
conceded (kŏn sēd'ĕd): admitted to be true
conceit (kŏn sēt'): vanity; undue belief in one's own powers
Confederacy, the (kŏn fĕd'er ȧ sĭ): a league of 11 southern states that seceded from the United States in 1860 and 1861
conqueror (kŏng'ker er): one who overcomes a difficulty
consternation (kŏn''ster nā'shŭn): great surprise; dismay
contender (kŏn tĕnd'er): one entering a contest; competitor
convenience (kŏn vēn'yĕns): that which adds to comfort or makes work easier
corps (kōr): a body of persons joined together in a common work
corral (kŏ răl'): 1. to drive into a pen; 2. a pen for animals
Cossack (kŏs'ăk): one of a warlike tribe of southern Russia, skilled as horsemen
council (koun'sĭl): a meeting for exchanging ideas
courtier (kōrt'yer): a member of the king's court
coxswain (kŏk'swān): one who steers a boat
craven (krā'vn): yielding; admitting defeat
crescendo (krĕ shĕn'dō): a gradual increase of force of musical sound
crest (krĕst): the top of anything

crestfallen (krĕst′fôl″n): disappointed; dejected
cruise (krōōz): a voyage from place to place
cylinder (sĭl′ĭn der): a roller

dabchick (dăb′chĭk): a four-toed diving bird
daunted (dônt′ĕd): frightened; overcome
dauntless (dônt′lĕs): fearless; not easily discouraged
dawdle (dô′dl): to waste time; loiter; idle
dedicate (dĕd′ĭ kāt): to set apart for some great cause by a ceremony
defacing (dē fās′ĭng): marring or spoiling
defiance (dē fī′ăns): scornful disregard; refusal to obey
deftly (dĕft′lĭ): skilfully
deigning (dān′ĭng): stooping to; condescending to
deliberate (dē lĭb′er āt): well-considered; carefully thought out
designed (dē zīnd): drew up a plan
destination (dĕs″tĭ nā′shŭn): the place one intends to reach or is bound to reach
destined (dĕs′tĭnd): bound for a certain place, occupation, or end
device (dē vīs′): a scheme; plan
dexterous (dĕks′ter ŭs): skilful; clever
diamond (dī′ă mŭnd): a brilliant, usually colorless, precious stone
dint: force or power
discard (dĭs kärd′): to cast off as useless
discern (dĭ zern′): to see as distinct from other objects; to recognize
disciplinarian (dĭs″ĭ plĭn ā′rĭ ăn): one who enforces strict rules
dismal (dĭz′măl): dull; gloomy
dissension (dĭ sĕn′shŭn): discord; strife
distractedly (dĭs trăkt′ĕd lĭ): in a confused manner
dome-shaped (dōm′shāpt): shaped like a cup
domestic (dō mĕs′tĭk): belonging to the home; private
don (dŏn): to put on
doom (dōōm): fate; ruin
doubloon (dŭb lōōn′): an old Spanish gold coin, worth about eight dollars
dragoon (drȧ gōōn′): soldier
drubbing (drŭb′ĭng): thumping; beating

economize (ē kŏn′ō mīz): to use with care; avoid waste
ecstasies (ĕk′stȧ sĭz): state of being overjoyous; rapture
eddy (ĕd′ĭ): a small whirlpool; a backward-circling current of water
eluding (ē lūd′ĭng): shunning; avoiding
embassy (ĕm′bă sĭ): the official residence of an ambassador in a foreign country
emergency (ē mur′jĕn sĭ): a sudden or unexpected happening; pressing need
enormous (ē nôr′mŭs): very large
ensign (ĕn′sīn): a flag or banner
enterprise (ĕn′ter prīz): any undertaking; a planned task that requires boldness
era (ē′rȧ): a period of time starting from a given point
ere (âr): before
essential (ĕ sĕn′shăl): most important; necessary to success
estimate (ĕs tĭ māt′): to compute in round numbers or approximately
etiquette (ĕt′ĭ kĕt): rules of conduct observed in polite society
experiment (ĕks pĕr′ĭ mĕnt): a test or trial performance
expert (ĕks pert′): skilful as the result of practice or training

falter (făl′ter): to tremble or hesitate
famine (făm′ĭn): extreme scarcity of food
fangs (făngz): long, sharp teeth with which an animal catches and holds its prey
fatality (fā tăl′ĭ tĭ): fatal result; death
fathom (făth′ŭm): a measure of distance equal to about six feet

fawn (fôn): a deer less than one year old
feat (fēt): a notable achievement; a courageous act
federal (fĕd'er ăl): belonging to the government of the United States
feud (fūd): a quarrel of long standing between clans or families
feudal (fū'dăl): relating to a method of landowning in Europe during the Middle Ages
fiber (fī'br): raw material which can be separated into threads for making up textiles or woven fabrics
filly (fĭl'ĭ): a young mare
flint: a very hard kind of quartz or rock which strikes fire with steel
flourish (flŭr'ĭsh): to grow readily; be vigorous
fluently (flū'ĕnt lĭ): speaking or writing readily and easily
focus (fō'kŭs): to concentrate; to fix attention upon
foil: to hinder or defeat
forage (fŏr'āj): to search for food for an army
forge (fōrj): 1. to shape or form; 2. a place where metal is heated and shaped
fourscore (fōr'skōr''): four times twenty; eighty
frenzied (frĕn'zĭd): wild; frantic
frontiersman (frŏn'tērz măn): a pioneer; an inhabitant of a newly settled country
frugal (froō'găl): saving; thrifty
frugality (froō găl'ĭ tĭ): economy; thrift
fruitless (froōt'lĕs): unproductive; vain
full-fledged (fo͝ol'-flejd''): fully developed; accepted for regular service
furlong (fer'lông): a measure equal to an eighth of a mile

generation (jĕn er ā'shŭn): 1. people living in the same period of time; 2. the difference in age between parents and their children, usually about 30 years
gingerly (jĭn'jer lĭ): timidly; cautiously
gizzard (gĭz'ărd): the second stomach of a fowl in which the food is ground by means of pebbles previously swallowed
goblet (gŏb'lĕt): a drinking vessel with a stem and without a handle
gopher (gō'fer): a burrowing animal
gory (gōr'ĭ): bloody
grating (grāt'ĭng): a framework of crossed bars
grope (grōp): to feel one's way
grouse: a large game bird like the partridge or the pheasant
gunwale (gŭn'ĕl): the upper edge of the side of a ship

hamper (hăm'per): a large basket
harpoon (här poōn'): a long spear
Harvard (här'vărd): a large university
haunch (hônch): the hind part of an animal
havoc (hăv'ŏk): wide and general waste or destruction
hazardous (hăz'ăr dŭs): risky; dangerous
hereditary (hē rĕd'ĭ tā rĭ): passing naturally from parent to child
herring (hĕr'ĭng): a small fish
hew (hū): to cut down
hilt: a handle
hoist: to lift or raise to a higher position
horde (hōrd): a vast multitude
hostile (hŏs'tĭl): unfriendly
hostler (hŏs'ler): one who takes care of horses at a stable
hover (hŭv'er): to loiter about
humiliation (hū mĭl''ĭ ā'shŭn): embarrassment; feeling of shame
hummock (hŭm'ŭk): a ridge on an ice field; a hill of ice
hurricane (hŭr'ĭ kān): a violent storm; a whirlwind

igloo (ĭg'loō): a round-topped Eskimo hut made of snow and ice
illuminated (ĭ loō'mĭ nā tĕd): lighted
immigrant (ĭm'ĭ grănt): one who comes into a country to settle
immortality (ĭm''ôr tăl'ĭ tĭ): eternal; everlasting

impelled (ĭm pĕld′): driven forward; urged on
infallible (ĭn făl′ĭ bl): unfailing; certain
inscription (ĭn skrĭp′shŭn): signs; written or engraved messages
instinct (ĭn stĭngkt′): a natural impulse to action
intense (ĭn tĕns′): very deep or strong; severe
international (ĭn″ter nash′ŭn ăl): relating to two or more nations
intertwine (ĭn″ter twīn′): to twist with one another
interval (ĭn′ter văl): the time between two events
invention (ĭn vĕn′shŭn): anything produced for the first time
invertebrate (ĭn vŭr′tē brāt): an animal without a backbone
investigation (ĭn vĕs″tĭ gā′shŭn): a careful search
irritate (ĭr′ĭ tāt): to provoke or make angry

jargon (jär′gŏn): confused talk not to be understood
journalistic (jŭr″năl ĭs′tĭk): referring to the occupation of writing for newspapers or magazines.
jungle (jŭng′gl): a tract of land overrun with dense undergrowth

kirtle (kŭr′tl): a tunic or coat
kith: friends; neighbors (used only in the expression "kith and kin")

lackey (lăk′ĭ): a servant; an attendant of low rank
league (lēg): a distance of about three miles
leash (lēsh): a leather strap or a cord for holding dogs
lever (lē′ver): a bar of metal turning on a support and lifting a weight
literary (lĭt′er ā rĭ): belonging to literature
loath (lōth): unwilling

mallet (măl′ĕt): a short-handled hammer
manhole (măn′hōl): an opening through which a man can pass
manœuvre (mȧ nū′ver): to make skilful moves or changes of position, as of troops or war-vessels
manuscript (măn′ū skrĭpt): a book or paper written by hand
marsh (märsh): a swampy tract of land
martial (mär′shăl): warlike
marvel (mär′vĕl): to feel astonished or to wonder
masquerade (más″ker ād′): a ball at which masks are worn
meditation (mĕd″ĭ tā′shŭn): the act of thinking long and deeply
memento (mē mĕn′tō): souvenir; memorial
memorable (mĕm′ō rȧ bl): outstanding; notable
merchant-man (mer′chănt măn): a trading vessel
migratory (mī′grā tō rĭ): passing from one place to another
ministry (mĭn′ĭs trĭ): service
momentary (mō′mĕn tă rĭ): lasting only an instant
moorhen (mōōr′hĕn): a game-bird smaller than the domestic hen
Morse alphabet (môrs ăl′fā bĕt): a system of telegraphic signals invented by S. F. B. Morse, consisting of groups of shorter and longer marks, sounds, or flashes
morsel (môr′sĕl): a bite; mouthful
mottled (mŏt′ld): marked with spots of various colors
mummy (mŭm′ĭ): a dead body embalmed by a drying process
municipal (mū nĭs′ĭ păl): belonging to the city or town
muse (mūz): to think deeply
mystic (mĭs′tĭk): having some secret meaning or power

northers (nôr′therz): strong, cold winds from the north

obscure (ŏb skūr′): unknown
obviously (ŏb′vĭ ŭs lĭ): plainly or clearly; easily seen or understood
ointment (oint′mĕnt): a healing salve
one-and-two-pence (wŭn″-ănd-tŭp′ĕns): the sum of three English pennies

origin (ŏr'ĭ jĭn): the beginning of anything

panic (păn'ĭk): sudden fright
parchment (pärch'mĕnt): the dressed skin of an animal upon which documents are written
partial (pär'shăl): in part; incomplete
patent (păt'ĕnt): an official paper which grants a privilege
patriot (pā'trĭ ŏt): one who loves and supports his country
patrol (pȧ trōl'): to act as a guard
periscope (pĕr'ĭ skōp): an instrument consisting of a mirror capable of reflecting light from every quarter of the horizon, used for a lookout on airplanes
persistence (per sĭs'tĕns): the act of keeping at a task; never giving up
Peruvian (pē rū'vĭ ăn): a native or citizen of Peru, South America
pervert (pĕr vert'): to turn from the proper course
Phœnician (fē nĭsh'yăn): an inhabitant of Phœnicia in Syria
pillager (pĭl'āj ĕr): one who plunders or robs
pith: energy; vigor
plantation (plăn tā'shŭn): a large farm in the southern part of the United States
plastic (plăs'tĭk): capable of being molded
plied (plīd): worked steadily
poach (pōch): to obtain game unlawfully; to capture by trespassing
poised (poizd): balanced; suspended
Poseidon (pō sī'dŏn): the Greek god of the sea
preserving (prē zerv'ĭng): keeping from injury; saving
primitive (prĭm'ĭ tĭv): the first, or the earliest
profusion (prō fū'zhŭn): a very great plenty; abundance
prone (prōn): inclined; bent forward
pugilist (pū'jĭ lĭst): a prize fighter
puny (pū'nĭ): weak; sickly
pursuit (per sūt'): the act of following

pyramid (pĭr'ȧ mĭd): an Egyptian monument built for a tomb for a king

quadruped (kwăd'rū pĕd): a four-footed animal
quarry (kwŏr'ĭ): 1. game hunted with hounds; 2. a large, open hole from which stone is obtained by cutting or blasting
quarter-master (kwôr'ter-mȧs''ter): an officer in the navy who attends to the steering, signaling, and stowage
quavering (kwā'ver ĭng): shaking; trembling

radiate (rā'dĭ āt): to send out in rays
radiant (rā'dĭ ănt): shining; bright
rampant (răm'pănt): exceeding all bounds; unchecked
rampart (răm'pärt): defense
receipt (rē sēt'): money which is taken in
redcoat (rĕd'kōt): a soldier of the British army in the Revolutionary War
regiment (rĕj'ĭ mĕnt): an organized body of soldiers under the command of a colonel
register (rĕj'ĭs ter): to make a mark; to record
reject (rē jĕkt'): to refuse to take
relapse (rē lăps'): to slip back; to return to a former bad state
reliable (rē lī'ȧ bl): trustworthy; fit to be depended upon
repel (rē pĕl'): to check the advance of
reprimand (rĕp'rĭ mănd): a severe reproof
republic (rē pŭb'lĭk): a country ruled by representatives elected by the people
resolute (rĕz'ō lūt): determined; firm; steadfast
resource (rē sōrs'): available property; natural advantage
respectively (rē spĕk'tĭv lĭ): one after the other in the order as named
respiration (rĕs''pĭ rā'shŭn): breathing

restorative (rē stôr'ą tĭv): a medicine used to bring back consciousness
retreat (rē trēt'): a place of shelter or quietness
reverse (rē vers'): to change to the opposite condition
revolve (rē vŏlv'): to turn around, as on an axis or in a curved path
riot (rī'ŭt): disorderly behavior; an uproar
rivaling (rī'văl ĭng): trying to equal or outdo
rowlock (rō'lŏk): the notch in the side of a boat in which the oars rest in rowing
ruddy (rŭd'ĭ): red or nearly red
rue (rōō): to be sorry for; repent of

sabre (sā'ber): a heavy cavalry sword
sampler (săm'pler): a piece of ornamental needlework
schooner (skōōn'er): a vessel having originally two masts, but now often three or more
scribe (skrīb): a penman
sculptor (skŭlp'ter): one who represents objects by chiseling stone, carving wood, molding clay, or some other similar process
sedge (sĕj): any coarse, grass-like herb growing in damp places
semaphore (sĕm'ą fōr): a mechanical apparatus used to give signals
sentiments (sĕn'tĭ mĕnts): noble thoughts
sentry (sĕn'trĭ): a guard; watch
sequoia (sē kwoi'ą): either of two trees of California, called big tree and redwood, which grow to be very large
series (sē'rēz): a number of objects or events following one another in order
sextant (sĕks'tănt): an instrument used to determine time, latitude, and longitude
shearing (shēr'ĭng): the act of cutting wool from the sheep
sheathe (shēth): to protect with a covering; to put into a case
sheer (shēr): straight up and down
shifty (shĭft'ĭ): alert; capable
sincerity (sĭn sĕr'ĭ tĭ): honesty; genuineness
sire (sīr): father
skidway (skĭd'wā): a platform upon which logs are piled for loading
slug (slŭg): a land-snail without shell coverings
sluice (slōōs): an opening or channel through which anything flows
Smithsonian Institute (smĭth sō'nĭ ąn ĭn'stĭ tūt): an institution, endowed by James Smithson, English chemist, founded in Washington, D. C., in 1846 for research work
snob (snŏb): one who looks down on persons in inferior positions or conditions of life
solitary (sŏl'ĭ tā rĭ): lonely; without inhabitants
sooth (sōōth): in truth
species (spē'shēz): a kind; variety
specimen (spĕs'ĭ mĕn): a sample; a part which represents the whole
spur: platform
staccato (stą kä'tō): in an abrupt, disconnected fashion
stalk (stôk): to creep toward fame cautiously and quietly
statue (stăt'ū): a figure of a person or animal in marble, bronze, or the like, especially when nearly life-size
stature (stăt ūr): the natural height of an animal or man
stoat (stōt): the European ermine or weasel
subdue (sŭb dū'): to bring under control
submarine (sŭb''mą rēn'): a boat that operates beneath the surface of the sea
succession (sŭk sĕsh'ŭn): one following the other in order
suppleness (sŭp'l nĕs): state of being soft and easily bent
surplus (sŭr'plŭs): that which remains over and above what is required
suspended (sŭs pĕn'dĕd): fastened to something above so as to hang down

suspicion (sŭs pĭsh'ŭn): a feeling that something is wrong; mistrust
suspicious (sŭs pĭsh'ŭs): doubtful; distrustful
swarthy (swôr'thĭ): of a dark or dusky color; dark-skinned

telescope (tĕl'ē skōp): an instrument used to look at objects at a distance, especially the moon and stars
theory (thē'ō rĭ): an opinion, not necessarily based on fact
thong (thông): a thin leather strap for fastening something
tinder (tĭn'der): material that will burn readily, as rotten wood
toggle (tŏg'l): on shipboard, a small wooden pin or key to fasten a rope or chain into a loop or ring
torsion (tôr'shŭn): the force with which a twisted rod, wire, or the like tends to untwist
totem (tō'tĕm): an animal or object worshipped as an emblem of a tribe or clan by American Indians
tradition (trà dĭsh'ŭn): 1. the handing down of information, beliefs, customs and so on, by word of mouth and by example; 2. an ancient custom so established as to be almost like a law
translator (trănsˌlā'ter): one who changes words from one language to another; an interpreter
transplant (trănsˌplănt'): set out to grow in another place
treacherous (trĕch'er ŭs): faithless; dangerous; not to be trusted
trillium (trĭl'ĭ ŭm): any of several plants having three leaves surrounding one large flower
trophy (trō'fĭ): anything kept in memory of a victory or an achievement
trysting (trĭst'ĭng): a meeting
tumult (tū'mŭlt): the noise and confusion made by a large number of excited people
turret (ter'ĕt): an armed tower on a war vessel
twain (twān): two

uncanny (ŭn kăn'ĭ): strange; unearthly
underling (ŭn'der lĭng): a servant
unerringly (ŭn er'ĭng lĭ): without error or mistake
untechnical (ŭn tĕk'nĭ kăl): not according to the rules or laws of the game
unwittingly (ŭn wĭt'ĭng lĭ): unintentionally; without knowing

valorous (văl'er ŭs): brave; fearless
van (văn): 1. wing; 2. the front part of an army
vanguard (văn'gärd): the first line of an army; the advance guard
variable (vā'rĭ à bl): changeable
variation (vā rĭ ā'shŭn): difference; dissimilarity
varmint (vär'mĭnt): wicked; of bad morals
Vatican (văt'ĭ kăn): the palace of the Pope at Rome
vaunted (vänt'ĕd): boasted of
vengeance (vĕn'jăns): punishment for a wrong endured
ventriloquist (vĕn trĭl'ō kwĭst): one who speaks in such a way that the voice seems to come from another person or place
veteran (vĕt'er ăn): one grown old in service
vividly (vĭv'ĭd lĭ): clearly; vigorously
volley (vŏl'ĭ): the discharge at the same time of many bullets

walrus (wŏl'rŭs): a large sea animal
wand (wŏnd): a slender rod
warden (wôr'dn): keeper; guard
weal (wēl): happiness; welfare
weld (wĕld): to fasten together, as heated metal, in one mass under a hammer
wistfully (wĭst'fo͝ol ĭ): thoughtfully; longingly
witchery (wĭch'er ĭ): great charm; an influence that overpowers the mind or will
wrought (rôt): worked; shaped

zephyr (zĕf'er): soft, gentle breeze
zigzagging (zĭg'zăg''ĭng): making short, sharp turns in a path

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